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THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR

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Theatre Royal
THE
ACTOR'S CLIMAX
ROYALTY
The efforts of GENIUS.

THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR

By PIERCE EGAN
AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN LONDON" "TOM AND JERRY"
"A MUSICAL DRAMA" ETC.

DEDICATED
TO EDMUND KEAN, Esq.

THE POETICAL DESCRIPTIONS BY T. GREENWOOD

WITH TWENTY-SEVEN
COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THEODORE LANE
AND SEVERAL DESIGNS ON WOOD

A NEW EDITION

METHUEN & CO.
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NOTE

THIS Issue is founded on the First Edition published by C. S. Arnold in the year 1825.

TO

EDMUND KEAN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

DISINTERESTED friendship is my motto upon the present occasion: FLATTERY is out of the question; and TALENT my only object in view.

DEDICATIONS, too often, are little else but inflated pieces of adulation of the persons to whom they are addressed. I have no necessity to adopt such a line of conduct: my course is clear: the voice of the Public, from one end of the kingdom to the other, has long since decided upon your merits as a Performer of unrivalled eminence; therefore any addition of mine on that head would be out of place, if not superfluous.

With more freedom than politeness, Sir (*ceremony* is not my forte), the LIFE OF AN ACTOR, with all its faults, is presented to your notice. I am well aware that from the pen of one of the profession it might have been rendered a most interesting volume, the field being extensive and fertile for the exercise of wit, humour, and ability; but the Work before you, Sir, has been produced at moments as it were *snatched*, a few at a time, from the small portion of leisure hours, which ought to have been devoted to relaxation

and rest; indeed, after the drudgery and fatigue necessarily attendant on a Weekly Journal[1] was over: therefore the *plates* must plead as an apology for the insufficiency of the present Work. PEREGRINE PROTEUS was written principally to introduce the Artist to the notice of the Public; and I am happy to inform you that the desired object has been accomplished; a young man of talent has not only been rescued from oblivion, but perhaps the success which he has met with by his delineations of the LIFE OF AN ACTOR may afford him still further opportunities to amuse and interest society.

With the vicissitudes of the Stage, and the LIFE OF AN ACTOR, no person, Sir, connected with the drama possesses such a competent knowledge, or who can have acquired more experience upon the subject, in fact, who can be said to be so completely UP in the part throughout the various *changes* of the *Dunstable* Hero to the *Kingly* Richard, as yourself: the Booth, the Assembly Room, the Barn, the Circus, and Provincial Playhouse, have all been overtopped by the exertion of your genius and splendid talents. You have not only, Sir, been the architect of your own fortune, but in the day of trial proved yourself a Hero among Heroes; you have arrived at the top of your profession; and, as a memorable period of your success, prevented a "great house" from sinking into ruin, and given stability to its treasury.

Then long, very long, dear Sir, may you continue the ornament of that Stage on which Garrick once trod; on which for many years John Kemble excel-

[1] Pierce Egan's Life in London, and Sporting Chronicle: connected with the Events of the Turf, the Chase, and the Ring.

led; and on which likewise Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan have had no equals since their secession from the Theatre: but, above all, may the poor son of Thespis, who looks, longs, and sighs, whenever he passes the Theatres Royal, at the better fortune of his brother Performers, when out of employment, and on a visit to the metropolis in search of an engagement, still continue to "live in your memory," and to receive your liberal patronage and assistance is the sincere wish of

Your humble Servant,

And admirer of the Histrionic Art,

But no flatterer,

PIERCE EGAN.

113 Strand, London,
Dec. 18, 1824.

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THE *drop scene*, at one view, displays the difficulty of becoming

A FIRST-RATE ACTOR.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The STEEP where FAME'S proud temple shines afar!

On the left side at the bottom, or groundwork of the Picture, is seen the temptations held out to the youthful, stage-struck, dazzled PROTEUS to join a company of comedians, as the road to popularity and riches; while PRUDENCE, in opposition, is gently pulling him by the cloak to desist from such a precarious mode of life: at the same time the Goddess is holding up a Mirror to PROTEUS, pointing out to him the hardships he must encounter on the chequered road to "Fame's proud temple." PRUDENCE also endeavours to draw his attention to the miseries attached to the performances in the *Barn*, denominated in high sounding terms "The THEATRE" by the Country Manager and his Prompter, with the book in his hand, challenging the youthful aspirant to "COME ON!" Likewise to the *starving* situation of the wretched actor belonging to the apology for a playhouse, who has been compelled to collect a few *turnips* from the field of some neighbouring farmer to allay the keenness of his appetite, when NO *Salary* cheered his longing eyes, as a reward for his exertions to procure him food.

On the right the PUBLIC HOUSE obtains a very prominent situation; the Landlord of which is showing his Bill to an extravagant performer that his credit is at an end: another actor overcome with *inebriety*, near the door, is seen lying on the ground as a disgrace to the *profession;* and a third, in spite of the disgusting examples before his eyes, will not be deterred

from spending all his leisure hours at the tavern. The Public House is a figurative sketch of the *dissipation* in which too many players spend their precious time; a set of beings, not actors, who merely learn the *lines* of their parts without thinking STUDY necessary to give effect to the *words:* more properly termed LOITERERS, or *excrescences* upon the enlightened and delightful ART OF ACTING: the result of which is, empty pockets, debilitated constitutions; and the end of their folly marked by the attacks of the big birds (*geese*) driving them off the stage.

POVERTY is also one of the rugged roads to Fame; and PROTEUS may be viewed with numbers of his brethren of the *Sock* and *Buskin* endeavouring to overcome all the obstacles which present themselves to performers in general till they obtain the purport of their journey. *One pill,* very properly, is a *dose* to several stage-struck youths (private theatrical heroes), when the absurd, injurious applause of their friends is no longer echoed by a public audience; who then stop short in their career—see their folly—return home to enjoy the *substantial* contents of the cupboard of their parents, rather than continue to *run* after FAME upon an EMPTY *stomach*—and leave the dramatic world for "others to bustle in:" while many unfortunate misled young men, whom NATURE never intended for actors, "having neither the accent of Christian, Jew, Turk, or Pagan," take completely the "WRONG ROAD" altogether, and subject themselves to a history of wretchedness, ridicule, and laughter. Yet, after all the mortification, experience, and practice of the Life of an Actor, MEDIOCRITY is the only station hundreds have obtained throughout a long career of "*strutting* and *bellowing*" upon the boards.

Like the ORGANIST upon a large scale, who requires the aid of a *bellows-blower* to produce harmony—equally so in the *Dramatis Personæ* the assistance of *Bernardo* is essential to the performance of HAMLET: and many actors feel *contented* to rank with the *et cetera* of the theatre, and who prefer *plodding,* plodding, and plodding to the end of the chapter, without showing one effort of genius to elevate themselves above "Nature's Journeymen!" In addition to such *characters,* the PRETENDERS are seen *damned* for their presumption, and hurled down headlong from the regions of TALENT. While

others of a more *supine* disposition the Plate represents standing still, "oppressed with doubts and fears," anxiously looking up to realise GREATNESS; but who despair in obtaining popularity, and ultimately retire in disgust from the Stage: yet during this wavering pause of many *strollers*, PROTEUS, the child of Genius, Industry, and Study, may be viewed stepping over numerous heads, determined to get at the top of the ladder—to overcome all impediments thrown in his way—and never to give up the pursuit of his ambition till he is crowned with the appellation of a FIRST RATE ACTOR: but nevertheless, without the assistance of "Fortune," Talent and Genius have frequently been in danger of losing their hold. The recommendations of a beautiful Countess, a noble Lord, and an M.P. are not to be despised either by the Manager or Actor, when *favours* are solicited, and likewise when *favours* are granted.

The metaphor of the THEATRE ROYAL being placed in the clouds is very appropriate and consistent with truth—a Theatre Royal being too often out of the reach of Actors in general; and to play the first line of business in the metropolis is a climax devoutly to be wished; consolidated by the smiles and applause of the king bestowed upon the talents displayed in the personification of *Prince Henry*, the gallant *Hotspur*, and *Sir John Falstaff*.

The Wood Cut in the Title-page is intended to represent a man following the bent of his genius.

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Woul't drink up esil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do it. Dost thou come here to whine?
CLODPOLE. No, no, Measter Proteus, I only come to put out the flames, and save my bed.
PROTEUS. Ay, true! that is thy business: proceed—interrupt me no farther.

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PROLOGUE

TO

PEREGRINE PROTEUS

Custom demands a Prologue to a Play,
And why not to a Book? to pave the way;
A sort of preface in the jingling manner,
By way of scroll, or Literary Banner;
To ask your suffrages (than weasel thinner)
To praise his work, that Pierce may buy a dinner;
To build his fame he does not *here* dare look;
His object only was to "*build*"—a Book:
No easy task new matter to afford,
When every path has been so oft explored.
Mirrors and Magazines in dread array,
Pamphlets and Poetry choke up the way;
Travels and Tracts, Scotch Novels and Reviews,
Don Juan, *Hayward*, and the latest news;
All meet the eye in London far and wide,
And every subject has been "cut and dried."
In these strange times, this literary age,
How shall *he* dare whole armies to engage?
No subject left untouch'd in hole or corner,
From Chaucer's Life to that of good *Jack Horner!*
All has been done, each theme has been attack'd,
And *Authors' Heads* are like a city sack'd!
Adventures of all sorts around we see,
From *Newb'ry's Mouse*—to *Doctor Hawkesworth's Flea:*

From *Betsey Thoughtless*—to a Country Inn;
And down still *lower*—to an humble *Pin*.
But, with your sanction, he aspires to hope
For entertainment—there is yet much scope.
Once you have seen him, starting from the Row,
With "LIFE IN LONDON," all its scenes to shew:
Cherish'd by you, his offspring play'd its part,
Which he acknowledges with grateful heart.
Then "greet him fairly"—put him to the test,—
For generous friends he ever did his best.
Now for our *Artist* I put in a claim—
Young, *inexperienced*, and without *a name*;
Then for your *favour* let me humbly sue
Encouragement to modest merit due:
His *maiden effort* treat not with disdain,
Nor let his *first appeal* be made in vain.
"*Here break we off*"—and now commence our task:
A kind reception the reward we ask.
Take no *exceptions* at his offspring's birth,
But nurse the *bantling*—if you find it worth.
Over his faults with generous candour look,
Except his *errors*, and *accept* HIS BOOK!

LIFE OF AN ACTOR

NOTHING LIKE A

CHAPTER;

Or an INTERLUDE; *or, in fact, any Thing the Reader may think proper to name. Yet perhaps it might not be altogether out of Place to entitle it*—A MIRROR FOR STAGE-STRUCK HEROES! *more especially if the* REFLECTION *should operate as a Word to the Wise in due Time to prevent Theatrical Enthusiasts from entailing on themselves Loads of Misery, Years of Inquietude, and the best Part of their Lives from being thrown away.*

IT must be admitted that a London Theatre abounds with *fascination;* indeed, it operates as a kind of *spell* or *enchantment:* the glare of the lights, the embellishments of the house, the splendour of the scenery, the elegance of the dresses, the enlivening sounds issuing from the orchestra, the brilliancy of the audience, and the applause so liberally bestowed upon the actors, all united, tend in a great degree to add *fuel* to FIRE upon the feelings of "theatrically bitten youths," by alienating their minds from business, and impelling them to try their fortunes upon the stage; but nineteen out of twenty persons (who make the *boards* their profession) find out by woful experience, after walking from country villages to towns year after year, that such *fascination* or *enthusiasm* is paid for dearly indeed! The *vicissitudes* of the STROLLING PLAYER are lost sight of in the splendour of the Theatres Royal; nay, on the

contrary, the stage-struck hero calculates only upon the ease, pleasure, and large salaries obtained by some few performers, and pictures to himself a career of one continued round of mirth and gaiety.[1]

Delusive appearances! The Life of an Actor, viewed in the most advantageous situation, is far from proving a bed of roses; it is true he is cherished by hopes; but more frequently depressed by fears; subject to the keen shafts of envy; and tortured by caprice. The actor is cajoled by flattery; and too often in great danger of being ruined from the effects of dissipation.[2] It cannot be denied he is a hero

[1] "I endeavoured with all the eloquence I was master of to paint in true colours the *real* life of a player. That it was pleasant in some respects, I readily admitted, as it afforded a greater opportunity of seeing and knowing the world than probably any other profession; the *easy* life of an actor I denied in *toto;* a more laborious employment, a greater mental drudgery than that experienced by itinerant performers, I asserted, could not well be imagined, where the intellect is or ought to be in constant exercise. The generality of the world see them go through their parts on the stage with perfect ease and apparent pleasure, without giving a thought to the labour, the study, the intense application necessary to *imprint* not only the *words* on the MEMORY, but the *character* on the MIND. Superior eminence in the profession is only to be attained by indefatigable study. I also endeavoured to convince the person I was addressing, that the stage was no certain resource against indigence; 'too many of its professors were melancholy proofs,' the income arising from the pay of managers was a bare subsistence, and the emoluments accruing from a benefit depended upon so many contingencies, which prudence could not guard against, as to render it precarious and uncertain."—*Itinerant*, p. 358, vol. i.

[2] "Nothing," says Johnson, "can supply the want of prudence; and negligence and irregularity long continued," as in the unhappy instance of poor Middleton (once the gallant, gay Lothario, and elegant Romeo of Covent Garden Theatre), will terminate in disgrace, misery, and death.

Early on Sunday morning, the 13th of October, 1796, a poor man, by trade a shoemaker, but who kept a public house in the neighbourhood of Picadilly, on returning from the pay-table of Mr. Hoby, in St. James's Street, discovered a wretched object

for the time being; but then *his* THRONE is never secure; and the more eminent the performer, the more he has to apprehend from rivalry. For years the *Strolling Player* is overwhelmed in obscurity and poverty; and when in affluence, at the top of his profession, enjoying all the sweets of well merited prosperity and fame, then the *imaginary* bed of roses

lying in the street, literally *drenched* with the rain, which poured down in torrents upon his head, totally helpless, and apparently in the agonies of death. The humane creature did not, like the Levite, *pass by on the other side;* but, in imitation of the conduct of the *good Samaritan*, he stopped to examine into the condition of the forlorn outcast who was thus exposed, in a night of almost unexampled severity, to the "pitiless pelting of the storm." He had him conveyed in a coach to his own home, and put into a bed, which his wife relinquished in favour of the destitute stranger.

This charitable conduct is doubly honourable to the feelings of honest Crispin, since it was at a time when he had no reason to be in good humour with the world. The justices had refused him his licence, and, two or three days after this benevolent action, he was compelled, by the "rude followers of the law," to abandon the dwelling which had thus afforded so seasonable an asylum to human wretchedness. But the poor man did not forget, even in this exigence, the unhappy being who, but for his generous assistance, would no doubt, like *Jane Shore*, have literally *died in a ditch*. He was brought downstairs by four men, and attended his benefactor to a new lodging which he had hired in King Street, Westminster. By this time the comedians had become apprised of his situation, and hastened to his relief. They found him lying upon a rug *upon the floor;* his lower half without sense or motion. He seemed barely to recollect his friends, and was unable to speak distinctly; but, in answer to some questions which were put to him, as to what he liked or disliked, he contrived just to mutter *yes* or *no:* and when asked if he felt pain, he would reply, "Oh, yes, *uncommon.*" His face was bloated, and almost of a *crimson red*, with the effects of the liquor which his attentive host, from a mistaken principle of kindness, had given to his entreaties. In one day he had demanded, and drunk, between four and five quarts of shrub and brandy. It is not improbable but that this contributed to his support; for liquor had been his principal nourishment.—In this state, however, of inebriety, senselessness, and misery, he lingered till Friday, the 18th of October, and then died.

is not obtained, but frequently proves an uneasy, harassing couch to his feelings, by the repeated "cutting up" and *cant* of CRITICISM.[1] Unfortun-

[1] Unbiased CRITICISM is truly invaluable both to the performer and to the public; but moreover, if the talents of the CRITIC can be ascertained like the merits of the actor, by publicity, the *praises* bestowed, or the *lash* of severity applied, must be received as the remarks emanating from an honest, impartial mind, and which cannot fail in having their due weight upon all occasions. But great danger is to be apprehended respecting the *competency* of the critic; it is not two to one that in some instances the critic has proved himself to belong to that class or *genus* so finely described by STERNE, whose stop-watch decided for him the *correctness* of the *pauses* during the performance of the evening. "O, there be such critics that I have seen and heard, and with *such* opinions too ready *cut* and *dried* for any purpose, with want of experience, want of intellect, and want of every thing else; but nevertheless, who have so bespattered and cut up some poor devil of a provincial actor on making his first appearance before a London audience, that I have regretted exceedingly such incompetent persons should have been in possession of the means to injure defenceless individuals. But even this conduct is trifling when compared with other circumstances, such as *ignorance*, not a bad intention towards the individual, might plead as an excuse. But it often happens that, under the *shelter* of criticism, remarks are introduced calculated to make a man almost wish that he had never been born; and no redress is to be obtained for such aspersions levelled at his character; compelling him, as it were, to give up his subsistence, and retire from the stage as the only means of security left to prevent a repetition of such inveterate attacks upon his person. I mean to assert, that it is not a pity, but it is a gross shame, that persons should have an opportunity of writing down the abilities of an individual behind his back, through the means of any Journal, while they are afraid to come forward in a manly manner and utter their sentiments before his face. I allude to the case of Mr. Conway, a distinguished performer at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; and who for three years at the above house acted all the principal characters with Miss O'Neil. The feelings of Mr. Conway were so much outraged by the unmanly attacks made upon him through the columns of a certain Journal, that in disgust he quitted the first line of business upon the stage, and, to secrete himself from such remarks, at an immense loss of salary, officiated as Prompter at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket

ately, after all, it should seem that an actor, endowed with all the talents necessary to attain perfection, is little more than the "*Play*-thing of circumstances." *Time* creates the performer; TIME mellows and ripens his performances; and, ultimately, TIME *wears out* the actor: too truly described by the immortal SHAKSPEARE—

> Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour on the stage,
> And then is heard no more! It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of *sound* and FURY,
> Signifying NOTHING.

And again, it was the opinion of the once brilliant, witty, and inimitable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. that—

> The *Actor* ONLY shrinks from Time's award;
> *Feeble* TRADITION is his memory's guard;
> By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
> Unvouch'd by proof—to SUBSTANCE unallied!

If more be required on this subject, the words of the

for two years, which he at length relinquished for an engagement in America.

It is asserted of GARRICK that he was frightened almost out of his wits at any remarks made upon his performance in the newspapers; but the sound sense of JOHN KEMBLE enabled him to appreciate such *criticisms* as they deserved. It is said of Mr. Kemble that, soon after his engagement in London, he frequented every morning the Bedford Tavern, in Covent Garden, to peruse the daily Papers. On his asking the waiter for one of them, the latter observed, "O, Sir, they have played the very deuce with you to-day!" "Never mind, Thomas," replied Mr. K. "I am glad of it: but let me see what they say.—Damn these fellows, they will have their way; in fact, I would sooner they cut me up all to pieces than not notice me at all. If I am of *consequence* enough to call forth their remarks, I am satisfied; and in all probability I may profit by their criticisms."

British Roscius, DAVID GARRICK, Esq. will furnish the climax—

> The painter dead,[1] yet still he charms the eye;
> While England lives, his fame can never die:
> But he, who struts his hour upon the stage,
> Can scarce extend *his* FAME to HALF AN AGE;
> Nor pen, nor pencil can the Artist save,
> The ART and ARTIST *share* one COMMON GRAVE!

And "true 'tis pity; and pity it is, 'tis true"—that there is nothing like a *criterion* as to *compensation* to be formed about the standard of merit attached to an actor respecting *his* VALUE[2] in a theatre. Equality[3] of *reward* is out of the question; and it seems to be

[1] Hogarth.

[2] Without offering the slightest offence or disparagement to the once celebrated *Master* BETTY (but to whom *Time* has not only added the title of *Mister*, but also that of *Senior*, a junior hero now being in the field), who, at one period of his career (1805) received £100 per night *as a boy;* yet so fleeting is theatrical popularity, that in all probability the managers of the present day might not only hesitate to give *the* MAN a salary of £15 per week, but positively refuse an engagement. However, if Mr. Betty has outlived the dazzling *golden* moments of his boyhood, the shouts of public approbation, the daily bulletins respecting his health, and the overflowing of the treasury belonging to the managers, he has not outlived the value of his friends as a man. His heart remains in the right place, unwarped by good fortune or flattery; and, possessing a generous disposition, he is ever alive to relieve the calls of the distressed; and the unfortunate hero of the sock and buskin has always found a friend in Mr. Betty.

[3] I humbly beg pardon; I have committed an error; and I hope I may be allowed to correct myself. It appears that out of the Theatres Royal the accounts are calculated after the accuracy of Cocker. In *sharing* companies, when the country speculations were not upon so respectable a footing as at the present period, almost the eighteenth part of an inch of candle has been divided amongst the actors to *keep* the company from mutiny and separation. Mr. Ryley, in his *Itinerant*, observes, "During a period of five weeks, I was only called upon twice; still I received a *share* equal to those who laboured in play and farce night after night, and who were, at least many of them, actors of sterling merit. Such was the injustice of the *sharing*

more regulated after the manner of HUDIBRAS than to the established rules of calculation; for instance—

> The intrinsic value of a thing,
> Is just the sum that it will bring.

In all situations of life the return of money stamps the value of the article[1] which produces it; and in theatricals it is the very touchstone of excellence. It is as common as rain to hear managers, when speaking of performers, to admit that Mr. *Talent* is a clever man—very clever—and above the common class of actors; but that he does not *draw* a single shilling; and therefore Mr. *Talent* is of no *value* to their house above the routine of performers in his line.

Volumes would not suffice to portray half of the difficulties, disappointments, and misfortunes which have been encountered for the last fifty years by the heroes of the *Sock* and *Buskin*, in *strolling*[2] from

plan. Thank heaven! such a petty, paltry, iniquitous system no longer exists. Professors are now rewarded, as far as the parsimony of managers will allow, according to their merit, though not equal to their deserts."—Vol. i. p. 198.

[1] In Macklin's time it is said, that a performer of the name of *Nokes* was engaged on account of his comic face: he was a very useful fellow on several occasions; but particularly if any thing occurred during the performances to put the audience out of temper, *Nokes* had only to poke forward his funny phiz from the wings towards the stage, when three rounds of applause generally followed, succeeded by roars of laughter; and the house was ultimately restored to good humour. At the present period the *face* of Mr. Liston might be said to be his fortune; although not admitted one of his greatest *beauties* as an actor. He is positively the Emperor of *Mug*-Cutters.

[2] For *seventeen years* the justly celebrated George Frederick Cooke "strutted and fretted his hour" in mere obscurity, notwithstanding his superior display of talents. However severe, it is but justice to state, that the above extraordinary man would not have remained so long in the back ground, had it not been owing to his rooted attachment to drinking, which operated to the ruin of his constitution, his fame, and pecuniary circumstances.

one end of the kingdom to the other, *ignis fatuus* like, to obtain something appertaining to ease and comfort, a settled situation; and to realise, after all their hopes and exertions, the title of a first-rate actor. But such is the fervour and ambition of youth, that several young men have entertained an opinion that *stepping* from the school to the stage would make an actor.[1] But something more is required to fulfil the dictates of the poet, who has thought it indispensable to—

> Eye NATURE'S walks, shoot FOLLY as it flies,
> And *catch* the MANNERS *living* as they rise!

The preceding remarks have not been written with a view to *deter* young persons from qualifying themselves for the stage, whose talents[2] and genius well befit them, however arduous, for such an undertaking;

[1] The late Mr. HOLMAN, the celebrated gentlemanly *Harry Dornton*, distinguished also for his fine personification of *Romeo*, and his delightful portrait of *Edgar*, in King Lear, we believe, is an exception to the above remark. Mr. Holman was educated at Soho Square School; and his performances at that Seminary were of so promising a nature as to induce the managers of Covent Garden Theatre to offer him an engagement. But previous to his appearance Mr. H. was indebted for some valuable instructions to Mr. Hull, of the same theatre; whose *Friar Lawrence* to Mr. Holman's Romeo was considered as one of the finest specimens of the histrionic art.

[2] As a memorable instance in this respect, Mr. Henderson was not to be deterred from exercising his talents upon the stage, although dissuaded from such an attempt by the opinions of the first theatrical judges, Messrs. Garrick, Colman, Harris, and Foote, "assured that *he would not do!*" Mr. Henderson however persevered, and became a most distinguished performer from the years 1772 to 1785. His Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, and Sir John Falstaff, were highly finished pieces of acting; and as a reader of comic and other tales, particularly Le Fevre and Johnny Gilpin, he had no competitor. One printseller sold 6000 copies of John Gilpin's race, which had been several years before printed in one of the public papers, but scarcely noticed. Mr. Henderson used to relate the following anecdote with considerable humour and effect:—In his anxiety to procure

but are rather intended to operate as a *pause* upon the feelings of those hot-headed stage-struck youths who have neither the "accent of Christians, the gait of Christian, Pagan, or Man;" and to prevent them from rushing headlong into disappointment and misery, when their ideas do not elevate them above the office of delivering a message, carrying in a letter, making use of a broom in a pantomime, or ringing a bell.[1]

But no more of this:—

Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time!

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an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Henderson applied to Paul Hifferman, Esq. for his patronage, a gentleman on whose judgment Mr. Garrick, it is said, placed great deference. When the name and intention of Henderson was announced to Hifferman, he looked in his face with the utmost gravity for half a minute, and then, like a drill serjeant giving the word of command, vociferated, "*Please to stand upon your pins!*"—Henderson stood up. Mr. Hifferman did the same. "Now," says he, "young gentleman, I'll soon see if you'll ever make an actor. I'll soon see whether or not you are fit for the stage." Then stalking with solemn dignity to a table drawer, he opened it, and took out a ball of packthread, from which he first cut off a long piece, and tied the knife to the end, by way of plummet; this done, he marched up to the young candidate, and having first got upon a chair, to be the better able to reach, held the packthread to the top of Henderson's head, and let the knife drop to the ground, by which it was now seen he intended to try how tall he was. This ceremony over, he descended, took out of his pocket a two-foot rule, and measured the length of the packthread; then, putting on a most melancholy countenance, shook his head, and exclaimed, "Young gentleman, I am sorry to *mortify* you, I am very sorry to *mortify* you; but go your ways home, set your thoughts upon something else, *mind your business* be it what it will; and remember I tell you, for the sock or buskin you won't do—*you will not do*, sir, by AN INCH AND A QUARTER!"

[1] The ORGANIST cannot dispense with the services of the *bellows blower;* and such a description of persons must be employed in a theatre; but we believe they do not attach to the class of the *useful* or respectable, ranking only with the *et cetera* of the profession.

Nay, more; they become, as it were, public property: and every movement of the LIFE OF AN ACTOR, as connected with the stage, becomes interesting to the lovers of the Drama. It is a debt of pleasure we owe to those persons who have so forcibly elicited our tears at an imaginary tale of distress, provoked our laughter, dispelled our *ennui*, routed the blue devils, and sent us home night after night in high spirits; thus enabling us the next morning to resume our different occupations with increased vigour and attention to business. The recollection of the abilities displayed by those performers who have afforded us so many pleasant hours, steals across the mind at times with an ardour and impression not to be effaced from the memory: indeed, what individual possessing the smallest notions of taste and excellence but must hail the remembrance of the talents of the following performers passing in review:—

Mr. John Kemble, in Hamlet, Rolla, Brutus, and Coriolanus.

Mrs. Siddons, in Lady Macbeth and Isabella.

Mr. John Banister, in Walter, in the Children in the Wood.

Mr. Lewes, in Mercutio and Rover.

Mr. John Palmer, in Blue Beard.

Mr. John Edwin, in Jemmy Jumps.

Mr. Barrymore's spirited performance of Buckingham.

Mr. Knight, of Covent Garden Theatre, in Farmer Ashfield and Count Cassel.

Mr. Emery, in Tyke, Dandy Dinmont, and Giles.

Mr. Kean, in Othello and Sir Giles Overreach.

Mr. Elliston, in the Duke in the Honey Moon.

Miss Duncan, in the Duchess in ditto.

Mr. Munden, in Old Dornton, Crack, and Nipperkin.

Miss O'Neil, in Juliet and Mrs. Haller.

The late Mr. Blanchard, in Sim, in Wild Oats; denominated by his brother actors as the Child of Nature.

Mr. Fawcett, in Job Thornbery and Trudge.

Mrs. C. Kemble, in Julio and Irene.

Mr. Pope, as Oroonoko.

Mr. Wroughton, as Darlemont in Deaf and Dumb.

Miss Taylor, in Jeannie Deans in the Heart of Mid Lothian.

Mrs. Brookes, in Mrs. Glass, and Meg Murdockson in ditto.

Mrs. Mattocks, in the Widow Warren.

Mrs. Edwin, as Lady Racket.

Mr. Russel, in Fribble and Jerry Sneak.

Mr. Wewitzer, in Hans Molkus in Of Age To morrow.

Mr. Quick, as Little Isaac in the Duenna.

Mr. George Frederick Cooke, in Richard, Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, and Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

Mr. Dowton, in Sheva and Dr. Cantwell.

Mr. Henry Johnston, as Rugantino.

Mrs. Egerton, in Meg Merrilies.

Mrs. Jordan, as Peggy, Little Pickle, and Rosalind.

Mr. Oxberry, in Mawworm and Justice Greedy.

Mr. Suett, as Dicky Gossip and Endless.

Mrs. Bland, for Ballad singing—"Your Molly has never been false she declares," and a hundred other ballads.

Mr. Tokely, in Crockery.

Mr. Charles Kemble, in Marc Antony and Macduff.

Mr. Liston, in Apollo Belvi.

Mr. Gattie, as Monsieur Morbleau in Monsieur Tonson.

Madame Vestris, in Don Giovanni.

Miss Stephens, in Polly in the Beggar's Opera.

Mrs. Orger, in the Fine Lady in the Vicar of Wakefield.

Mr. Walbourn, as Dusty Bob[1] in Tom and Jerry.

Miss Fanny Kelly, in Mary the Maid of the Inn, and Annette.

Miss Paton, as Floretta in the Cabinet.

Mr. Braham, as Orlando in ditto.

Mr. George Smith, as Harrop in Mary the Maid of the Inn.

Mr. Wallack, in Dick Dashall.

Signora Storace, as Adela in the Haunted Tower.

Mr. Knight, of Drury Lane, in Jerry Blossom.

Miss M. Tree, in Clari.

Mr. Rae, in Octavian.

Mr. Huntley, as the Vicar of Wakefield.

Mr. Murray, as Adam in As You Like It.

Mrs. Henry Siddons, in Susan Ashfield.

Mr. Charles Incledon, in the songs of "The Storm," "The Thorn," "Old Towler," etc. etc.

Miss Farren (Countess of Derby), in Lady Teazle.

Mr. Simmons, in Beau Mordecai.

Mr. Jones, in Goldfinch.

Mrs. Gibbs, as Mary in John Bull.

Mrs. Liston, as Dollalolla in Tom Thumb.

Mr. Young, as the Stranger.

Mr. Joseph Grimaldi, unrivalled as Clown.

Mr. Bologna, as Harlequin.

Mr. King, in Lord Ogleby.

Mr. Bartley, as Michael in the Adopted Child.

[1] Mr. WALBOURN'S personification of *Dusty Bob* has been unanimously decided by the public as one, if not the greatest triumph of the histrionic art ever exhibited upon the stage. The first tragedian of the day, with the utmost liberality, gave it as his opinion, that during the whole course of his theatrical life, he had never seen any performance equal to it. Also, a comic actor of great celebrity exclaimed, "Good heavens! is it possible? Do my eyes deceive me? Most certainly, it is a real *Dustman* they have got upon the stage. I am very sorry the profession has descended so low as to be compelled to resort to the streets to procure a person of that description to sustain the *character*." Further compliments would be superfluous.

Mrs. Davenport, in the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet.
Mr. Wrench, as Corinthian Tom [1] in Life in London.
Mr. Keeley, in Jemmy Green in ditto.
Mrs. Crouch, as Miss Alsop, in the Heiress.
Mr. Terry, in Sir Fretful Plagiary.
Mr. Blanchard, as Sir Simon Rochdale.
Mr. Oscar Byrne, as an English Dancer.
Mr. John Johnstone, in Dennis Brulgruddery and Looney Macktwolter.
Mrs. Bartley, as Imogen in Cymbeline.
Miss Mellon (Mrs. Coutts), as Nell in the Devil to Pay.
Mrs. Henry Johnstone, as Alexina in the Exile.
Mr. (the late) Charles Dibdin, as Mungo, and Author of Songs.[2]
Mr. Connor, as Dr. O'Toole, in the Irish Tutor.
Mr. Farren, in Frederick the Great.
Mr. Dodd, in Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Mr. Parsons, in Money Trap; and
Mr. Matthews "At Home."

Many more instances might be adduced if illustrations of theatrical excellence were necessary. And perhaps it is not too much to observe, that the *art of acting* in the above characters has been so successfully applied towards portraying of NATURE, that truth will suffer no offence in asserting, PERFECTION (or very near it) has been realized, and acknowledged by the severest critics of the time.

[1] During the short period of two years Mr. WRENCH has performed the part of *Corinthian Tom* upwards of two hundred and fifty nights. We believe there is no parallel to it in the annals of the drama.

[2] "I have written in the course of my life, exclusive of my entertainments of SANS SOUCI, nearly SEVENTY dramatic pieces of different descriptions, besides having set to music fifteen or sixteen the productions of other writers. In the whole of those which I have invented and brought forward are included more than TWELVE HUNDRED SONGS; a number, I should imagine, not again to be found in the English language."—Mr. DIBDIN'S *Professional Life*, vol. i. p. 19.

LIFE OF AN ACTOR

CHAPTER I

Birth of PEREGRINE PROTEUS: *some Account of his Schoolmaster Mr.* EMPHASIS. PEREGRINE'S *Performance at School; his Parents delighted with the promising Talents of their darling Boy.* PROTEUS *quits Mr.* EMPHASIS'S *Seminary, and is bound an Apprentice to a Printer: Sketch of a Printing Office: ultimately tired of his Business: exhibits his Powers before the Compositors and his fellow Apprentices: Judgment deferred: an untimely Visit: the Actor and Audience put to Flight by the sudden Appearance of* PROTEUS'S *Master.* PEREGRINE'S *Restlessness of Disposition: and his Mind completely unhinged on witnessing the late* JOHN KEMBLE'S *Performance of Hamlet.*

My Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly sings of human things and acts.
BYRON, Canto XIV.

NO tempest howled; no chimneys were blown down; nor, indeed, were there any trees torn up by the roots, when PEREGRINE PROTEUS was first ushered into the world. It was a common-place birth altogether. The *Hero* had nothing to do with it. The watchman was drawling out "half-past two o'clock and a moonlight morning," when PROTEUS'S mama gave her loving spouse a gentle hint that it was expedient *Old Mary* the nurse should be fetched: that no time must be lost; and also, after the manner of killing two birds with one stone, he might give a

tap at the doctor's door as he passed, to let him know his assistance would soon be required :—

> His fame full six miles round the country ran :
> In short, in reputation, he was solus !
> And if he *hurl'd* a few score mortals from the world,
> He made amends by *bringing* others into it.

Mr. PROTEUS, after rubbing of his eyes, shaking off his drowsiness, scrambled on his clothes, and then started off with all the agitation of mind belonging to an individual about to have the name of FATHER attached to his character. He dashed through the streets like lightning ; but in suddenly turning the corner of one of them, he came in contact with an old feeble guardian of the night, and so violent was the concussion, that the latter instantly measured his length in the mud. PROTEUS, however, did not stop to pick up the watchman ; and, in spite of the appeals of his rattle, and cries for assistance, he pursued his journey till he arrived at the door of the doctor in safety. Æsculapius was soon knocked up ; and, without delay, Mr. Proteus regained his own dwelling with *Old Mary* hobbling under his arm.

It was not long after the arrival of the above personages, so useful in a family (the doctor and the nurse), that *young* PROTY made his appearance, to the great *joy* of all the parties—although he came *crying* into the world. It is quite certain that Peregrine was not born with teeth in his mouth ; yet the accoucheur, in handing him over to Old Mary, pronounced him a fine full grown baby ; and the Nurse insisted that one pea was not more like another than *Young Proty* was to his Papa. "Lord bless his little heart ! he had his father's nose to a tittle ;" and, beyond all doubt, he possessed the *fac simile* of his Mama's expressive eyes and handsome countenance. PEREGRINE eat and drank like other little boys ; slept the usual hours allotted to children by the help of

Godfrey's Cordial and Dalby's Carminative; got upon his feet: showed the mother's first joy, his ivory teeth; and in due time he ran alone!

In the course of a few fleeting years little PEREGRINE left his A B C Tutor for instruction of a higher class; and his fond governess reluctantly parted with him, as a most promising little boy, to the care of Mr. *Scenic Emphasis*, a schoolmaster of considerable rupute for getting his boys forward with their learning.

Mr. *Scenic Emphasis* had formerly been a Member of the *Sock* and *Buskin*, but he had retired a few years from the stage, or rather that the *boards* had not proved to him any thing like the road to fame or to profit. He felt his merits had not only been overlooked; but that his talents had never attracted the attention of the London Managers. The darling hopes of Mr. *Emphasis*, of his ever becoming a *star* in the theatrical hemisphere, at length gave way; and he quitted in disgust the drudgery, misery, and beggary,[1] too often the unhappy accompaniments of

[1] A miserable instance presents itself: "On Monday (Dec. 8, 1823) a person was brought before the mayor of Windsor for having the preceding day committed an act of vagrancy by begging in the streets. The mayor demanded what he had to say to the charge? He replied, that such were the calls of Nature, that he begged from absolute necessity. The Magistrate said, What are you? He answered, I am the son of a general in the army; and I *unfortunately* received a liberal education, which led me to associate with those who like myself were infatuated with theatricals; the result of which was, that I went on the stage, and have latterly been travelling about the country seeking for engagements. At some towns I was retained a short season; at other places, where the manager had not room for me, the company raised a subscription to help me on the road to the next likely station. "His hopes led him to Windsor; but not finding a company here, he was reduced to the humiliating situation in which he was apprehended." He further stated, that he belonged to London, whither he was going. The Magistrate commiserated his situation; but informed him, if he was again found in the streets of Windsor, under the above circumstances, he should be committed to prison as a vagrant.

an itinerant stroller, for the more profitable and respectable occupation of a country schoolmaster.

Mr. *Emphasis* prided himself on the talents he possessed as a teacher of elocution; and although his figure had prevented him becoming a favourite as an Actor, yet his knowledge of the Stage, and his repeated performances in public, gave him a superiority in this respect over other teachers at schools, who had not had the same opportunities of rendering themselves *practically* perfect in the above branch of tuition. Indeed, ELOCUTION was the most prominent feature of instruction at Mr. *Emphasis's* Seminary; and it was his favourite study; in fact, it was his hobby-horse. Previous to the holidays at Christmas and Midsummer, a temporary stage was erected in the school, where Readings, Recitations, and Plays were performed by the boys; to which performances the parents and friends of the children were invited to witness the improvement of his scholars. This plan had the desired effect; nay more, it answered all purposes: the boys were delighted with the applause they received; the parents and relatives also felt a secret gratification in beholding the *cleverness* exhibited by their children; and lastly, but not the least in point of consequence, it promulgated the fame of Mr. *Emphasis* as a Teacher of *Elocution;* and also obtained for him the character of a "fine man" to place boys under his care and tuition. But after all it has become a question whether such instruction has not proved more *superficial* than advantageous to men in the general walks through life; an opinion being entertained that the more solid branches of education have been lost sight of in the gloss of applause which attends exhibitions of eloquence. It is well known that boys of the meanest capacity have been taught, *parrot*-like, to repeat speeches in an interesting, and even an effective manner; but that when left to themselves

to exercise their own discretion in reading or reciting any tale or speech, they have betrayed the greatest dulness and insipidity. But PEREGRINE was cast in another mould: he was a boy of quick perception; deriving every advantage from judicious instruction; an attractive lad—nay, a sort of hero among his schoolfellows: and a great favourite with his tutor: indeed, he might have been denominated the *decoy-duck* to the school. Mr. *Emphasis* selected PEREGRINE on all occasions as a specimen of the art he was master of in *communicating* instruction to children: and young PROTY was brought forward to recite the following Poem (chosen by Mr. *Emphasis*, a favourite recitation of his own, as a subject well calculated to display the talents of the speaker, and the powers of elocution), before his parents and a numerous audience at the Midsummer vacation:—

The Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these powers, DEPORTMENT, *voice*, and EYE.

The critic sight 'tis only GRACE can please,
No figure charms us if it has not ease.
There are who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the HERO if he is not *tall*.
The feeling sense all other wit supplies;
I rate no actor's merits by his size:
Superior height requires superior grace;
And what's a GIANT with a *vacant* face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state;
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, *dragg'd* along:
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppetshow.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But *affectation* ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a *start!*
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?

While a whole minute equipoised he stands,
Till Praise dismiss him with her echoing hands?
Resolved, though Nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo, sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvass tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the *vulgar*, make the critic laugh.

To print the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action Nature's self will tell:
No pleasing powers distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loathes excess,
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds
Disgusts our reason, and our taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the state molest,
I HATE your fool who overacts his jest;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit;
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.

The WORD and *action* should conjointly suit;
But acting words is labour too minute:
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour marks the impression strong.
Her proper traits the fix'd attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well pleased, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill which every fool can reach,
A vile stage custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close the disingenuous art,
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking Nature's fair and open road,
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode:
Fired with disgust, I loathe his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there;
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;

Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the noise be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a seesaw tone,
The rare soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can an actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue that labour'd measures roll
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll,
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, *stalk* along.
All AFFECTATION but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjoining from its friendly noun;
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures still th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature, apt and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone,
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fix'd amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys
Than he who, swoln with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He who in *earnest* studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart;
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd *Oh!*
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, ALL *the* SOUL is there.

Great applause, deservedly, followed the conclusion of the above Recitation; INTELLECT was more prominent than *tuition;* and Mr. *Emphasis* was so pleased with the talents displayed by his pupil, that he, in raptures, observed, "I could not have recited 'The ACTOR' better myself!" The parents of PEREGRINE were overjoyed to find their son so clever a boy; and the company present, by their flattering congratulations, pronounced him the Hero of the tale!

Year after year rolled pleasantly over PEREGRINE'S head, till the time arrived when his parents felt it a duty incumbent on them to call his attention to his future prospects in life. This circumstance proved a more difficult task than was at first apprehended by his father and mother. PEREGRINE had high notions upon this subject, or rather he did not exactly know what would best accord with the *bent* of his genius; and his mama likewise supported his ideas, in making choice of some *genteel* profession: the term of "*mechanic*" sounded too harshly in her ears. The word *artist*, Mrs. Proteus thought a most pleasing appellation, and an elegant appendage to the name of a person; and she therefore declared, for her part, she should vote for something connected with the ARTS for her boy. Some warm arguments passed between his parents upon the subject: and after numerous propositions made to PEREGRINE, which he negatived, he at length put an end to his *dislikes* by naming Mr. *Quarto*, a respectable letterpress printer (and an intimate friend of his father and mother) as a person he approved of for a master. Negotiations were entered into; Peregrine went upon *liking* for a month; and, apparently to the satisfaction of all parties, he was *bound* an apprentice for the term of seven years to Mr. *Quarto*, at Stationers' Hall.

It operated like a death-blow to Mr. *Emphasis* to part with PEREGRINE; it was positively undermining his seminary, by removing his principal *prop;* and he

would gladly have retained him as an usher, but his parents would not consent to the proposition of Mr. *Emphasis*, and PROTEUS likewise had no taste for the confinement and fatigue experienced by persons in such situations. Parting was therefore inevitable; and no master ever relinquished a pupil with more regret than did Mr. *Emphasis*.

The schoolboy was now thrown off for the apprentice, and the novelty of PEREGRINE'S situation occupied his mind for some time. He was very fond of reading; and the variety of new works which were continually printing in Mr. *Quarto's* office afforded him considerable amusement united with instruction. Indeed it might be deemed a *second* school for PEREGRINE. Like most other boys he was *shy* at first; but his fellow P.'s removed his *bashfulness;* and PEREGRINE soon showed himself as a boy of some *nous* among his brother *Typos*,[1] and entered with great spirit into the laws of the *Chapel*.[2] Twenty compositors (men and lads) were employed in the same room in which PROTEUS was to be taught the Art and Mystery of Printing: and so great was the diversity of the works printing in Mr. *Quarto's* office, that nearly each individual was engaged on the productions of different authors. As an illustration, one man's time was occupied in composing Hume's History of England; a second employed on Shakspeare's Plays; a third on Boswell's Life of Johnson; a fourth on Paley's Theology; a fifth on the Sublime and Beautiful; a sixth on Roscoe's Leo;

[1] A term, by which printers are known to each other.

[2] The Abbot of Westminster erected the first press for book printing, that ever was in England, about the year of Christ, 1471, in Westminster Abbey; and here William Caxton, citizen and mercer of London, who first brought the art into England, practised it. This chapel was in a retired place, and free from interruption; and from this or some other Chapel, it is supposed the name of CHAPEL has been given to all printing houses in England ever since.

a seventh on Captain Johnson's Lives of Highwaymen; an eighth on the Beauties of Poetry; the ninth man engaged on a Magazine, etc. etc. From such invaluable sources the compositor has the opportunity of skimming the cream off of all the good things before they meet the eye of the public: information is thus pouring in upon his mind continually without his seeking after it; and he has always the opinion of other men in his *hands* respecting any thing *new* in the wide and extensive field of Literature, including also the daily occurrences of life. The variety of subjects which come under the eye of a compositor makes him *read* against his will; in fact, he is always *reading* from morning to night, in order (in the way of business) to furnish *reading* for others. Such opportunities beget *criticism* amongst them; and very severe *critics* and first-rate scholars are to be found in printing offices: in general, a considerable body of talent and wit is to be met with amongst compositors; but it is *hid* from the public eye. There is likewise a great fondness for *satire* amongst them, but technically denominated *rig;* and this species of humour is carried on to a great extent in most printing offices, more especially when the temper of the person is easily irritated, or does not possess fortitude of mind enough to resist the attacks and laughter of his companions. To procure *copy*[1] of each other is a very prominent feature among printers, and produces an infinite deal of humour according to the talents of the speaker. A great partiality towards the Stage also pervades the class of compositors. The performances of the last night at the theatre are

[1] *Copy*, meaning *intelligence* procured secretly about the habits of any person belonging to the office. *Copy* also means the manuscripts on which compositors are employed. Printers often joke one with another, stating, "I have got some precious copy about so and so; but you shall have it all out by and by in the office."

often discussed over a *mike*[1] at the fireside the next morning respecting the abilities of the actors; and likewise the talents of the author in any new work printing in the office, which might be of a curious nature, or not partaking of *common-place* sort of productions. Religious subjects frequently claim the attention of the more *pious*[2] sort of the fraternity; and politics, although not debated with the same warmth and zeal which characterizes the House of Commons, yet frequently produce very animated arguments among the brethren of the *Chapel*. No other labours in the middle walk of life have better, if any thing like such good opportunities to improve the mind as those employed in the art of printing; and it cannot be denied but that the world has derived considerable amusement and information from its professors.[3]

The introduction of PEREGRINE to such a class of men was in complete unison with his feelings; his mind became expanded; he obtained an improving knowledge of society; and he often congratulated himself that his parents had not decided for him to handle the *needle*, make use of the *trowel*, or exercise the *saw*. PROTEUS often declared to his parents that he was pleased with his business; and the numerous tales, anecdotes, and remarks on passing subjects,

[1] *Mike* or *shammock*. Technical or cant phrases amongst printers. To have a *mike* is to loiter away the time, when it might be more usefully or profitably employed.

[2] *Pious:* of a double tendency; but generally applied by printers *ironically:* for instance, when they assert, "I saw him so *pious;*" *i.e.* drunk.

[3] Mr. Ryder, of the Dublin Theatre, a performer of considerable celebrity in his day; Mr. Oxberry and Mr. Foote, late of Drury Lane; and also Messrs. Blanchard and Keeley, of Covent Garden Theatres; and Mr. Bryant, of the East London (and author of numerous Pieces), were all of them reared as printers. The celebrated Dr. Franklin was likewise a printer; and Mr. Nicholls, the great Antiquarian; and the learned Bowyer, belonged to the same class of persons.

which daily met his ears during the hours devoted to employment, caused the time to pass away so pleasantly, that four years of his apprenticeship had elapsed without any murmurs escaping from his lips at, what is generally termed by prentice boys, the *tediousness* of seven years.

But a sudden revolution took place in his mind; and the novelty and charms of the printing office had had their day with him. PEREGRINE became so passionately fond of reading the Plays of Shakspeare, and numerous other dramatic productions, that every thing else excepting theatricals appeared *tasteless* to his feelings. Every public and private opportunity that offered itself PROTEUS was continually at the theatres; and the repeated *half-prices* occasioned such frequent calls on the pockets of his parents, that his father and mother, fearful of the consequences, often remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct,[1] and urged the necessity of *Peregrine's*

[1] Had the parents of our hero been of the same *decided* turn of mind as the gentleman which the following fact will illustrate, the public in all probability might have been deprived of the Memoirs of PEREGRINE PROTEUS. "The audience at the Liverpool Theatre were amused on Monday (the 8th of December, 1823) by the performance of two gentlemen—being, as it is presumed, the 'first appearance' of either 'on any stage.' In the play bill of that evening it was announced, that after the performance of *Damon and Pythias*, 'a *gentleman* of Liverpool' would be found 'At Home' in IMITATION of Mr. Matthews.—— When Dr. Johnson was told of Foote's intention to give a personification of his figure, dress, and manner, on the stage, 'What (said he, turning to Tom Davies, his informant), is the price of a good stick?' The reply was 'Sixpence.' 'Then, sir (rejoined the Doctor, drawing his hand from his pocket), buy me a *shilling one*, with which I shall appear in the stage-box on the night of the performance; and if the rascal has the impudence to execute his threat, I will do myself justice on his carcass in the face of that audience, who, having witnessed my disgrace, shall also be the spectators of his punishment.' Foote, learning this determination, prudently abandoned his intention. Fortunate had it been for the stage-struck *gentleman* of Liverpool, had he followed Foote's example, for immediately

paying more attention to his business. But it was all in vain! PROTEUS thought of nothing else: he talked of nothing else; and frequently his dreams were haunted with theatrical speculations. He was continually spouting lines from Plays, both at home and abroad, to the great annoyance of the companies in which he mixed. The *spark* which had been elicited from him when at school by Mr. *Emphasis*, and which had lain dormant for nearly three or four years, all at once burst forth into a flame that no advice from his friends or acquaintances could cool or quench.

PEREGRINE, in a great degree, was strengthened in his attachment to the stage by the following circumstance, that occurred at the office, and which gave him an opportunity he had often coveted to ascertain the opinions of his fellow workmen, several of whom he esteemed as excellent judges, respecting his talents for becoming an Actor. It is an old custom in most printing offices that when a new compositor is engaged, he is called upon to pay a small fine, which is termed his *bienvenue*,[1] before he can be received in the light of a *Chapelonian*; in addition to which, a trifling sum is collected from each of the workmen, and to "hail fellow, well met," the whole is converted into something palatable for the appetite. This little treat frequently produces a pleasant hour, and also a truce to business. It was proposed by one of the

on the appearance of this *Amateur* imitator of Mr. Matthews, his indignant father, leaping from a side box, applied a good ash plant so vigorously to the young *aspirant* for histrionic fame, that he quickly vanished from the stage. The manager, interposing, then came in for his share of the indignant parent's resentment, and had the honour of receiving, in the face of the audience, a *quantum suff.* of castigation. The father, whose feelings were thus cruelly excited, is a mercantile gentleman of unsullied reputation and respectability."

[1] The fee paid by journeymen on their admittance to the Chapel.

party that PEREGRINE (who had obtained the title of the stage-struck youth) should give them a "taste of his quality!" PROTEUS, boylike and confident in his own abilities, without hesitation, acceded to their request; although, from the *satiric* efforts indulged by his companions on most occasions, it might have been deemed a dangerous appeal; but PEREGRINE, at all events, was determined to risk it. The scene he selected was the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, performing both of the characters. The floor of the room was the imaginary stage, which was illuminated by the candles of the compositors being placed upon the ground. And when the whole of the spectators were wrapt up in profound attention, in the midst of the most animated part of the scene—

> O, I could weep
> My spirit from mine eyes——There is my dagger,
> And here my naked breast—within, a heart
> Dearer than Plutus' mind, richer than gold.
> If that thou be'st a Roman———

Unfortunately for PEREGRINE the *climax* of this fine speech was lost by the sudden and unexpected interruption of his master, who, not being theatrically inclined, like his apprentice, did not wait for his *cue*, but opened the door without ceremony, and observed to the electrified PROTEUS, in an angry and ironical tone, "I do not know whether I am a Roman or not; but I know to my cost that I have cause to weep for my candles being applied to so bad a purpose." A general confusion was the result; the stage was in instant darkness by each man walking off with his candle to his frame, smothering his laughter. A veteran workman (an admirer of the drama), and who from length of service was rather upon intimate terms with Mr. *Quarto*, endeavoured to turn the affair into a joke, by observing, "that he had spoiled PEREGRINE'S fortune." To which Mr. *Quarto* replied, with much asperity, "Sir, I hope I shall not be

an eye-witness of any more of this nonsense and waste of time in my office;" and then addressing PEREGRINE "And you too, Sir, had better pay a little more attention to your business than you have done of late; and let me see no more of this *fooling*."[1] Mr. *Quarto* having retired, when after a *solemn stillness* of a few minutes, and PROTEUS, viewing the coast clear, stepped forward, and in rather an under but *satirical* tone began—

> I hold the world but as the world, my Gratiano,
> A stage, where every man must play his part!

[1] The above circumstance reminds us of the early part of the life of the late George Cooke, of Covent Garden Theatre, who was also a compositor. On witnessing the Comedy of the *Journey to London*, the first play he ever saw performed, his mind was so impressed with theatrical representations, that he read nothing else but plays; and he soon began to study the character of *Horatio* in the *Fair Penitent*; and at the age of only thirteen years, among a parcel of boys, he performed the part of *Young Meadows*, in *Love in a Village*, and we understand that he then *sang*, but never afterwards attempted it. His next appearance was in *Horatio*, in *Hamlet*; and so great was his desire even at that early period of his life, on the players arriving at Berwick upon Tweed (whose theatre was in a barn), that, on getting behind the scenes, and to avoid being turned out, he secreted himself in the *thunder barrel*, and made his appearance before the audience, rolling out before them from this ludicrous situation when the theatrical elements were put in motion. Soon after this circumstance he was bound apprentice to Mr. John Taylor, printer in the above town; but the *mania* of acting had seized so fast hold of him, that he communicated the fervour of *spouting* throughout the printing office to the injury of his master's business; who one evening interrupted him when performing *Zanga* at a private play, and drove him home with all the paraphernalia attached to his character, *blackened face*, etc. But George Cooke was not to be deterred; and *Lucia*, in *Cato*, was soon after personified by him. Performing had now so much got the better of Cooke, that his indentures were given up; and when scarcely eighteen years of age he came to London; and for a very short period, merely to procure subsistance, he followed the occupation of a printer at an office in White Friars. He then commenced stroller.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with *mortifying* groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of WISDOM, *gravity*, *profound* CONCEIT:
As who should say, "I am SIR ORACLE,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
O, my Antonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying *nothing*, who I am very sure,
If they should hear, would almost damn those ears,
Which hearing there, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, *this* OPINION.

"*This* opinion" I repeat, observed PEREGRINE. "Why *such* an opinion is not worth a fig! My master has no taste for theatricals!" "Judgment is deferred," replied the veteran compositor; "another time let it be: yet from the specimen I have witnessed to-day, I must tell you, PROTEUS, without flattery, that I really think there is some good *stuff* about your composition, which time and experience may bring to maturity. You must have practice, my boy; it takes the whole life and study of a man to become a finished Actor; and although I hate servile imitation, yet I would advise you to take that great Actor, Mr. John Kemble, as a model. Take him as a grand outline, 'a combination and a form indeed.'" —"Yes," answered PEREGRINE, interrupting him with great warmth, "I will have practice; nay more—

I have set my fate on a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

Among the eccentric characters in Mr. *Quarto's* office, was a person of the name of *Horatio Quill*, employed as a compositor; and who, upon all occasions, warmly encouraged the attachment manifested by PROTEUS towards the stage. *Horatio Quill* was equally as stage-struck as our hero: but the former soared to obtain eminence in another line of the drama. *Quill* preferred wielding his pen in the closet, than attempt to flourish a truncheon upon the stage; in fact, acting was not his forte; yet he flattered himself he possessed talents for writing; and the climax of his ambition was to become a theatrical author.

The good opinion of *Quill* was of considerable importance to PROTEUS, and our hero preferred reciting to him various passages from Ben Johnson, Congreve, and Shakspeare for his approbation; and *Quill* in return read for the sanction of PROTEUS his Manuscript Pieces. The above union of taste begat considerable friendship between them. This circumstance might be deemed natural enough, and very easily to be accounted for: they were not *rivals*. PEREGRINE praised the writings of *Quill*, as displaying evident marks of rising genius, which Time would bring to light, and Fame ultimately consolidate: and *Quill* declared that, with study and experience, PROTEUS would ripen into the accomplished and finished performer. Thus, in turn, did they flatter the *weakness* exhibited by each other. The merits of numerous ancient and modern authors, who had written for the stage, were daily argued between *Quill* and PEREGRINE; and the actors of the day were also criticised from head to foot, and too frequently without justice or mercy by these enthusiastic young men.

Instead of *composing*, according to the mechanical part of his business, *Quill* used to excuse himself to his companions in the office for neglecting his work

with an air of self-sufficiency and attempt to *pun*, asserting, he was still *composing;* but his mind was engaged in a higher school of art than attending to the confined rules of printing. *Quill's* imagination was extremely fertile, and his Pieces multiplied very fast; Farce after Farce was written; but none of them at that period were performed at the theatres: however, that circumstance might have been more owing to a want of interest on the part of *Quill* with the managers, than arising from a deficiency of talent. At all events *Quill* pleased himself; and PROTEUS was never backward in applauding his exertions: frequently *dragging* in the old adage by way of a compliment to his friend, that "Rome was not built in a day!" In short, the success of each other became so interwoven between them, that they almost entered into a written agreement, that when PROTEUS was engaged at one of the Theatres Royal, as a first-rate Actor, *Quill* should write *characters* for him; and, by the way of expressing his gratitude and friendship for his old companion, PEREGRINE was to recommend, nay, almost insist that the productions of *Horatio Quill* should be received, and "got up" under his influence. But if ever that fickle jade, FORTUNE, did crown the efforts of PROTEUS, so as to place him in the high and commanding situation of manager at one of the great houses, then it was to be a *sine qua non*, that *Horatio Quill* should be engaged as a permanent writer to the theatre.

Business to PEREGRINE now proved a horrid, dull routine; and he quitted the office with pleasure every evening, but returned to it the next morning with the greatest reluctance. Studying of *characters* was his only delight; and his mind was so completely absorbed in this favourite pursuit, that he would frequently start up from his seat, without regard to place or situation, loudly repeating various quotations from

Shakspeare and other authors. One night in particular PROTEUS alarmed all the persons in his father's house as they were retiring to bed: half undressed himself, he seized hold of the bootjack, and roaring out as lustily as if he had actually been playing the part of Othello—

Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires——

"Retire instantly to bed," exclaimed his father in a loud but angry tone of voice, who had been

roused from his sleep, and stolen softly down the stairs in his shirt to witness the *heroics* of his stage-struck boy:

> Angels and Ministers of Grace, defend us:
> Be thou a spirit of——

replied PEREGRINE, not dismayed in the least by the appearance of his father. "Retire, my dear *Proty*," said his fond mother, who had likewise been compelled to quit her bed by the *mouthings* of her infatuated boy, "and not make yourself appear so perfectly ridiculous in the eyes of everybody. It is *madness* going on in this way, consider, my dear *Proty*." PEREGRINE, with the utmost composure, still endeavoured to proceed with the delusion of the scene; and, turning towards his mother, with a gentle nod of his head, replied—

> I shall, in all my best, obey you, madam.

But

> My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time;
> And makes as healthful music: 'tis not MADNESS
> That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will *re-word;* which MADNESS
> Would gambol from!

Neither the threats of his father, nor the remonstrances of PEREGRINE'S master, added to the solicitations of his mother, had any effect on the infatuated PROTEUS. He set *ridicule* at defiance; and the *laughter* of his acquaintances made not the slightest impression upon his feelings. To please his mother, and in some degree to abate the harshness expressed by his father towards PEREGRINE'S favourite enthusiastic pursuit, he faintly promised amendment. But it proved of short duration: *aside*, he exclaimed, "I will be an actor!" And, in truth, he was deaf to all the entreaties requesting him to turn his thoughts

from the stage. An opportunity offered to PROTEUS to witness the performance of the late Mr. JOHN KEMBLE'S *Hamlet;* and our hero placed himself on the fourth seat of the pit, that he might not escape a single look or gesture of that justly celebrated great actor. He likewise treasured up every sentence in his enraptured mind which he thought partook of brilliancy of expression and superlative talent. And PROTEUS in this instance did no more than hundreds of thousands of persons, from one end of the kingdom to the other, had previously done on witnessing Mr. Kemble's Hamlet, exclaim—

> He was a man; take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again!

Hamlet had long been a favourite character with PROTEUS; every line of it had been previously committed to his memory: and the plaudits and admiration he observed bestowed on Mr. KEMBLE[1]

[1] To this distinguished family, in the history of the drama, the public are very much indebted for the improvements which have taken place on the stage for nearly the last forty years; and the unceasing industry and research exhibited by the late JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq. to accomplish the above object must always cause his name to be remembered with the highest respect and veneration for his talents. At the present moment (1824), after the length of *fifty-seven* years have elapsed, when the mention of one of the greatest luminaries that ever appeared on the stage, Mrs. SIDDONS (and who is still living), the perusal of the following play bill, in which the name of this great tragic actress appears in her father's Company, cannot fail to prove interesting to all the lovers of the drama:

Worcester, February 12, 1767.

MR. KEMBLE'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

AT the Theatre at the King's Head, this Evening, will be performed a Concert of Music: to begin exactly at six o'clock. Tickets to be had at the usual Places.

gave an additional stimulus to his wish for attempting the part of the Royal Dane before the public. His resolution was irrevocably fixed; and PROTEUS in his "mind's eye" pictured to himself nothing else but a

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Between the parts of the Concert will be presented, *gratis*, a celebrated Historical Play (*never performed here*) called,

CHARLES THE FIRST.

The Characters to be dressed in Ancient Habits, according to the Fashion of those Times.

The part of King Charles, Mr. Jones.
Duke of Richmond, Mr. Siddons.
Marquis of Lindsay, Mr. Salisbury.
Bishop Juxon, Mr. Fowler. General Fairfax, Mr. Kemble.
Colonel Ireton, Mr. Crump. Colonel Tomlinson, Mr. Hughes.
The part of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Vaughan.
Servant, Mr. Butler.
James Duke of York (afterwards King of England), Master J. Kemble.
The Duke of Gloucester (King Charles's younger Son), Miss Fanny Kemble.
Serjeant Bradshaw (Judge of the pretended high Court of Justice), Mr. Burton.
The young Princess Elizabeth, Miss Kemble.
Lady Fairfax, Mrs. Kemble.
The part of the Queen, Mrs. Vaughan.

Singing between the Acts by Mrs. Fowler and Miss Kemble.

To which will be added a Comedy, called

THE MINOR.

And on Saturday next, the 14th instant, will be again presented the above Tragedy, with a Farce that will be expressed in the Bills for the Day.

*** The Days of Performance are Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

dazzling career of success, whenever an opportunity should occur, in which his talents might find a range to display their extent and variety; and which he had for a considerable time past been endeavouring to cultivate and improve.

CHAPTER II

PROTEUS *pays a Visit to the House of Call for Actors, in company with Mr.* HORATIO QUILL. *A Picture for Stage-struck Youths.* PEREGRINE *joins a Private Theatrical Company: rubs against the Flats: smells the Lamp: and* O. P. *and* P. S. *practically explained to him. Our Hero makes his debût; applauded to the Echo; and becomes theatrically mad.* PROTEUS *purchases a principal Character at a Private Night at the Haymarket Theatre. Quill and* PEREGRINE *join in a Benefit. Determined on bidding adieu to the Printing Office: an Interview with a theatrical Agent:* PEREGRINE *starts for the Country, and commences Strolling Player.*

PROTEUS, under the guidance of his friend *Horatio Quill*, visited the House of Call[1] for Actors; and he was introduced, or rather it was[2] *whispered* to the company, that our hero was a young man of considerable merit, and possessing talents of the highest order

[1] I hope this phrase will not be considered too *mechanical;* and I also hope it will not give any offence to a body of people for whom, without any flattery, I entertain the highest respect; but, nevertheless, I like to call things by their proper names. There is likewise, without intending to offer the slightest disparagement, a "House of Call" for the members of the pulpit; and which has often been found extremely essential in cases of necessity.

[2] This mode is one of the finest means of *puffing off* a man in the world. It is made a great *secret* to some confidential person; but then he thinks it is too valuable to engross it all to himself, and he therefore communicates it to his friend; the next man tells it to his neighbour, and so on to a third and fourth person: by which sort of *secrecy* it makes the tour of the whole room in the course of a few minutes, and the *stranger* becomes a public object of curiosity, and has to encounter the general *stare* of the whole company.

for the stage. *Quill*, by his frequent visits to this house, had become well known to the heroes of the sock and buskin, and by them he was denominated (as a sort of *quiz*) the author in disguise, *Quill* having read several of his manuscripts to various country managers and itinerant actors for their advice and approbation. *Horatio* was termed by one of the "*jokers*" of this place as a most excellent *Quill;* a second expressed some doubts, with a grin upon his face, whether a good pen could be made out of *such* a *Quill:* but it was admitted by all hands that the *Quill* might be *mended.*

Fortunately for PROTEUS the first visit he paid to the above resort of performers was during Passion Week. It is a short period of relaxation for the profession; and the house generally overflows during the week with talents of every description. In the words of Polonius, "the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastorical, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men." Country managers, by dozens, may be witnessed on the "look out" for recruits; and itinerant actors, equally anxious and on the alert to procure new engagements, likewise repair to the metropolis, and direct their attention towards the *Harp.*[1]

[1] All manner of tricks were practised some years ago upon young men offering themselves as candidates for the stage, at a house of call for actors (the Light Horseman, Orange Court, Leicester Fields), kept by a Mr. Finch, of theatrical notoriety, and distinguished for his partiality in endeavouring to portray (without the slightest pretensions) the dashing part of *Goldfinch*, in the Road to Ruin; and who afterwards became the proprietor of the O. P.* and P. S. in Russell Court, Covent Garden. The

* This tavern was designated several ways, according as it suited the different *tastes* of its visitors. The players took it in its original sense, to denominate it a theatrical house; and O. P. and P. S. according to its technicality upon the stage, *Opposite Prompter* and *Prompt Side*. The

PEREGRINE enjoyed the scene with infinite delight: it was new to him; nay, it was more; it was interesting and abounding with humour, and also congenial

above tavern afforded considerable amusement to its visitors. A few wags, fond of a bit of fun, frequented the coffee-room of the Light Horse every evening, and, in concert together, represented themselves as managers from the country in want of performers, and waiting in town to engage young men for different "lines of business" to complete their companies. This had the desired effect; and numerous ludicrous scenes were the result, which defy anything like communication: and enthusiastic, stage-struck, inexperienced youths afforded these *pretended* managers sport and roars of laughter night after night. The plan generally adopted was, that one of the party kept on the look out to pick up a simple youth, and having got one in tow, he was formally introduced to the assumed proprietor of a country theatre. The latter person, with a face of gravity, then inquired whether he wished to engage for the *light* or *heavy* business of the stage, or if singing was his forte; or, perhaps, he could undertake the general line, and assist in Melo-dramas, Spectacles, etc. etc. The manager then, with a polite request, wished to have a "taste" of the young man's quality, before he finally settled his engagement and fixed his salary. And several young aspiring heroes, anxious to obtain an engagement, have been prevailed upon to mount the table, and to give recitations from Romeo, Hamlet, Octavian, etc., amidst the shouts of *pretended* applause from country actors, wags of all sorts, and men of the world, who nightly resorted to the O. P. and P. S. to pick up anecdotes and spend a pleasant hour. When the managers thought they had enough of this sort of burlesque, "the EXIT—the EXIT," would be whispered one to another; and while the hero on the table was spouting out some impassioned speech from Shakspeare, his back would be readily assailed with the contents of their jugs; and upon the unfortunate wight hastily looking round for the authors of such an assault, his front from another part of the company would be attacked in the same manner. Redress was out of the question; and the more passion and rage exhibited by the youth produced the more laughter; when he was informed it was the way to teach him how to make an EXIT *in a* RAGE! and that no person would deny him the title of being a *wet* actor!

men of the world placed it in another point of view: "Come and see me to-night," said they to a friend, "at the O. P. and P. S. where you will be sure to meet with some *Old* PALS, and hear *Prime* SINGING." And the Bacchanalians hailed the O. P. and P. S. as the harbour containing fine "*Old* PORT and *Prime* SHERRY."

to his feelings. Surrounded by eccentric characters of every description, PROTEUS was all attention to their conduct; and the wit, fun, and remarks, displayed on various subjects by the merry CHILDREN of THESPIS, proved to our hero an intellectual treat. Excellent songs, both serious and comic, were sung to increase the entertainment of the evening; and anecdotes,[1] rich with incidents, were related of bad

[1] PROTEUS laughed heartily at the following anecdote: "Remember Old KNIPE," said one country *Gagger* to another; "Indeed I do; and a most facetious fellow he was in company. Knipe was six feet two inches in height when he was only sixteen years of age."

It was Knipe's usual custom, when the Dublin Theatres were closed, to get three or four persons that could, like himself, play six parts in every play, and visit the very small towns where the novelty of dramatic dishes, however coarse the bill of fare, would sometimes so far operate as provocatives, that Knipe was enabled to set up his carriage, viz. a one-horse chair, in which Mrs. Knipe and himself, with all their property, travelled their journeys, till a town of *no taste* made it expedient to make a transfer of the vehicle, and send Dobbin to the marshes. It is here necessary to observe, that Mrs. Knipe was a very *beautiful woman*; and he had as great a propensity for seeing her well dressed as he had for seeing himself a sloven; while she moved in the travelling dress of a duchess, Knipe sat by her side with a long beard, a little cut wig, under which his own hair of another colour peeped out the length of three inches, a long napless great-coat that dragged at his heels, and greasy leather breeches. In this strange contradiction of habit, they stopped one night at an inn that was full, and Knipe could not get any of the people to wash the mire from the chaise: and at last one of the ostlers took him aside—"My darling," said he, "you seem to be a good creature; here's a broom, and there's a tub; go to the well, and begin the job for me; and, by J—s, whatever your mistress gives, I will share it widge you." Knipe resolved to humour the mistake, took the fellow by the hand, thanked him, and began to clean the carriage; presently the other joined him, and they scrubbed industriously in concert. "Oh, my soul," said the Irishman, "what a creature that mistress of yours is! such a perfect beauty I never saw by day or by night! Now may the devil fire my mother's eldest son, but I'd sooner drive her for nothing, than get a tirteen by driving here every day of my life."—"You really think she is pretty,"

managers and indifferent performers enough to have filled a small volume. The adventures and travels of most of the itinerants were also told with a *Quixotic* ardour; and the *shifts* resorted to by the unfortunate strolling players detailed with the most indescribable

said Knipe; "to say the truth, I think she's pretty too; and, what is better, she's one of the best-tempered souls in the world. —Do you know, *I sleep with her sometimes.*"—"What?" rejoined Pat in astonishment; "Ah — Arrah — Poh — don't be after bothering—you sleep—yes—yes, that's a good joke;—I suppose you *fell asleep sometimes in the chaise*, and so you make a story of it. Why, you ugly slip of a tall Mary, I've a mind to go and tell her what a pretty sort of a sarvent she has got." "No," replied Knipe, "don't do that, because I shall give you a good drubbing if you do. But come, I'll put you out of pain; but don't mention it again; for if you do, d—n the penny you shall get in the morning—I will sleep with her to-night."—"Oh, be aisy, man," interrupted the incredulous ostler; "don't be putting your jokes upon a body, but get another tub of water." "I tell you I will," added Knipe; "it was settled as we came along—so mind, keep my counsel, or no money."

After this dialogue Knipe went in, and found Mrs. Knipe had taken her coffee, and retired to bed much fatigued; he therefore went into the kitchen, and communed with some travelling farmers. The poor devil of an ostler had not only told the servants, but his mistress, what Knipe had declared; and consequently they were all determined to watch whether he went into the lady's chamber.—When he asked to go to bed, the landlady took a candle and showed him into a little room adjoining that where Mrs. Knipe lay. "Harkee, good woman," said he, "where is my wife?"—"Come, good man," said she, "none of your canary tricks; but go to bed like a Christian, and in the morning I'll tell your lady a very decent story."—Knipe, knowing his wife was in the next room, to feed the mistake, sat down on the bed, and pretended to undress himself; on which the hostess left him, and he immediately went to his wife's room, where he had not been ten minutes before it was discovered: and had he not fortunately locked the door, they would have turned them both out of the house: *as it was*, the servants plagued them all night with serenades of tongs, pokers, candlesticks and saucepans for two hours and a half. Knipe and the landlady had a warm verbal contest, somewhat bordering on the indelicate; but in which so many comical things were said, that Mrs. Knipe many times declared since that she laughed more that night than all the rest of her life put together.

mirth and felicity. In short, this meeting might have been termed the actor's holiday; and, like children let loose from school, enjoyment seemed to be their principal object in view; many of whom were endeavouring to obliterate their wants and troubles from their minds by *punning* upon their poverty and misfortunes.

"Well," said *Quill* to PEREGRINE, "how do you like this meeting of the country actors? Are you still resolved to try your fortune on the boards?" "Certainly," replied PROTEUS, "I have seen nothing here as yet to shake my resolution." "Then if you are quite determined," answered *Quill*, "I shall introduce you to several of my provincial friends." At this instant the attention of PEREGRINE was attracted by the self-importance and strutting up and down the room of Mr. *Persuasion*, a country manager, boasting of his abilities in getting "*he*-SPEAKS!" Catching the eye of *Quill*, he approached towards him, with "How do you, my fine fellow? I have had immense success since I saw you last. You know me, *Quill;* and that I have a certain way of doing those things at my theatres. It requires a gentlemanly sort of address. The player, sir—the mere actor will not do! I am the man for a touch of that kind. No one can refuse me, sir. 'Pon my honour, I never met with a refusal in all my life, either from magistrate, lady, lord,[1] or gentleman. In

[1] By way of raising one decent house, and showing the inhabitants, if possible, the way to the theatre, which from disuse I almost thought they had forgotten, I endeavoured to get a play patronized; and as luck, whether good or bad, time must discover; but, as luck would have it, the Earl of ——, and several other persons of distinction were then at the Hop Pole, Worcester, where I understood they intended to remain a few days. This incident completely routed the blue devils, who had of late been my constant companions. I dressed myself in a handsome suit of black, with my best laced ruffles; my hair was put into the most exact trim, and into Foregate-street I bent my way.

getting a bespeak, *Quill*, I am irresistible!"—"Who is this Mr. *Persuasion*," said PEREGRINE to his friend

I have always remarked that the time to carry a point, which depends merely on good-humour, is about half an hour after the cloth is drawn. I hit this period to a nicety; every vestige of dinner was removed; and the great folks as merry, over their fruit and wine, as health and prosperity could make them.

I followed a puppy-looking servant upstairs, and heard him announce me as Mr. Romney, manager of the theatre; upon which the whole company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the same time repeating the word "Manager!" in a manner that gave me to understand they entertained no great reverence for the character. "Oh, the ma-na-ger in—he is a *queer bitch*, I dare say—we shall have some *fun*, my lady."

My situation may be better imagined than described. I had frequently addressed persons of rank, and generally found a cheerful suavity of manners the characteristic of true nobility; but now, as if fate was determined to oppress me at every point, my feelings were to be harassed by foppish lordlings, tooth-picking Sir Tommys, and lolling ladies of quality.

Filled with contempt, that what I heard so justly inspired, I was turning to make a precipitate retreat, when the servant threw open the door, and discovered me. "Walk in, Mr. Ma-na-ger, if you please," cried his lordship, nodding significantly at a baronet who sat at the bottom of the table, and who was leisurely picking his teeth, whilst he turned round in his chair to stare at me. The company consisted of eight gentlemen and four ladies. A degree of disappointment was apparent, when they found the promised source of mirth in some measure defeated. I dare say, they had painted the manager as a motley-dressed man, adorned with tinsel, who would servilely cringe and bow for the favour of being insulted by honourable brutes. Perceiving their mistake (for I felt so truly indignant that I almost looked down with contempt, and longed for an opportunity of showing it), they stared at each other, astonished, no doubt, at my effrontery, as with a bold steady step, and much self-possession, I walked up to my lord, and laid before him a list of plays.

"Oh! ay! plays—my lady, you will *bespeak* a play?"

"Why really, my lord, I have no idea of *strollers*: pray, Mr. Manager, what sort of a set are yours? sad wretches, I suppose. Pray, did you ever see Kemble? I am vastly fond of Kemble." "So am I, my lady," replied the picktooth baronet; "Kemble is a very fine singer indeed, I have heard him often at the Opera." During this time her ladyship's eye, through a quizzing-glass, was fixed upon me with steady effrontery. The baronet continued, "Have you any fine girls in your troop, Mr.

Horatio. "He seems to be a manager of some importance. I must pay my respects to him!"—"Hush!" said *Quill;* "He is one of the greatest impostors in the profession. The impudence he possesses is matchless: and if you give him the slightest countenance, he will endeavour to make you believe the moon is made of green cheese, in less than five minutes. A barn,[1] or the extent of his ambition is to perform in an assembly room: those are the kind

——, what's your name?" "Oh, fie, Sir Thomas!" cried her ladyship, "how can you name such creatures before me?"

"Don't be angry, my lady; Mr. Manager here will put us all in good humour, I daresay. — What can you do that is comical?—Can you conjure?"

Unable longer to brook such treatment, I retreated towards the door, and thus addressed his lordship:—"My lord, I throw myself on your protection; I am, it is true, manager of a company of players; 'tis also true, that I have seen better days, and my feelings may be somewhat more acute on that account. I am well aware, my lord, that superior rank is not always accompanied by superior abilities; but I should think that education, the natural consequence of noble birth, would, at least, so far enlarge the mind, and liberalize the manners, that the unfortunate would always meet with encouragement and support; sympathy, and not insult. My situation, at present, is very uncomfortable, and attended with a degree of humiliation I am ill calculated to sustain: your lordship will therefore pardon my abrupt departure. —*Itinerant*, Vol. I. p. 273.

[1] There are now no barns or temporary buildings for such purposes; almost every large town in England has a regular theatre. But we much doubt whether these establishments are half as profitable as when the celebrated Macklin, Kemble, Cooke, etc. "strutted and fretted their hour" in a granary or hayloft. What will the moderns think of the mode formerly adopted to obtain permission to erect a theatre, when they peruse the following well authenticated anecdote, and which has a close reference to the accompanying print.

THE MAYOR AND THE MANAGER.

Some years ago a well-known strolling player,
Went to solicit from a country mayor
Permission to erect a booth to play in,
Meaning the town about six weeks to stay in,

of theatres which he boasts so much about. He is little more than a brown paper manager—'a thing of *shreds* and *patches*.'"

And gag the folk
With fun and joke,
With plays and farces, songs and recitations,
Ventriloquy, and various imitations.
The mayor it seems was in the hardware line;
Sold knives and forks,
Screws to draw corks,
For those who could afford a glass of wine.
Arrived, he took his station at an inn;
And after breakfast, having mown his chin,
Through the high street, to Mr. Mayor he sped,
With plan digested in his sapient head.
The *cutler* heard him, and then shook his noddle,
"I cannot say, sir, till I speak to Twaddle;
He's the Recorder, and the great man here;
Without his voice I cannot interfere;
I must consult him and our worthy rector;
In all such matters he's the chief director:
We have a vestry dinner Tuesday week,
And then will be the proper time to speak;
So if you'll call again, I'll let you know
Whether they'll give permission—Yes, or no."

GAG took his leave, well pleased he'd got so far,
Hoping no accident his plan might mar:
The Mayor meantime consulted the Recorder,
Who called the manager a vile marauder;
The actors vagabonds; a vagrant race;
And thought 'twas wrong to let him build a place;
But said, if he approved, it must be blink'd at;
The man, in short, must by the Mayor be *wink'd* at.
The day arrived; soon to the Mayor GAG went,
Looking as grave as actors do in Lent;
His wish repeated; waited for reply;
When presently the *cutler wink'd his eye.*
Again GAG press'd him—said the time drew nigh;
When, strange to say, he *wink'd the other eye.*
"What does this mean?" said he, no answer finding,
To a *sharp* boy, who scissors had been grinding;
"Sir," said the lad, "my master can't give leave,
That's true;"
Then looking sly, and laughing in his sleeve—
"But he may *wink at you.*"

A tragedy looking hero, who sat next to PROTEUS, whose dress bespoke its antiquity, and whose countenance also depicted it was far removed from success in life, observed to PEREGRINE, "You may perceive, young man, in looking round this company, that the ACTOR is a creature of amusement; and, in *amusing* others, he also amuses himself: but, after all, it is a sorry profession, I assure you, sir. In my own person I am an instance of it. I have been *gagging*, as it is termed, for the last twenty-five years; and all I have now to boast of, is old age and poverty. I, like many others, have been completely deceived in my expectations: but my friends will have it, that I am a disappointed man, because I have not had the good luck to obtain an engagement on the London boards. The ACTOR, sir, is compelled to be the same man at all times, and all seasons of his life: he must laugh, cry, dance, and sing, according to what is set down for him. And as to *illness*, sir, the ACTOR has no right to be ill; the public will not allow him to be *ill;* in fact, he has no *time* to be *ill:* and he is continually acting *on* and *off* the stage. For my own part, I am heartily sick of the profession; and I am sorry, sorry indeed, that I was induced to quit my business: and I would therefore advise all young men, before it is too late, to consider well the precarious existence of an Actor, before they turn their thoughts to the stage: depend upon it, it is a life of delusion!"

PROTEUS was gladly relieved from this dull admonition by the loud laughter which prevailed at the other end of the room. A country manager was extolling the abilities of his wife,[1] and also relating a

[1] THE MANAGER'S NIGHT.

MISTRESS START was enacting in Lady Macbeth,
While Manager Start played the Thane;
When his "*chuck*" was alarm'd, as she plann'd Duncan's death,
In the castle of famed Dunsinane,

number of anecdotes respecting her attention to business during his late circuit, to the great amusement of the company in general.

The manager's tales had scarcely subsided, when the attention of PROTEUS was again arrested in consequence of some of the wags persuading a stage-struck youth to recite some sentences from various plays, under the promise of an engagement. The ridicule excited by this person, and the tricks and severe usage he received from the company, rather operated as a useful lesson towards PROTEUS, who perceived for the instant that he alone was not the only person labouring under a theatrical mania.

PEREGRINE soon made the tour of all the private theatres in the metropolis; and in several of them he had performed trifling parts, by way of practice; but he now boldly resolved on making his appearance in *Hamlet*. His success, or rather the gross flattery of his friends, completely removed all idea of business from his head. In the phraseology of the stage, PROTEUS had now rubbed against the *flats*; smelt the lamp; and become quite *au fait* with O. P. and P. S. Richard, Macbeth, Octavian, etc. were performed in succession, till he became tired of the limits of a private theatre, and sighed to obtain public approbation.

The wishes of PROTEUS were soon gratified, by an opportunity offering to him of his making an appearance at the Haymarket Theatre; and our

In the scene where she tells him to murder their guest,
And vehemently swears—"they can't fail,"
She saw his lips move, as he oft smote his breast,
And she fancied she saw him turn pale;
When she whisper'd "Good God! why so absent appear?"
In a tone not e'en heard by a mouse;
He as softly replied—"Go on, pray, my dear,
I am only just *counting the house!*"

hero was determined to embrace it at all events. The principal difficulty to be overcome was the cash account. The benefit was announced (under the usual *gag*) for the Widow of an Officer. The play was Othello; and the characters, generally, were sold. The *Moor* produced £20, and the gentle *Desdemona* was put up and *bargained* for at nearly the same price. *Iago* was performed by an experienced country actor, in order to keep the amateurs together in something *like* the scene. In fact, it was for the benefit of the latter stroller: no uncommon thing for distressed country actors. PROTEUS purchased the part of *Cassio* for £5, with the liberty of selling tickets to relieve his expenses. *Othello* was personified by a young man in a public office, who had plenty of money, but no talents for the stage; and *Desdemona*, equally deficient, might be termed as the worst of heroines: loud hisses greeted them through every scene; and the house was one continued scene of tumult and riot till the conclusion of the piece. PEREGRINE, in *Cassio*, made a complete hit: and his performance was marked by well-merited applause.

The fears of PROTEUS were now so far removed, as to his obtaining success upon the stage, that he suggested to his friend *Quill*, if both their interests were united, it might produce them a capital Benefit at the Haymarket Theatre; "besides," said PEREGRINE, "you will have an opportunity of giving the world a specimen of your talents as a dramatic author." "Excellent!" replied QUILL; "I applaud the idea much (*rubbing his hands with ecstasy*); and as PARODY is the order of the day, if you think it will succeed, we will advertise my last new Piece of JOMEO and RULIET."[1] "Succeed! it is sure to

[1] We subjoin one of the scenes as a specimen of *Quill's* talent in the burlesque and humorous :—

succeed," urged PROTEUS: "and I will play Jomeo." "With all my heart," replied *Quill;* "and if a poetic

"JOMEO AND RULIET;"

OR,

FRIAR'S BALSAM!

SCENE, *Ruliet's Dormitory,*

Exit LADY LAPULET, *and Nurse* MUGGIT. O. P.

RULIET *alone.*

GOOD bye; when we shall meet again who knows?
A faint cold fear thrills to my little toes,
That almost freezes up of life the heat.
Hark! what was that? Oh, some one in the street.
I'll call Nurse back; but yet 'twere best, I own,
My dismal scene to act while quite alone;
Now to avail me of the Friar's hint,
He bade me *take it* in some *peppermint.*
[*Takes a half Gallon Stone Bottle from a Cupboard, with a large Label affixed to it, and places it on the Table.*
What if this mixture do not *work* at last,
Then to the *Count* I must be wedded fast:
Forbid it, Gods! this *Bodkin* shall forbid it;
The *Coroner* will never dream I did it.
What, stead of making my repose quite placid,
It should turn out to be—*Oxalic Acid,*
And poison me; the subtle Friar
Perhaps my *dissolution* may desire,
Lest in this *wedding* he disgrace should know,
Because he married me—to *Jo-meo!!*
I fear it is, and yet methinks 'tis not,
The Friar's character's without a blot.
How, if dark destiny should fix my doom,
And I wake *'fore* the time, in that cold tomb
Ere comes my Jomeo to release his *rib*
From eyeless sconces in the Charnel Crib?
Shall I not then be suffocated quick?
Ah me! the very thought quite turns me sick:
Or *Resurrection Man,* upon his back,
Convey me thence in—a *Potatoe Sack?*
Or else belike to meet the selfsame fate
Of *Mrs.* FUBBS—who died at *Cripplegate?*

Bill for the occasion will give any interest to the night, you may command my services." "Set about it directly, my dear *Quill:* novelty is always attractive," said PEREGRINE. *Quill*, in a very short time afterwards, produced the following announce Bill:—

HAYMARKET THEATRE,

JUNE 6, 18—.

"P. PROTEUS" begs leave to announce to each friend,
NOBILITY, GENTRY, and those who intend
To honour *His NIGHT*, and in person appear,
That 'tis fix'd for the SIXTH—which is now drawing near;
When he begs to solicit their kind approbation
And their patronage, even his best consolation.

Or, if I wake, assail'd by loathsome smells
Ascending forth from dead relations' shells;
Or, waking, run stark mad, 'gainst skulls to jar,
And play *bo-peep*—with my poor *Grand Ma;*
Or else, perhaps, from Tybalt's sad remains
Pluck a thigh-bone, and dash out all my brains.
Ah! look!! methinks there's TYBALT in a fit,
Writhing and wriggling on JOMEO's spit,
As on a skewer, and twisting like a mop—
JOMEO! I come,—stay,—here's—*another drop!!*

She takes about Half a Quartern of the Cordial while the Symphony is playing to the following

PARODY.

Tune—LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring, I've a notion
I shall fear no vampire nigh,
Dream of Jomeo, with emotion,
If not, Doctor, tell me why?
Lullaby, lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby,
Potion, lotion,—
Lulla—by! (*A Shake à la Rossini.*)

[*Ruliet sinks on the Mattress, and the Scene closes.*

A succession of NOVELTY's fix'd for the Night,
Which he hopes will afford them much mirth and delight;
He's assured that, throughout, the DAY will be fine,
And at NIGHT (when 'tis over) the MOON MEANS to shine!!!
So, when *Six o'Clock* on that Evening arrives,
He hopes that they'll ALL bring their *Sweethearts* and WIVES!!!

The Price of Admission the same as before—
The Boxes *Four Shillings*—the *Pit*, *Two*—no more:
And at the BOX OFFICE, on showing their faces,
They may take, *if they please*, both Tickets and PLACES!!!

Doors open at *Six*, to commence about SEVEN;
And the whole will be *over* 'bout HALFPAST ELEVEN.

"This announce bill will do," said Proteus, "and as I intend to become a general actor, I have a great mind to have a touch at *Hamlet* on the same night. The *attempt* will operate as a contrast of talent; and if any country manager should be present and "*find me out*,"[1] who knows but what I may make a *hit* as to an engagement. Give me your opinion, *Quill*." "It is rather begging the question, I must confess," replied *Horatio*. "It is a most dif——." "No hesitation, my friend," urged Peregrine, "but out with it, and say—

Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirit,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?"

[1] It is a common observation amongst actors, when speaking of their abilities, to say, they "found me out" at such a place; meaning the audience of that particular town or city who first discovered their talents, and which operated as a kind of passport for them to the London boards. The comic muse, Mrs. Jordan, was "found out" at York, by Tate Wilkinson; and Mr. John Philip Kemble was likewise "found out" at Liverpool. The treasuries, both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, for many years afterwards also "found out" in their balance of accounts the inestimable value of those two justly celebrated performers.

"Your quotation is in point, I must admit," observed Quill, "severe: yet too true (*revising himself from head to foot*), I have no revenue." "Pardon me," replied PROTEUS, "'tis the *Author!* but come give me your opinion, as you are well aware I respect it, and hitherto it has had great weight with me in theatrical matters. Then let me hear whether it is—

To be or not to be, that is the question."

"You are a lively fellow, PEREGRINE, and I do not like to damp your ardour," remarked *Horatio*, "but as I profess to be your friend, I will not deceive you. Of all the characters upon the stage, *Hamlet*,

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers

is the most difficult to represent with success. I have been informed from undoubted authority, that GARRICK, with all his splendid talents, knowledge of the stage, and aided by the advice and judgment of Dr. Johnson, was so fearful of not succeeding in *Hamlet*, that he was studying the part for four years before he had courage enough to perform it for the approbation of a London audience. HENDERSON was terribly alarmed when solicited to *act Hamlet:* and JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, who succeeded so eminently in this most arduous character in the drama, was continually *studying of it* throughout his whole professional career. Indeed, it is said, so well aware was that great actor of the immense difficulty of personifying the *finished* HAMLET, that Mr. Kemble never laid the flattering unction to his mind, that he had realized perfection after all his anxiety, study, and practice. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, giant-like in most of his *characters*, completely failed in his personification of the Prince of Denmark. Therefore, my friend PROTEUS, do not attempt it, but

curb your ambition for the present." "*Quill*, you must excuse me obeying your dictates in this particular instance, although I believe every sentence you have uttered on the subject. I really am so enamoured with the *character* that I possess courage enough to risk a public performance of *Hamlet*, if you will but consent to hear me rehearse it." "Most certainly," answered *Horatio*, "as often as you think proper; but you must agree to one condition (*smiling*), that you do not make a *Ghost* of me! Promise me that, PROTEUS, and come to my '*Retreat*'[1] as soon as you are *up* in the part."

[1] Without attempting any thing like a *pun* upon the subject, *Horatio Quill* was viewed as a young man possessed of rather *high* notions. He was an eccentric character, like most literary persons, and the "Author's garret" was a vile phrase to his sensitive feelings; he therefore adopted the term of "RETREAT," as an offering of a more elegant and capacious title for his place of residence. It was the boast of *Quill*, that in his "*retreat*" he was not pestered with ignorance; neither were pride and insolence his visitors, because they were not invited; but nevertheless his companions were distinguished in society, and great men. He was upon the most intimate terms with Shakspeare and Otway; not unknown to Congreve, Ben Jonson, Colley Cibber, and Goldsmith; and familiar with the elder and younger Colman. *Horatio* had likewise a good knowledge of Roscoe, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, and Burke. But PROTEUS often laughed at *Quill*, observing, "that he did not use his acquaintances well, for he put them all upon the *shelf*." *Horatio* was a complete stranger to Mr. Rothschild, the Goldsmids, and Henry Hase, Esq. The Bank of England he only knew as one of the public buildings of the metropolis; yet he was rich in intellect, valuable in mind, honourable in character, contented in his situation, and gentlemanly in his conduct. *Quill* would devour the contents of a new publication with more real gratification and pleasure than a miser counting over his bags of gold. It is true, the necessities of *Horatio* compelled him to toil for an existence; but a scanty pittance answered all his purposes. In his "*retreat*," information, good fellowship, harmony, sound sense, and a knowledge of society were communicated with such peculiar felicity and *naiveté*, as to make an impression never to be forgotten by his hearers. It was a fine treat to be in the company of *Quill* for only a single

Lane

THE AUTHORS RETRE[illegible] [illegible]dy and Practice: Proteus rehearsing Hamlet before his Friend Horatio Quill

The night arrived for the private rehearsal of *Hamlet* before QUILL; and PROTEUS, with his dress under his arm, hastened to the "*retreat*" of his friend. Our hero was so eager to commence the *business* of the play, that he took a hop, skip, and a jump, as it were, up the stairs, and laughingly observed to *Horatio*, upon entering his apartment, "that it was not quite as *high* as the Monument, nor the whispering Gallery at St. Paul's; but it was certainly a theatrical *flight*, which reminded him of the *flies*, and therefore it was in character." "You have not come to view the *nakedness* of the land, I hope, PROTEUS?" This sentence was uttered with some little severity by QUILL; to which rebuke PEREGRINE made no reply. "I am quite prepared for your reception nevertheless," said *Quill*. "I am armed at all points (showing his book, and the full pot of porter upon the hob of the grate). I have food for the mind, and refreshment for the body. Consider, PEREGRINE, you have had your *cue* to appear before the audience, and already received three rounds of applause upon your entrance." PROTEUS, with all the formality of a stage rehearsal, went through the various scenes with more propriety and judgment than might have been expected by so young and inexperienced a person. The gravity of the rehearsal was a little interrupted by *Quill's* landlady, followed by her husband, opening the door for

evening, although he had not in his possession the *ghost* of a bottle of champagne, a small taste of Madeira, half a glass of port, or a drain of sherry to secure the suffrages of his acquaintances: in fact, *Quill* was a "*great creature*" in *embrio*. His "*retreat*," he said, had but one fault: *high* as it might be from the "Cries of London," yet the industry and perseverance of *duns* never failed to reach the top when his finances were at a low ebb. Such was the friend of PROTEUS: a man of genius without a patron; and too many of such men are now obscured in various "retreats" of the metropolis: "and true, 'tis pity; and pity it is, 'tis true!"

her. entrance, with a smoking hot sheep's head in a dish, observing at the same time, "It is as hot as fire, gentlemen, but pray do not lose any time, for mutton is not worth a single *farden* if you let it get cold." PROTEUS, who had just flattered himself that he had knocked off his hat with almost as much grace and elegance as a GARRICK, placed himself in an attitude little inferior to JOHN KEMBLE, and exclaimed, in a tone that might have impressed a brilliant audience with effect—"Angels and Ministers of Grace, defend us!" to be broken in upon by such a vulgar interruption, said "I am really vexed and out of temper." *Quill*, whose cupboard bore no comparison to the well stocked larder of PROTEUS's father, felt pleased, and smiled at the sight of the sheep's head, indeed it was a most welcome incident to his appetite, and *Horatio* pressed an adjournment of the rehearsal till after supper. "No," urged PEREGRINE, "I object to your proposition, the audience must not be kept waiting. The stage cannot stand still for half an hour." "It is *new*, I admit; but on the score of novelty I insist upon your compliance, PROTEUS," said *Quill*, with a smile upon his countenance. "'Come leave off your damnable faces and begin.'" *Horatio* endeavouring to give something like a tune to the favourite song in Lock and Key—

> It is like a nice dish
> Of venison or fish,
> That cries from the table, Come and eat me.

"Come, PEREGRINE, give tragedy a holiday for a short period: here is a *banquet* for you worthy of *Macbeth;* only look at the splendour of the *board*, turn a favourable eye towards a rich bit of *comedy* I have in store for you (*pointing to the dish*). It is not every author or manager can give you a *Sheepface*."

The good humour of PROTEUS returned, and he joined heartily in the laugh at the ludicrous incident

of the landlady; and, to please *Quill*, he sat down at the table, but slightly partook of the refreshment offered to him; observing at the same time, "There is no resisting of you, *Horatio*, you appear so happy and contented under all circumstances." "Hunger is the best sauce," replied *Quill;* "the rich folks, it is said, merely '*live* to EAT,' but my finances are so confined, that to preserve an existence I am compelled to 'EAT to *live!*'" "Never mind," answered PROTEUS, "you are not poor in mind; on the contrary, you are rich in genius, and the day must arrive when you draw upon the bank of talent, the draft will be honoured with the utmost alacrity by all the admirers of ability and taste." *Quill* made a hearty meal; praised the strengthening qualities of the beverage, and expatiated on the advantages which the constitution derived by the effects of a good appetite. The supper concluded, PROTEUS went through the remaining scenes of Hamlet with great spirit and energy, but *roared* out so loudly, at times, as to annoy the unfortunate lodgers in the apartments beneath the "retreat" of *Horatio Quill.* "I am rather afraid," said the latter, pointing his finger downwards, "that you have alarmed the *groundlings* two or three times during the night; but I must candidly state, that your *reading* of Hamlet has surprised and pleased me; and, with practice, if you are determined to appear in it, I think in the country you might be well received, when you are a little more up in the part." "*Up*, my dear *Quill*," replied PEREGRINE, animatedly, "I am *dead* perfect."[1] I must however defer the second rehearsal till another period, as you know we are engaged at the *Harp* to meet Mr. *Schemer*, the theatrical agent, to-morrow night.

To the *Harp* PROTEUS and *Quill* repaired at the

[1] *Dead* perfect! theatrical phraseology; that is to assert being correct to a letter.

appointed hour; but Mr. *Schemer* did not keep his engagement correctly. The attention of our hero and the author was fully occupied with the conversation which passed between the interesting *sons of* THESPIS; and the merits of the actors and the conduct of the managers of the London and Provincial Theatres were the principal arguments of the night. The following jeu-d'esprit was handed round the room for the amusement of the company, the principal part of whom were well acquainted with *Bob Gag:*

As BOB GAG was fast trotting to town t'other day,
On a sudden his horse in a fright ran away;
For a flock of young *geese* from a farm, it appears,
Caught his eye, when *Bucephalus* prick'd up his ears,
In an instant he plung'd, disregarding his load,
Leaving ROSCIUS *unhors'd* at the side of the road,
No racer at *Epsom* e'er gallop'd much faster,
For *Goose*[1] he *abhorr'd*—quite as much *as his master.*

Those who have not had the honour of being admitted behind the scenes of a theatre, said a country manager to PROTEUS, would be perfectly astonished at the immense stock of matter and material absolutely requisite for carrying on theatrical

[1] A theatrical term for disapprobation.

representations; but, when it is considered that they bring to view, in a few nights, the MANNERS, CUSTOMS, HABITS, PAGEANTS, CEREMONIES, etc. etc., of every nation in the world, they will cease to be surprised: a list of the paraphernalia belonging to a well stocked theatre forms a most curious melange: to give the reader a faint idea of its whimsicality, the following singular announce bill (pulling it out of his pocket, and handing it to PEREGRINE), put forth by a wag of an auctioneer not long since, who had a theatrical property in the west of England to "*knock down*," because it had been "*knocked up*" by certain BAD MANAGEMENT, is worthy of your perusal and attention, if you are fond of *point* and humour:—

To be Sold by Auction,
By Messrs. PRATTLE and HAMMERALL,
a very magnificent and improving

THEATRICAL PROPERTY,

including all the

LIVE AND DEAD STOCK OF

PUPPETS *and* PIGMIES, MUSIC, WARDROBE,
WHISKERS, WIGS, *and* INNUMERABLE GIM-CRACKS
and NICKNACATORIES:

Together with a
Stock MOON in all its Quarters,
Hail, Rain, Wind, Sleet, and
overwhelming *Torrents* of all sorts.

THERE WILL ALSO BE FOUND

among this inestimable property (which was never before heard of, and never will be again), a great variety of

STATUES, GARDENS, WATER WORKS
(*not real*),
CASTLES *and* MANSIONS, most delightfully situated,

ALSO

GROVES, WOODS, FORESTS, and PASTEBOARD COUNTRY SEATS, pleasantly wooded on all sides,

Many miles from the *Metropolis*, and consequently no *prospect* of his Majesty's seat, vulgarly called the *King's Bench*.

BEING THE MOVEABLES OF

Messrs. TAG and GAG,

WHOSE FORTUNES

have been ruined in the COUNTRY, by the Successes of their Relatives in TOWN,

THE WHOLE OF WHICH

will be positively disposed of, without RESERVE, PREFERENCE, *or* REFERENCE,

On MONDAY *next, June* 17, 1823.

THE INVENTORY.

ONE shower of snow, in the whitest French paper,
Two ditto in brown, if the white should get taper;
One dozen of clouds, edges trimm'd with black crape;
A ditto (French set) of a more rotund shape,
Streak'd with lightning, and varnish'd with lamp-lighter's oil,
And gilt on the edges, touch'd up with brass foil;
One caldron; a skull; a magician's black kettle;
A rainbow *complete*, only faded a little;
A Momus's staff; Squire Hawthorn's stock gun;
An assortment of stones, and a fine setting sun;
Some poisons mix'd up, and quite ready for use;
A champanzee's dress for the ape in *Perouse;*
A mantle (imperial) for Cyrus the Great,
Worn by Cæsar and others, when seated in state;
One sword (basket hilt) lined with rose-colour'd silk,
And handy, when done with, to take in the milk;

A dozen of rattles ; a pair of large globes :
And part of a king's coronation *mock* robes :
A *trick* pot of porter ; a pantomime pig ;
The whiskers of *Blue Beard*, mustachios and wig :
The throne of an Indian surmounted with palm :
Six waves in a *tempest ;* six ditto, when *calm ;*
Roxana's best helmet, with gold cord well bound ;
Othello's *lost* handkerchief, lately been *found ;*
Three goats and a parrot for *Robinson Crusoe*,
Some wind, that so loud is, the *real* never blew so ;
Two *streamlets*, and *painted* effect to produce,
Real water, at *that time*, was never in use :
A serpent, to sting Cleopatra's fair arm,
And four masks that the devil himself might alarm ;
Some *roses* in foil, that to gather might tempt ye ;
A file full of *bills*, and a *treasury* empty ;
A troop of young horse, which, 'tis said on their labels,
Were *as yet* never fed in Bill Davis's *stables ;*
A dragon ; a giantess ; eight pasteboard kings :
A large *tarnished* lyre, without any strings ;
A group of young angels ; six devils in black ;
A crowbar for *Romeo ;* a wheel and a rack ;
Six *sickles* for reapers ; a cowl for a monk ;
An assassin's complexion, pack'd up in a trunk,
Consisting of *cork*, burnt as black as a cinder,
And a woolly dark scalp, but as rotten as tinder ;
A stone colour'd suit, fit for any stock ghost ;
One turnpike, one mile stone, and trick finger post ;
Two new pilgrim's staffs ; set of beads for a friar ;
And two feet six inches of *transparent fire ;*
A plume of white feathers, not worn above thrice
By Tybalt, but nibbled a bit by the mice ;
Swords of various forms, pikes, cardinals' hats,
Lightning boxes, sheep hooks, and three harlequin's bats ;
A *gibbet* once made for the famed *Siege of Calais*,
Though a wag had wrote on it, in ill-natured malice,

"This lot will be *bought in*, an excellent plan,
For the *manager's use*, or perhaps for *his man*;"
A file of old play bills, which might do to bind,
With only the play for *next night—underlined;*
When a *single sheet* bill was considered enough,
Ere managers built *less on talent* than PUFF!
Two *manuscript* dramas, 'twas said wouldn't do,
At the *fourth page turned down*, and so *never read through;*
But why not return them again to the poet?
But that's not the fashion, and *poor* AUTHORS *know it.*
When *they've* taken from *pieces* those things which will strike,
The *owners* may have them again,—*if they like!*
These things your attentions most richly deserve,
And each lot will be sold *without any reserve;*
To the friends of *Virtu*, in the unique and curious,
They'll afford a rich treat, as they're *vouch'd*—as not spurious.
The "*effects*" will be "*put up*" *next Monday at two*,
Till when, *all the lots* will remain upon view,
The purchaser *then* must pay down a *deposit*,
As the "*Sale*" will take place—in the PROPERTY CLOSET.

Mr. *Schemer* now entered the Harp, and apologized to PROTEUS for being behind the hour appointed to meet him. "I have no engagement at present, I am sorry to say," said Mr. *Schemer*, with a most condescending and insinuating bow, "that I think will suit a young gentleman of your promising talents. But if you have no objection to have a few nights practice in Mr. PLAUSIBLE SCREW'S company at Highgate, I will ensure you the first line of business. As to any salary or emolument that you may derive by your exertions I can make no agreement, Mr. *Screw's* performers being all upon *shares*." "As to profit, in this instance, I am careless about; practice

to me perhaps may be much better than money," replied the infatuated PEREGRINE. Mr. *Schemer* retired for a short time, to write a letter of recommendation to Mr. *Screw*, after which the evening was concluded in a jovial pleasant manner, when *Quill* sought his "*retreat*," and PROTEUS returned to the habitation of his father.

The benefit at the Haymarket Theatre completely occupied the time and attention of PROTEUS and *Quill*, in getting up the two pieces, and also soliciting the interest and support of their friends. PROTEUS, according to the advice of his partner in the night, announced that the part of *Hamlet* would be humbly attempted by PEREGRINE PROTEUS, for that night only; with a new burlesque drama, intituled JOMEO and RULIET; or, FRIARS' BALSAM; written for the occasion by HORATIO QUILL, Esq. Jomeo by Mr. PROTEUS; and Ruliet by a young Lady, her first appearance upon any stage. Upon the whole, the above night's performance went off, considering the difficulty of the undertaking, far better than might have been anticipated. The *big bird* appeared in a few of the scenes; but the talents displayed by PROTEUS redeemed the interest of the piece, and our hero was congratulated by all his friends on the success of his performance. *Quill* was equally gratified; his burlesque piece was spoken of in such high terms as to induce him to look forward to better times, and to become an object of attention even to managers of the highest class in the theatrical hemisphere.

The success of this night decided the opinion of PROTEUS. He was determined to relinquish the occupation of a printer; and if his master would not consent to give him up his indentures, that he might be enabled to follow his own inclinations, PEREGRINE was fully resolved to bid adieu to the office at the risk of his personal safety, and to join the company

of Mr. PLAUSIBLE SCREW, at Highgate. PEREGRINE exclaiming—

Farewell the composing stick! Farewell copy!
Farewell contempt of Master! Farewell *case!*
Farewell to *foul* and AUTHOR's proofs!
Farewell the bad *poll!* Farewell horrors!
Farewell! PROTEUS's occupation's gone!

ed by Theodre Lane

ORGERY'S *Mixture of Harmony and Talent* [illegible] *roes unbending. Authors & Poets regat* [illegible]
[illegible]*ters reporting. Men of the World* [illegible] *Scene: and Mine Host, a* HOST *within himself*

CHAPTER III

PROTEUS *visits the Craven's Head Tavern, in Drury Lane* (OXBERRY'S), *to take a parting Glass with* HORATIO QUILL, *previous to* PEREGRINE'S *Excursion into the Country. An Outline of the Frequenters of the Craven's Head; with a Sketch of the Coffee Room. Numerous occupations of "Mine Host" portrayed in an original Song: the P.'s in Perfection.* PROTEUS *joins Mr.* PLAUSIBLE SCREW'S (*the brown paper Manager*) *Company of Comedians at Scanty Corner. The Talents displayed by our Hero makes* MOONS *of all the* STARS; *but* PEREGRINE *gets under a Cloud before he is aware of his Danger. He leaves Mr.* SCREW *in disgust: returns to Town to seek a more respectable Engagement. "Bad begins, but worse remains behind."*

PROTEUS, entertaining an opinion that a few weeks might elapse before he should again have an opportunity of enjoying the agreeable company of his friend *Quill*, was unusually correct as to the hour of meeting "the *Author*," at the Craven's Head. It was upon a Friday night, an evening set apart every week, entirely dedicated to harmony, and a bass singer of high repute, belonging to one of the Theatres Royal, officiated as the president at this musical meeting. The room was filled to an overflow; and PEREGRINE and *Quill* congratulated themselves in being able to procure seats. Silence being demanded, the chairman, at the particular request of several gentlemen present, sang the following parody:—

THE

P.'S IN PERFECTION.

Tune—DIBDIN'S "*Nong tong paw!*"

MONSIEUR, afflicted with the *hip*,
One day to England took a trip,
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts;
In common-place book popp'd all down
He saw worth notice in the town,
Each shop, each name he chanced to meet,
From Tower Hill to Oxford Street!

To White Hart Yard it chanced one day
MONSIEUR LE BEAU had bent his way,
When suddenly he made a stop,
Surprised to see a *Printer's shop;*
"Vat's dat I see? my book, morbleu!
De *publisher*, de *printer* too;
Who keeps dat house? who can it be?
Hah! now me see, von OX-BER-RY!"

Straight to the OLYMPIC then he goes,
In Wych Street, every body knows,
The "*Actress of all work*" that night
Afforded pleasure and delight:
"Who wrote dis piece?" MONSIEUR inquir'd,
As to the lobby he retir'd;
"'Tis OXBERRY's, sir," the man replied.
"Mon Dieu!" the astonish'd Frenchman cried.

"Vat, *Cow*-berry, *poet*, *printer* too!
Vat deal dat man must have to do!"
It seems the man of many types
That night enacted "*Sammy Swipes*,"
Which made the Frenchman laugh amain,
And who it was inquired again:
"'Tis OXBERRY, Sir." "Mon Dieu, Morbleu!
Vat, *Printer—Poet—Player* too!"

"Dat be von diable, it is plain,
Vat many parts dat man sustain."
The night's performance at a close,
He sought refreshment and repose;
Into the "CRAVEN'S HEAD" he pops,
And ate in haste two mutton chops,
Regretting much he could not stay,
Resolved to call some future day.

Quite pleased so snug a shop to know,
Where he could *stop* and take a *go!*
But ere he from the house retired,
The landlord's *name*, below, inquired;
"'Tis OXBERRY," said the man, and bow'd;
The Frenchman stared, then roar'd aloud,
"He's of de *dairy*, de large pan,
PRINTER, *Poet*, *Player*, and PUBLICAN!!!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed PEREGRINE, "I think there is considerable *point* about this parody, if the applause with which it has been received form any criterion of its merit." "Yes," replied *Horatio*, "it is perfectly in *character*. You must perceive that *Billy* is quite a *Shaksperian*. He sticks to the text of our immortal bard with an ardour unequalled by any of his brother performers belonging to the Theatres Royal in London: and in no instance whatever can a stronger illustration be found, that 'one man in his time *plays* MANY PARTS,' than by our worthy host."

"I admire OXBERRY'S taste," said PEREGRINE, "in decorating the coffee room with the portraits of most of the celebrated actresses and actors who have excelled upon the stage. They also serve to show that 'Mine Host' is attached to that profession in which he has acquired such fair fame. Most of the portraits appear to me admirable likenesses, and call forth in my mind many pleasing and interesting recollections." "Yes," answered *Quill*, "they

emphatically remind us of *old* favourites, new favourites, and several other performers whose rising talents bid fair to become great favourites with the public. I sincerely hope, before I am called 'to that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' to realize a wish I have long entertained in my bosom, to behold the portrait of PEREGRINE PROTEUS placed in a conspicuous situation among such a host of ornaments belonging to the stage. The road is open to you, PROTY; but you will bear in mind that you have great difficulties to surmount, many sleepless nights, and days of fatigue, to undergo; the caprice of managers; plenty of study, but little refreshment; not a month's residence out of the twelve in one place; and, perhaps, years and years of practice may expire before either of the *Great Houses*, even in *perspective*, appear to your inflated imagination. I speak not thus to damp your ardour; neither have I the slightest wish to depress your efforts. FAME must be wooed industriously to be won. The ORIGINALS of these portraits, which so highly embellish this apartment, have all undergone that sort of probation which you are now about to be put upon your trial: and let the recollection of their endeavours to succeed operate as a stimulus to your exertions—GREATNESS is not to be achieved upon *stilts*. The hero of a Theatre Royal, like a general of renown, requires a combination of talent to fulfil his situation. But the reward at last removes the difficulty of the task; the perplexities of the mind; and the rich feelings of 'hope deferred' are all forgotten in the smiles and popularity of a delighted and applauding multitude." "Proceed, *Horatio*," replied PEREGRINE, smiling,

> "If I had three ears, I would hear thee!
> But I am arm'd so strong in *confidence*
> That thy threats pass by me as the idle wind,
> Which I heed not—

"Say what you will, *Quill*, I am not to be deterred from making of the attempt. I am fully aware of the difficulty of becoming a first rate actor: but 'dangers retreat when boldly they are confronted.' I can endure hunger without complaint; thirst without murmuring: and as to the want of money during the campaign, I must submit to such privations[1] as some

[1] "The idea of a house! a furnished house! in our circumstances, was more than my power of face could bear with gravity. 'A house!' said I, 'a cottage! a hovel! the first floor of a barn! that would be more suitable to the narrow scale of our circumstances.' An old woman who was watching our movements from the house opposite, now came forward. Dowton inquired the rent, and what number of beds. To our surprise and joy she answered, 'there were three beds, and the rent was twelve shillings per week.' What began in a joke now appeared a matter of the first importance. Three beds would, upon a pinch, accommodate us; and twelve shillings per week, divided by five, would be more moderate than any thing we could expect. We entered the premises, and closed the bargain instantly. To increase our satisfaction, there was a small quantity of coals, for which we were to pay four shillings at the end of the first week. A fire was lighted, and we commenced housekeeping with my three shillings. The inmates were Mrs. R——— and myself, Miss Stanley, and Messrs. Warren and Dowton; Jonathan Davis procured a room in the neighbourhood. It was two hours past meridian, and hunger became oppressive. The exercise of the morning, joined to the seabreeze and change of air, were at woful enmity with my purse; its contents were swallowed up in providing a single meal, and that of the plainest kind; however we eat our bread and cheese in thankfulness, and washed it down with a draught of excellent porter.

"Leaving our companions, I strolled about in search of a pawnbroker's, but so useful a personage was unknown in Lyme—the *three balls* were never even heard of. Wandering through some of the poor narrow streets, I espied the cart containing the stage property, on the top were seated Mesdames Bridges and Hall, who, from a too frequent application to their favourite stomachic, seemed in evident danger of quitting their elevation. Not very anxious to be claimed as an acquaintance, I made a precipitate retreat, and took my course towards the sea, in a fit of melancholy despondency, meditating upon the past, and looking forward with little hope for the future. In all my distress I

of the greatest performers of the present day have had to encounter in their early scenes of the drama. My mind is therefore made up to follow the profession of an actor: and I shall lose no time in commencing my tour in the country." "Then success attend you, PROTEUS; your zeal is great," replied *Horatio*, "and I shall not offer any more objections to your scheme: all that I have hitherto started upon the subject has been purely out of friendship. I was apprehensive, PEREGRINE, that you might repent of the steps you were about to take, in leaving your business and quitting your father's roof. It required consideration: but if it turns out successful, your inclination perhaps will be gratified, and your speculation a profitable account. I hope it will be so." Here the conversation was interrupted between QUILL and PEREGRINE, by the President calling silence for the following original recitation:

THE ECCENTRIC.

A WAG loquacious, long a well known *cit*,
A chattering, smattering, piebald wight,
One who was dreaded for his roguish wit,
And who in nought but gig ere took delight;
Except a pun,
Or cracking jokes quite broad,
Or having with his neighbours fun,
Or making a charade.

---

had never hitherto wanted the common necessaries of life; but now that idea was attended with a degree of horror so painful, that I sat on the beach, listening to the rolling surge, and comparing my once affluent and respectable state to my present pennyless, friendless, and degraded one. The beach was at this moment deserted, for the inhabitants were poor, and had few leisure intervals; the local visitors were in the height of gaiety and happiness, seated round the dinner table! and I, who used to be first of the cheerful throng, was now—not without a house, but—'without the means to support that house,' without the means of providing even another meal; and the theatre would not be ready to open for several days."—*Itinerant.*

In short, he was yclep'd "a damn'd good fellow,"
A rattling, noisy Bacchanalian quiz;
And ever when amidst his comates mellow,
Mirth and good humour sparkled in his phiz.
"Perfection's not the lot of man,"
Nor woman, poz;
And he, like others, had a *little speck*,
A *trifle* certainly, a sort of *check*—
He always *dirty* as a *showman was*.
His dress I would describe, but 'twill not do;
Would you could view it:
Petruchio's garb, when taming his dear shrew,
Was gaudy to it.
It happen'd once (with gig and fun delighted),
A damn'd high dog—the rattling rogue invited
With wags to dine,
And take his wine,
To enjoy (*sans doute*, the reigning fashion now)
A jolly row,
"But pr'thee," said his friend, "do come fresh shaved,
And put for *once* a clean shirt on your back:
To come so filthy will be ill behaved,
For now you're as a chimney sweeper black.
There'll be some jolly lads, upon my soul,
All bang-up swells, chock full of fun and gig,
Prime as ere crack'd a joke or plumb'd a bowl;
So pray don't come as dirty as a pig."
For such a party *fitly* to prepare,
Our hero hasten'd to the city home;
And what was rare,
His matted hair
Began to comb!
With pains at last removed all dirty traces,
And *two long hours* devoted to the Graces.
As going down the Strand he
Call'd a coach, but in such twig he look'd,
The brutes all quizz'd him, while sly coachee book'd
Him for a dandy.
At length arrived, 'bout half past eight at night
(The fashionable hour *now* with folks polite),
He gave a consequential double knock,
And down to dinner sat at *nine o'clock!*
Soon as the cloth was drawn, the joke went round,
Laughter and pun,
Gig, wit, and fun,
Each heart well warm'd with Hock and old October,
And wine that might
Tempt anchorite,

But still our hero, with an oath profound,
Declared he would *for once* retire sober.
But like the fellow in Joe Miller's book,
Who reeling home with drunken elocution,
Declared, while from his pouch a quid he took,
He'd just call in and treat old *resolution.*
He kept his word—but when the wag departed
Steady and sober to the guests surprise,
Off to a well known club the varlet started,
Whose members knew him not in such *disguise.*
"Motley's your only wear," said Shakspeare's fool,
And this famed club was quite a masquerade;
Peers and promoters of the modern school,
And each queer dog was straight a member made.
Of wits they boasted surely a redundance,
And M.P.'s flock'd around them in abundance.
Authors and actors,
Lott'ry contractors,
Poets and poetasters,
Punsters and soakers,
Jurors and jokers,
Dandies and dancing masters,
Parsons and proctors,
Lawyers and doctors,
Gawkeys and country cousins,
Fiddlers and flouters,
Ranters, young spouters,
And *sucking barristers* by dozens!
Entering the room, he made a bow profound,
And 'midst the company he took a chair;
When through the club a buzz went quickly round,
And at the wight each quiz began to stare.
From top to toe they measured him about,
And after whispering with one another,
Declared, that as they couldn't *make him out*,
He was no brother.
Amongst their *rules*, and surely none were shrewder,
Strangers it seems were not admitted there;
And quite indignant at the bold intruder,
They *call'd a chair:*
Then in a trice
Up rose a member to oppose their guest,
In style verbose,
And most jocose,
Then looking wise, and hemming once or twice,
He thus the chair address'd:—
"Sir, Mr. Chairman, I beg leave to rise,
Just to surmise;

That is, sir, I beg leave to call attention,
While with the purest and the best intention,
I mean, sir, no offence, take leave to mention,
The gentleman who late sat down,
With chin fresh mown,
I think it, sir, my duty to resist;
And I oppose him,
For no one knows him,
Not being described or mention'd in our *list*,
I therefore, sir, propose"——
Our hero at this instant rose,
Quite in a huff,
Natural enough,
And hop'd, that as a charge was brought,
Though rather prematurely, as he thought,
He might have leave to move
For evidence
'Gainst this pretence,
His own *identity* to prove.
This done, he enter'd on a long defence,
And in his scope
He quoted Pope,
Said, "want of decency was want of sense."
And also as it was his *first offence*,
So it should be *his last;*
And vow'd in future they should not accuse him,
Nor have the slightest reason to abuse him,
If they'd forgive faults past.
On bad *example* then he laid much stress,
Said this society had been his ruin,
That imitating gentlemen's address
Had led to his undoing.
That certainly he had din'd out that day,
And could not surely go in rags and dirt,
So *borrow'd* from a friend "upon the way
A *clean frill'd shirt.*"
Thus oratorical
And categorical
He argued the affair,
Till tired out, at last he made a pause,
Then took his chair
Midst thunders of applause.
Blowing his nose
The chairman rose,
Proud of his *state* and uncontrolled dominion;
Grave as a mourning hearse,
And in neat language terse,
Deliver'd his opinion.

He first began most gravely to enlarge
Upon the nature of the member's charge,
And dress'd his speech,
Like Sir John Leach,
In terms high flown, with metaphor and trope,
Alliteration,
And apt quotation
From *Shakspeare*, *Swift*, and *Pope*.
Then in warm terms his praises he express'd,
And said he thought the wag should be caress'd,
And felt it would so strike them;
For he had proved, past contradiction,
Without recourse to false and frothy fiction,
That he most surely was a member fit
Amongst eccentrics such as those to sit,
Or any *quizzes* like them!

The above tale was received with general satisfaction, when PROTEUS resumed his discourse: "I shall often recollect the '*Retreat*' when I am far distant from you, *Horatio*, where I have been so often and so well entertained." "No *satire*, PEREGRINE," (*with something like warmth*) replied *Quill*, "you know my feelings. I am positively *tinder* on the subject of my poverty; and in spite of all my resolves to the contrary, a single spark instantly sets me in a blaze. I trust I am not proud neither; but I have met with so much contempt by the upstarts of society, owing to my want of riches, that any allusion to that part of my character, touches me so closely for the moment, I am too apt to forget myself. But such as I was master of I gave to——" "Be not so warm," urged PROTEUS, "it is not your *larder* which I allude to; but the rich entertainment *you* always furnished for my mind. It is also the recollection of your excellent advice upon all occasions, and the remembrance of your manly and honourable decisions, which makes me feel regret in the separation from a man whom I esteem my most sincere friend, and one of the wittiest and best of companions. I have one request to make, *Horatio*,

before we part, which is a copy of those lines you composed on your 'RETREAT;'[1] I admire them considerably; and, in all probability, the reperusal of them will remind me of the talents of the author, when I shall be deprived of the pleasure of his company."

"I perceive," said PROTEUS, "mine host is tolerably intimate with most of his visitors; and if I possess any knowledge of physiognomy, he appears to me to have the support of several original characters. May I be permitted to ask, *Horatio*, if you are acquainted

[1] TO MY RETREAT.

HAIL, towering spot! sublime retreat!
Full six good stories from the street,
From whence I view luxuriant crops
Of lead, and tile, and chimney tops;
Where I th' immortal NINE invoke,
'Midst amorous sparrows, cats, and smoke;
Where cooling breezes add delight,
And make me cough both day and night;
Where blest in pleasing solitude
(When saucy duns do not intrude)
I cheerly pass a quiet life,
In the loved *absence* of my wife;
Pestered by no ambitious thought
(Indeed I am not worth a groat),
I envy not the rich their pelf,
But wish I'd some of it myself;
"Content is riches," poets tell us,
(But they, at best, are ragged fellows!)
I'm hand in glove with calm Content
When I can *eat*, and pay my rent;
At CARE I scornful cock my nose,
When I touch cash for *Rhyme* or *Prose*,
But that, alas! (with rueful face)
I own but seldom is the case,
And if your *Garretship* could view me,
You'd swear that POVERTY sticks to me,—
But from thy shatter'd casement, high abode!
So near the temple of the tuneful god,
I'll soar—on famed PARNASSUS seek my gains,
And seize the great reward of all my pains.

with those three gentlemen who are seated near the pianoforte; and to whom *Oxberry* is paying particular attention?"

"Yes, intimately well," replied *Quill*, "and you are right, PROTEUS, in your conjectures, those gentlemen do come under the denomination of *originals*. The tallest of the three is accosted by the familiar appellation of JACK SHAN. He knows every body upon the town for the last twenty-five years; and every person of the least notoriety in London is acquainted with JACK SHAN. He is a worthy, good-natured fellow: his conversation interesting at all times, and never at a loss to enrich it with anecdotes. He is a sporting man, and well known upon the turf. Passionately fond of theatricals; a frequent visitor behind the scenes; and hand and glove with most of the performers of note: in fact, he is a sort of theatrical chronology, having witnessed nearly all the 'first appearances' of actors on the London boards for the last twenty-five years. SHAN'S great merit consists in the anxiety he manifests, upon all occasions, to serve his friends; time he does not value; and distance is of no object to his feelings, provided he can accomplish the task which he undertakes to perform. Occasionally he contributes towards the harmony of the evening; and his *characteristic* song is generally received with attention and applause.

"The second person out of the trio," said *Horatio*, "whom you appear so anxious, PROTEUS, to learn something about—is the ARTIST. It is true he is not the GREAT UNKNOWN; but it is true, according to the phraseology of the day, he is denominated '*a great creature*.' The artist alluded to is a man of rare genius, in the strictest sense of the word. His designs are masterpieces; his studies are from nature alone; and if he is not totally unacquainted with, he never consults the rules of art. His compositions are replete with life and character; and embodied

with such peculiar felicity by the touches of his pencil, that they may almost be said to breathe, and even to speak to the individual who holds the plates or wood cuts in his hands. This artist is without a rival, and likely to continue so to the end of his life. His talents have obtained for him a very high place in the cabinet of fame. He occasionally drops in here to spend an hour with the choice spirits who visit Oxberry's mixture of fun and talent.

"The gentleman whom you now perceive in close conversation with JACK SHAN," said *Horatio*, "is a brother dramatic author; and, however strange it may appear, yet it is strictly true, he has written more pieces than SHAKSPEARE; but I must confess they are not such *weighty* ones. However, as a FARCE writer, he has proved eminently successful; and, in my humble opinion, several of his BURLETTAS are very far above mediocrity, and merit a higher title. One of his *burlesque* pieces is truly admirable; and it is impossible to witness its representation without being convulsed with laughter. He is extremely rapid in his composition: an instance of it presents itself to my recollection. The above gentleman being invited to dine with the proprietor of a theatre, after the cloth had been removed, at the request of the manager, composed a one act burletta, from a given subject, with which he was totally unacquainted, during the time he emptied the contents of a bottle of wine, at another table in the same apartment. The piece was highly approved of by the company present, and afterwards represented with success. He understands stage effect extremely well; but it is thought his portraits partake more of *water colours* than the strength of OIL: he also wants *study* to mellow and mature his effects: but he is an off-hand writer, and appears to disdain anything like *serious* thoughts on his subjects, or in being obscured any length of time in his closet from the pleasure and society of his

friends. He is at all times upon 'good terms' with himself; and laughs at the remarks of the critics. One or two of his pieces on their first representation have encountered the ugly letter D, so hurtful to the feelings of an author: however his nerves have not in the least been shaken by these events; nay, on the contrary, he has passed over the fiery ordeal of the public with the most stoiclike fortitude. He is said to be generous in disposition, and perfectly careless as to hoarding up the fruits of his labours. *Eccentric*, of course; an author without eccentricity, my dear PROTY (*with a smile upon* HORATIO'S *countenance*), would be quite out of character. The above gentleman has also written numerous excellent comic songs; and it is only common justice to observe of him, that he has afforded the town a fund of amusement. He has done something besides: a *golden* account has been given of his talents in more than one treasury, without going to the distance of *Rochester*, or being under the necessity of leaving *London* to inquire where those theatres are situated. He possesses considerable taste for poetry, and one or two of his small pieces have been highly spoken of as discovering traits of great genius in that difficult walk of literature. He has furnished pieces for most of the theatres in the metropolis; and I think," concluded *Horatio*, "that he has *stuff* still left in him, if properly exercised, which might enable him to produce something better in the dramatic line than any piece which has hitherto come from his pen.

"As you wish, PROTEUS, to be made acquainted with most of the eccentric characters and men of talent who visit Mr. OXBERRY'S coffee room, let me call your attention to the gentleman who recently entered, and who was recognised with a smile by our worthy host. He was a few years ago an actor of some provincial celebrity; and considered by his brother performers to possess an excellent *study*; but

all of a sudden his prospects were blighted, by an infirmity the most ruinous that could attack the person of an actor—*absence of* MIND. He was, of course, compelled to leave the stage; but fortunately for himself he selected the occupation of a country schoolmaster. This latter speculation, I am happy to say, has turned out more favourable to his purse than all the *empty* applause he received on the boards of a provincial theatre.

"It is extraordinary how the effects of *study*, and repetition of a character, operate upon the *memories* of some men; and how very different it acts upon the MIND of others. It is related of WALKER, the original *Macheath*, who performed the gay hero of the road so repeatedly, when that inimitable opera was first produced, that before the conclusion of the season, WALKER had forgot every line of the character, and only retained the recollection of the *music*. The great Sir Isaac Newton, at times, was so *absent* as absolutely to forget whether he had *dined* or not! Dr. Johnson also severely felt what has been designated by several literary men the *mania* of STUDY!

"I believe," said *Horatio*, "it is to be found in Mr. RYLEY'S *Itinerant*, an account of a performer at Edinburgh who was terribly afflicted with *absence of mind*. Until the serious calamity crossed his path, he was an actor of repute, and a man of superior talent. He was so absent at times, that if he met with a most intimate acquaintance in the streets, who accosted him with 'Good-morning to you, sir!' he would pass on, unmindful of this attention paid to him, for more than the distance of a hundred yards, when he would suddenly turn round, as if recollecting himself, making a profound bow at the same time, saying 'Very well, I thank you!' when perhaps his acquaintance was out of sight. At *rehearsal* in the mornings he was generally *perfect* to a letter; but

sometimes during the performance at night, perhaps in the middle of a most impassioned scene, he would *stick so fast*, that all the vociferations of the prompter would not restore him to his *recollection* of the part. This unfortunate malady brought the above performer into great ridicule and contempt; and was improperly attributed by the audience to inattention and inebriety. One instance, in particular, is worthy of notice, which occurred on the above unfortunate actor's benefit. He had taken unusual pains to be correct in his character; and at *rehearsal* in the morning congratulated himself on his attention. But, alas! in the third act of the piece his *memory* totally failed him—he was quite at a loss, and could not proceed with the scene. A great row ensued; silence was at length obtained, and in this dilemma he came forward and addressed the audience, under great agitation: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot express to you what I feel at this present moment. I am sorry for what has occurred—but it is not my fault: it is owing to the infirmities of Nature. Rely upon my word and honour, ladies and gentlemen, that I rehearsed the part to my wife this morning while I laid in bed, and she found me as perfect as an angel!'

"Various other instances might be adduced to show the aberrations of men's *minds* at particular periods. I have in my pocket-book," said *Quill* (*pulling it out*), "a tale of a late provincial manager, well known to the theatrical world, which you can read at your leisure. It serves to show how much he was *abroad* upon all occasions, and was therefore not improperly designated—

THE ABSENT MANAGER.

Great Newton, 'tis said, was to study so prone,
And lost in deep problems so *absent* had grown,

That he knew not, at times, *if he'd dined:*
But a few years ago I knew just such a man,
And match his eccentric conduct who can,
Or the *abstracted* state of his mind.

So absorbed was *Old T.* in his various pursuits,
That at *morn* he'd march forth in last night's *russet* boots;
Indeed some thought his brain had a crack,
For once his dear wife had six shirts for him made,
When return'd from his journey she thought them mislaid,
But, behold, they *were all—on his back!.!!*

So absent indeed was this comical wight,
That his *dresser* declar'd, on a very full night,
He gave him his hose with work'd clockings,
But thinking, perchance, of the treasury *sweets*,
Or dreaming, perhaps, what would be *the receipts*,
On *one leg* he put *both* the stockings!

Earl Ormond he had on that night to enact,
But *the words*—though *with prompting* his memory back'd,
And not being in Ormond quite *mellow*,
Stead of giving the audience one line from the text,
He hammer'd and stammer'd, then grew so perplex'd,
That he spoke every word of *Othello!!!*

The late King (God bless him) commanded a play,
Interspers'd with *Shield's* music, the Windsor folk say;
And to please his beloved royal master
He set off to town *fiddle parts* to ensure,
No preacher e'er travell'd so fast to his *cure*,
Or spurr'd to the parsonage faster.

Arriv'd at Old Drury, the notes to obtain,
With "*parts first and second*" pervading his brain,
Though incredulous readers may doubt it,
He slept at *O. P.* and *P. S.* for that night,
And early for home the next day took his flight,
But went back to Windsor without it!!

But the *climax* of *absence* I yet have to tell,
He once stopp'd at an inn, *where his wife was known well*,
With a *female* who play'd in his corps,
Had his supper, and then they both stepp'd up to bed;
While to Betty, the chambermaid, Lusignan said,
"Bring up breakfast at *ten*—not before."

Mrs. Mingle arriv'd (from a whist party fled),
And was told Mr. L. and his wife were in bed,
At which she express'd her great sorrow;
"God bless me, I'm vext I was not in the way,
Mrs. T. I an't seen for this many a day,
But I'll go up at breakfast to-morrow."

In the morning, as soon as she'd book'd each night's score,
She went up on tiptoe, and knock'd at the door,
When a voice answer'd faintly, "Come in."
"How d'ye do, Mr. Th-ent-en? I hope you slept well;
I came, for I thought I just now heard your bell;
You're welcome to Royal Oak Inn."

The lady awoke from a fanciful dream,
And arose, when the landlady gave a loud scream—
"Mr. *Th-ent-en*, why, what do I see?
Are you not quite asham'd, sir, at your time of life,
To be here seen in bed with *another man's wife*,
Thus disgracing my husband and me?"

Our manager now, in a sad nervous plight,
Started up, like a ghost, from his pillow with fright,
Out of bed still unable to stir,
And *pulling his nose*, with an air of surprise,
Exclaim'd, "it must be *Mrs. T. in disguise*,
For I certainly THOUGHT it was her."

"Thus, madam," he said, "I would not give offence,
Nor insult you, I'm sure, under any pretence;
'Tis an *error, as usual*, of mine,
But how it could happen I'm sure I can't tell;
This lady is not Mrs. T. I see well,
But I know that she plays—*the same line!!!*"

The short space of time allowed by the president between the songs was filled up with theatrical conversation. A warm argument took place on the merits of the late Mr. John Kemble, respecting the intolerable length of some of his *pauses*, in which PEREGRINE and QUILL took an animated part. "Long pauses," said a wit, smiling, "if you will permit me, gentlemen, to read a few lines to you, written by a friend of mine, upon the subject of *pauses*. Mr. Kemble must be considered a rapid speaker to the orator I allude to:—

THE PAUSE.

OF Kemble's *pauses* talk no more,
For I have one laid up in store
Will beat him fairly from the pit;
One will suffice, and *this* is it—
As over Putney Bridge, one day,
A queer old fellow bent his way,
With *John*, his servant, at his heels,
Quickly about his horse he wheels,
It seems it took him in his head
To question John, and thus he said,

"*Do you like eggs?*" "Yes, sir," said John.
No more was spoke, they both jogg'd on:
About A YEAR had crept away
('Twas in, I think, the month of May),
Again they pass'd the bridge I've named,
When hastily old Hunks exclaim'd,
"How?" and then turn'd his head aside;
"*Poach'd, sir, I like 'em,*" John replied.
And this is sure, nor doubt it true,
The "*longest pause*" I ever knew.

"Before we part, PROTEUS," said *Quill*, "let me advise you to be extremely attentive to *rehearsals*. Avoid, if possible, to incur the displeasure of the manager; and likewise to keep clear of having your salary reduced by the payment of FORFEITS. Decision is as necessary in a company of players, as *discipline* is to a regiment of soldiers. And if ever it should fall to my lot to fill the situation of a manager, I should be more rigid to enforce the payment of FORFEITS for nonattendance at *rehearsals* than any other department connected with the business of a theatre. The following lines will illustrate, most clearly, the necessity of *forfeits:*

Colley Cibber was "*Call Boy*" in *Betterton's* days,
When they knew not *French Dramas* but good *English Plays;*
One night, when the latter was acting his part
With pathos and feeling that touch'd every heart,
Young Colley went on, the *first time* it appears,
With a letter, but quite overcome by his fears,
He stammer'd and stutter'd, and staring about,
Put the scene in confusion and *Betterton* out,
Then ran off the stage, quite alarm'd at the pit,
And through the *stage door* made his hasty *exit:*
When the *act* was completed, and curtain *rung down*,
BETT insisted poor COLL should be fined HALF A CROWN:

"Why, sir," said the prompter, "that cannot well be,
For the boy has *no salary*, 'twixt you and me."
"Oh! oh!" replied *Betterton*, bursting with rage,
As he stalk'd like the ghosts in Macbeth 'cross the stage,
"Put him down *fifteen shillings;*" "Well, sir, what then?"
"What then," echoed t'other, "why *forfeit him TEN!!!*"

"I am extremely pleased with the evening's entertainment," said PROTEUS: "and for this treat, as well as many others, I am indebted to my friend *Horatio*." "I hate compliments, PEREGRINE," observed *Quill*, "but I am happy it has met with your approbation. It is one of those kind of houses (*speaking in a low tone of voice*) in the metropolis where, during some part of the evening, you are likely to meet with gentlemen connected with the press, who are intelligent always, learned on various topics, and, from the nature of their occupation, full of anecdote, and interestingly amusing: country performers out of situations, waiting for engagements; and actors in full pay, belonging to the Theatres Royal. Artists of various descriptions; and filled up with a sprinkling of mercantile persons, which renders the *tout ensemble* a most respectable portion of society. I am fond of pictures, PROTEUS, and I must praise those portraits of Messrs. Matthews, T. Dibdin, and Harley, painted in oil by Drummond; but particularly the one of 'Mine Host,' which for fidelity of character is OXBERRY himself. I cannot pass over those admirable likenesses, pencilled by Wageman, of Messrs. Kean, Liston, Geo. Smith, Incledon, Wrench, Russel, Sherwin, Farren, etc. This rising artist has also been extremely happy in his portraits of Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Egerton, and several other ladies belonging to both

of the theatres. You may, PEREGRINE, likewise recognise several of De Wilde's portraits equally excellent as companions with the works of the above artists. Look, PROTEUS," said *Quill*, "*Mine Host* has given conspicuous stations to those once great props of the English stage, Mrs. Siddons, and the late Mr. John Kemble, and George Cooke, Esq. In short, *Peregrine*, OXBERRY's gallery of portraits, although in a much less compass than the collection of a celebrated manager's, which were sold a few years since by auction, did not display half so much interest nor talent. It is now getting late, PEREGRINE, and as you intend to start early in the morning for glory, fame, and reward, permit me to wish you well, and bid you good-night." "Be it so," said PROTEUS, "but

> "Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
> I could say Good night! till it be morrow!"

The manager welcomed our hero to *Scanty Corner* with a most flattering smile, and a hearty shake of the hand, observing to PEREGRINE, "Your lordship's right welcome to Denmark." SCREW was a complete *actor* in every part he undertook, excepting characters upon the stage. No man knew his *cue* better than the Brown Paper Manager. He was always perfect without the aid of a *prompter*. The entrances and exits of life he had marked with a shrewdness scarcely equalled, but never excelled, by any of his brethren of the *sock* and *buskin*. SCREW had self-possession to the very echo; but his *feelings*, except *professionally*, were like the rock on which the rain that printless falls: yet he could *laugh* and *cry* wherever those incidents were set down in his manuscript, and sometimes with tolerable humour, and even pathos. In his portraiture of *bronze*, no artist could compete with him. His stock was so immense that he could have furnished twenty cross-examining Old Bailey Barristers,

without missing a single drop of it. In pursuit of a *bon-speak*, he was not to be denied with the common courtesies of life: *rebuffs* to him were never remembered; the door shut against his repeated calls was no offence; but he solicited, solicited, and solicited again, till the besieged party had no other resource left to get rid of his importunities but by granting him his request. He was never seen to *blush* in the whole course of his eventful history; and often candidly confessed he could not represent such a passage, however strongly it might have been marked by the author. Mr. SCREW and his name were never at variance, admitting the extremity of the pun. He was a most careful *treasurer* to himself, and always had a good balance in his own favour. His superior knowledge of accounts, in dividing the shares of the receipts of his house between the company, was above the comprehension of all his performers: the Accountant General would have had no chance with Mr. *Screw;* and COCKER driven out of the field. He was prepared at all points to treat with a *stage-struck* youth: Mr. SCREW baited his trap so ensnaringly, that his heroes were caught, for a time, as fast as if they had been held by a vice; and when the delusion had subsided a little, the Brown Paper Manager was so well versed in the arts of dissimulation as to obtain a conquest a second time, by persuading his "fresh caught victim" that he would form a better judgment on the merits of the case when time had mellowed his opinions. The weakness of youth answered his purpose; and to *manage* the unsuspecting person was mere routine to Mr. *Screw*. His *travels* from town to town had done more for him towards obtaining a perfect knowledge of mankind, and an intimate acquaintance with men and things, than the nobleman with his tutor at his elbow, traversing foreign countries in search of information.

PROTEUS was exactly the sort of personage to suit

the calculations of Mr. Screw. Peregrine was fiery, ardent, ambitious; bent upon a peculiar object, and not to be thwarted from his purpose by any trifling obstacle. "Mr. Proteus, permit me to show you the theatre," said *Screw*, "and introduce you to your brother performers in the *green room*.[1] You will find amongst them several actors of *immense* talent. In my theatre, some of the great dons who are now 'strutting and fretting their hour' upon the boards of the Theatres Royal, made their first appearance as actors. I have, I assure you of the fact, Mr. Proteus, taught the best of them to speak, to walk, to sigh, to laugh, to start, to fence, to make love, to weep, and to do everything that elevates the profession above all the other arts: but when I have done all this, sir, so ungrateful have these persons behaved to me, that they have left my theatre for other engagements: the truth is, I am too liberal in bringing young men forward: I put them into all the good parts: I make no *reserve* for myself, like all other managers: indeed I am content to *double*[2] any character, and

[1] Much as I have been about theatres, and intimately as I have been acquainted with the *sons of Thespis*, it never occurred to mind to inquire the origin of the *title* of the Green Room; but in Mr. *Screw's* company no explanation was required by Peregrine. It appeared to the astonishment of Proteus, most certainly, a *green* room, the grass growing under his feet. A thin partition only separated the performers from a couple of animals belonging to the dairy. It was the cowhouse contiguous to the barn, which had been engaged for the occasion, and fitted up for a few nights only by Mr. *Screw* as a theatre. Peregrine, on entering this most delectable recess, exclaimed in the words of Bloomfield—

The fields his study—Nature was his book!

[2] It has been said of an actor of the name of *Whitely* (a country manager in the strolling days of the celebrated Edwin), a man of a very singular disposition, to whom more whimsical and *out of the way* exertions are imputed, than to any other manager or country actor in the British territory; the eccentricity of his disposition brought him often into strange situations, but the goodness of his heart fully atoned for the errors of his

only anxious to make the most of every little bit. I have almost sworn that I would never teach another person the rudiments of our great art—that *art*, sir,

understanding; and however marvellous or irregular some of his actions might appear, he perpetrated others of a nature so dignified, that they would have done honour to the possessor of a national throne.

Mr. Whitely valued himself on being able, as a country manager, to play any of Shakespeare's plays without a *double*;* he had a great opinion of his own powers, and was certain that, however mean the character or part might be considered in the drama, he had the ability to make it appear conspicuous; and to prove this imaginary power, frequently threw himself into such situations, which always created merriment and sarcastic humour in his company, and laughter in the audience. "Now, my boys," he would say, "I will show an example, for which perhaps you may thank me during the remainder of your lives: now mind me, I will give you a touch of the old school—something beyond the ideas of the vulgar—

"I'll snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

He was fond of declaring that the inattention of managers in the cast of parts was shameful; that he knew a good actor could make the most trifling characters appear glorious; "and," said he, "to evince the truth of my assertion, you shall see me undertake one of the worst parts in RICHARD the THIRD," and the next day's play bill pompously announced, in large letters, the part of the

LIEUTENANT of the TOWER,

for that night only, by Mr. WHITELY

(being his first appearance in that character).

Those persons who are aquainted with the etiquette of play bills must know that such a piece of information as the above should be attached only to a principal part, and a principal actor; and that the adoption of it on so trivial an occasion, united to so weak a representation, could only tend to engender ridicule, if not contempt. Mr. Whitely was remarkably fond of the old method of acting, *viz.* a great halt or twitch in the gait, a very grave face on all occasions, and an inflexible regard in tragedy for the interests of *ti-ti-tum*, *ti-tum*, *ti-tum*, *ti-tum-ti*.

* By the word *double* is meant the necessity which often occurs in travelling companies, of the same individuals to personate two characters in the same performance.

which makes the audience mistake *art* for *nature:* but I believe I must make an exception in your favour, Mr. PROTEUS: you have been so strongly recommended to my protection." "You flatter me, Mr. SCREW, I am afraid," replied PEREGRINE. "No! upon my honour, I do not. However, I have merely to mention that Mr. *Truncheon* is my first tragedian, but he gives way to Mr. PROTEUS, owing to the brilliant character he has heard of his abilities. He is a *Talma*, a Kemble, a Kean, and a Young: that is to say, Mr. PROTEUS, he has a small *taste* of all those great actors combined in his own person.

"Miss *Made-up*[1] is my heroine: she is positively

[1] "A little before seven we entered the barn door, and, seated by a small table, found the representative of Millwood painted, patched, and curled. 'This is *hansel*,' she observed, as we placed three shillings in her hand; then turning aside, out of delicacy I suppose, she bedewed them with a copious sprinkling of saliva, and continued, 'that's for luck. Would you choose a bill, ma'am?' addressing my wife, 'they are only written ones, but my Bobby writes such a beautiful hand, that quality *prefers* them.'

"Finding we were the first comers, and that the barn offered few temptations for a hasty entrance, I entered into conversation with this daughter of Melpomene, and found her communicable, but vulgar and illiterate beyond anything I ever met with in the profession.

"Without ceremony she entered into the business of the theatre; and much as I had seen and heard of village theatricals, the concerns of this small company, and her mode of describing them, left managers Davis and Riggs, and all the routine of the facetious Tony le Brun, far behind.

"'We are likely to have a good house to-night,' observed the representative of MILLWOOD. 'When the gentry *comes* soon, I always *thinks* it a good sign; and we are sure of a good half price—some coming to the gallery I see. Whilemina, where are you?—mind the pig-sty, you sluts. As I was observing, sir, I always *makes* great benefits. Civility is a pleasant thing. If some of your vulgar folks stood at the door, the gentry would be disgusted; and, as I *says*, civility costs nothing. You must not expect much from our *Barnwell* to-night,' lowering her voice, 'he's hard upon sixty: but, mum, he's manager, and that accounts for it. Only stay till I *comes* on. Perhaps I

an actress of all work! a female Roscius. She is own sister to MELPOMENE and THALIA. Miss *Made-up* is a Siddons in the highest walk of the drama; and a perfect JORDAN in the paths of comedy. She is a delightful creature. The fact is, Mr. PROTEUS, she is too beautiful for my theatre; and I ought to have ten police officers in the pit to keep the *gallants* in order. You will make a fine Romeo to her Juliet. And I am only candid when I say, beware of her charms. In the balcony scene she is irresistible.

> "Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
> Than twenty of their swords? look thou but sweet,
> And I am proof against their enmity.

"Then, sir, we have Miss SCREAM-OUT, who takes the lead in my operas. She is all nature. She despises art. You might *encore* her twenty times; she is so strong, and so passionately fond of singing, that she never tires. Miss SCREAM-OUT has done more, in her professional exertions, Mr. PROTEUS, than ever Mrs. *Billington* did, or *Catalani* into the bargain. She has performed for me at twenty fairs,

flatter myself, but I never yet saw one who understood the part. There's your delicate MILLWOODS, and your languishing MILLWOODS; but what is she? I say, sir, what is she? Why, a common prostitute; and how are we to give the character of such people, but by copying their manner? if you imitate a bird, you must whistle! if a pig, you must grunt. When *old* Barnwell comes on, you'll be laughing and cracking your jokes; but don't, I beg you wont, for he'll speak to you, you may depend upon't, if you do; the night *afore* last—stand from about the door, you ragged rascals, and let the quality come in—four shillings, that's right—Jack, where are you? Light the front lamps directly—so, as I was saying, sir, the manager, the night afore last, made but a clumsy kind of die in Rolla, and a gentleman in the pit cried, *encore!* upon which the Peruvian hero popped up his head and bawled out, "if you can't behave like a gentleman, you'd better leave the place;" then stretched himself out again and died like a man.'"—*Itinerant.*

and sung thirty songs a day—No, no, I beg pardon, I should have said towns. Her *pitch* is very high; and she can descend, with the utmost ease and rapidity, to the *lowest* note in the scale. But I suppose I shall not be able to keep her: those fellows from the Italian Opera have been buzzing about her lately, with the most *tempting* offers to sing upon their stage. I have been in *grief* about it for the last week; and did not sleep a wink during the night, so restless have I been upon the subject. I really don't know who would be a manager, Mr. PROTEUS.

"In my ballet department I have a treasure indeed. Miss KICK-HER-HEELS is not to be equalled in the United Kingdom: I have seen them all. I am an old manager, Mr. PROTEUS, I have the whole corps-de-ballet, as it were, under my eye; and *most* of them have danced upon my stage, though I suppose they are too proud now to own it. The attitudes of PARISOT were superlatively good; she was graceful, elegant, and fascinating: and DEL CARO, in her line, delightful: but, nevertheless, give me Miss KICK-HER-HEELS against any dancer I ever saw. Her Columbine is far superior to the once celebrated Mrs. *Wybrow;* and the Messrs. *Adams* and *Dennetts*, the cracks of their day, must yield the palm to my heroine. On the slackwire, the rope, the ground, and *cutting* in the air, she is a *none*-such! For a hornpipe, sir, rely upon my word, there was not a Jack tar throughout the fleet but would have sooner forfeited a fifty pound share of his prize money than have missed the never-to-be-forgotten steps of the lively Miss KICK-HER-HEELS. All Portsmouth was in an uproar during her stay; and *Nancy Dawson* looked upon as a fool, by comparison with my lady. Here again I must be candid, Mr. PROTEUS, and beg of you to be upon your guard against the very powerful attractions of Miss KICK-HER-HEELS!

"Then last, but not the least, in the company is

my *low* comedian, Mr. EPHRAIM MUG-CUTTER. The history of the stage cannot boast such an original *cutter of mugs* as *Ephraim.* He is a century before all the actors in the kingdom, living or dead: Tom Weston, Shuter, Noakes, Dodd, Parsons, Edwin, Munden, Dowton, Blanchard, Oxberry, Matthews, and Emery, all very great men in their line I admit, but *little* ones when placed in competition with Ephraim. With as much pliability as *putty*, he can cry on one half of his face, and laugh on the other side at the same time. I will back him at odds against the Emperor of FACE-*makers* (Mr. Liston); in fact, Mr. PROTEUS, I have been strongly pressed, nay, offered a handsome premium by the artists of the metropolis to let Mr. *Mug-Cutter* stand to them for a study. He has a fine face, abounding with expression, and full of capabilities, in which may be witnessed, highly tinted, all the great passions of LE BRUN. *Mug-Cutter* is the very fool, too, that follows the advice of SHAKSPEARE: he speaks no more than what is set down for him by his author, except when I give him the word *ad libitum.* His comprehension is lively in the extreme; and instantly he understands every move and wink of my eyes. *Mug-Cutter* is a truly valuable fellow for '*pulling them in:*' I must be permitted to correct myself, Mr. PROTEUS, I should have said, to invite an audience to witness the performances at my theatre. But after all, the greatest quality he possesses in my mind is, his gratitude for the instruction he has received under my tuition: the Bank of England, sir, could not tempt *Mug-Cutter* to leave my stage. Whenever he lets loose the reins of his imagination, my powers fail me, I must not attempt to give even an outline of his comic humour. At a country wake, the other day, in *grinning* through a horse's collar for the prize of a pound of tobacco, several of the country boobies went into fits with laughter. *Mug-Cutter* was really

great, Mr. PROTEUS, in the *collar;* he had not the trick of the stage to second his efforts, and it was a rich portrait of Nature. To sum up his character in little, the *Blue Devils* are put to flight in his presence; the malady of the HYPOCHONDRIAC is forgotten in his company; and the phrase, so incessantly made use of by the French, of *ennui*, is never to be experienced within one hundred yards of Mr. MUG-*Cutter!!!*

"I had almost forgotten to introduce to your notice, Mr. PROTEUS, my leader of the band, Mr. TEAZER. He is a perfect ORPHEUS in his line, although he cannot draw sticks and stones after him. I never exaggerate, sir, I assure you, but it is truly extraordinary, as well as laughable, to witness the effects of his violin upon the nerves of the country people in general. During our circuit the other day, in removing from one town to another, we stopped at an inn to partake of some refreshment, when Mr. TEAZER took out his violin and played two or three tunes so sweetly, as to occasion in an instant a general *movement* throughout the house. The landlady could not stand *still* in her bar; and *mine host* approached his customers in the most ludicrous style; it was a *hop*, *skip*, and a *jump* with the waiters; the daughters of the innkeeper left off mixing of brandy and water to join in a *reel;* and the whole of the company kept *nodding* their heads and *shaking* of their feet, to keep time to the ravishing instrument of Mr. TEAZER; such are the powers of my leader. To my taste, Mr. PROTEUS, and it is said of me, whether I deserve the compliment or not, that I possess an excellent ear for music, the celebrated Giordani, Viotti, Pinto, Salomon, Cramer, Weischell, and Spagnioletti were mere apologies, compared with Mr. TEAZER. His *touches* are so exquisitely fine, and his *swell* prodigiously grand and imposing. Handel would have been delighted with his knowledge of

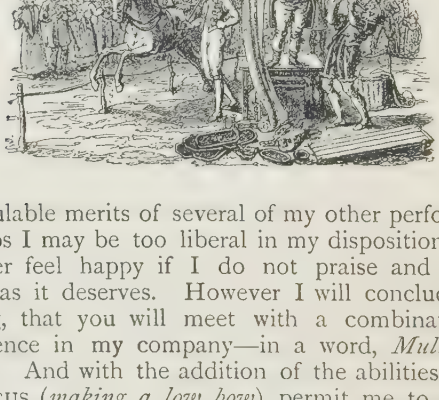
harmony; Mozart captivated by the brilliancy of his tones; and Storace in ecstasy with his rapidity of execution. Yet, nevertheless, I am sorry to say, that Mr. *Teazer* is too fond of a '*drop*,' which might prove a very distressing circumstance to my feelings, had I not brought my company to such a high pitch of excellence as to be enabled to perform an opera without the aid of music! We can do strange things at country theatres, Mr. PROTEUS, which the metropolitan places of amusement dare not attempt.

"In *pantomimes* we are quite at home: and, if our harlequin is not so elegant in his attitudes as those displayed by the father of *Oscar Byrne* in the party-coloured hero; so spirited as *Jack Bologna*; or so lively and active as *Ellar*, there is no ballet performer can strip him of his laurels on the *ground*. His pedigree is good; indeed it is of the first quality in the pantomimic line: he is descended from the celebrated harlequin Phillips, so celebrated in the days of George the Second at Southwark fair, who, to please his majesty and to show the deception and talent of his art, Phillips, at the command of his sovereign, leaped down his own throat. Our *clown* is no fool neither. He can distance them all except JOEY GRIMALDI. Dubois, Delpini, Jack Follett, and Laurent came the nearest to my hero amongst the host of clowns in town and country. It is saying no little for my fool, in placing him second to Grimaldi; in fact, I never saw an equal to the latter performer during the whole of my professional life.

"When the managers of the classic theatres in the metropolis descended to employ horses to *draw* audiences to their houses, I trust, Mr. PROTEUS, that I need not make any apology in stating to you I once went round the country as the proprietor of a *moving* CIRCUS:—

"At *Astley's* I always admired the melo-dramatic pieces produced with the assistance of horses; and considered them perfectly in character; and I have also been most agreeably entertained at the *Royal Circus* with such like productions to represent the seat of war. But to a lover of the regular drama as I am, Mr. PROTEUS, you may depend upon it that I will never suffer any performer of mine to be annoyed by the introduction of *horses* on the boards of my theatre.

"But I will not tease you any more, sir, with the



incalculable merits of several of my other performers: perhaps I may be too liberal in my disposition. Yet I never feel happy if I do not praise and reward merit as it deserves. However I will conclude with stating, that you will meet with a combination of excellence in my company—in a word, *Multum in parvo*. And with the addition of the abilities of Mr. PROTEUS (*making a low bow*), permit me to say, we shall carry every thing before us. I shall now take my leave for a short period, having to meet by appointment the Duchess of *Never-fail*, to *bespeak* a play. A fine chance for your opening. The Duchess is a most kindhearted and liberal creature;

her smiles are the very high road to patronage and fame. I will speak to her *Grace* about your performance. In the interim I have no doubt you will soon become acquainted with the invaluable members of my company."

PROTEUS was almost struck dumb with astonishment at the high sounding reputation which Mr. *Screw* had bestowed upon his *company:* and great as his confidence had been, backed with all the fire of youth, he was nearly shook to the centre by the recital of such an unexampled combination of excellence. PEREGRINE thought that he might have made a *dash* on the London boards with less danger of success. He did not recover from the effects of his surprise for some minutes: it was an electric shock to him: as he had not the slightest idea of receiving such a splendid account of the talents of the *company* in which he was to make his *début.* To compete with such "great creatures" as described by Mr. *Screw*, added to their vast experience, was quite terrifying; nay, it was overwhelming to the feelings of PROTEUS, who had previously entertained an opinion, in his own conceit, that

> He could pluck pale faced honour from the moon!

PEREGRINE trembled! and he also hesitated whether he should proceed towards the theatre, or retrace his steps back to the "retreat" of his friend *Horatio*, to acknowledge his error, that he had been rather too premature in quitting his business, and likewise in turning his back upon the friendly roof of his father.

PROTEUS at length got the better of his fears, and with a firm step he set out towards the theatre, exclaiming—

> I dare do all that may become a man,
> Who dares do more, is none!

Arriving at the spot of ground, according to the

direction given to him by Mr. *Screw*, our hero anxiously looked about for that building, in which he had so fondly anticipated he was to lay the foundation for his future histrionic fame; but his longing eyes, expanded to their utmost stretch of sight, could not perceive any thing like the outside of a theatre. Upon a more minute examination, PROTEUS perceived at a small distance a play bill pasted against a barn, which he approached with a quick pace, to satisfy his curiosity. The name of SCREW instantly removed all his doubts upon the subject. PEREGRINE entered *the* theatre without any difficulty, a little boy being the only person left in charge of the *properties* and the *wardrobe*. To depict the altered countenance of PROTEUS at the disappointment he encountered is impossible, indeed he was chagrined beyond the power of expression, and his pride equally mortified. "Is it for this wretched place," exclaimed PEREGRINE angrily, "that I have left London? Is it in such a doghole as this that I can expect to realize any fame?

Perish the thought! ne'er be it said."

Recovering a little from his surprise, PEREGRINE'S anger was succeeded by mirth, and he burst out into a loud fit of laughter. "This," said he, "is *Scanty Corner* indeed. But it is of no use now to be out of temper. It is true I am deceived as to the size of the building; but what of that? It is not the theatre that makes an actor of the individual, therefore I will not be downhearted; I will persevere: I cannot go back to London till I have done something. *Horatio* would pronounce me a coward; and my friends in general would hold me up to ridicule, and laugh at me. My feelings cannot bear this sort of reproach; and I must console myself that it is merely a regular introduction to the *boards*, obtaining an insight into the *practical* part of becoming an actor. Well then,

after all our toil and trouble, it ends according to SHAKSPEARE :—

> "Our revels now are ended: these our actors
> (As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all who it inherit, shall dissolve:
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep!"

While PROTEUS was in this sort of a reverie, or more properly speaking, talking to himself, the manager entered the theatre with Miss *Made-up* hanging upon his arm, followed by the whole of the company, to commence a rehearsal. Previous to which PEREGRINE had to undergo the formality of an introduction to the performers, under the management of Mr. SCREW. In the most pompous style the manager thus addressed our hero: "I have prevailed upon the Duchess of *Never-fail* to *bespeak* a play, and from the hint I gave of your talents, Mr. PROTEUS, her Grace has condescended to desire *Romeo and Juliet:* and I have likewise the pleasure to inform you, that Mr. *Truncheon* has in the politest manner possible relinquished his part of the lover, in order that your *début* may be attended with all the success you can wish. Indeed, sir, it may lead to great things; therefore you have no time to lose, but I flatter myself you are *up* in the part, and *study* is not necessary." "Yes," replied PEREGRINE, "perfectly; and I can play *Romeo* at an hour's notice."

The opportunity which offered to PROTEUS of witnessing the rehearsal, he was determined to embrace, and without hesitation he immediately seated himself upon one of the rows in the pit. The imposition which Mr. *Screw* had practised upon

our hero, respecting the talents possessed by Mr. *Truncheon*, soon discovered itself: and in the mind of PROTEUS Mr. *Truncheon* appeared little else than the miserable remnant of a man of very confined abilities; added to which, the serious effects of distress and age had rendered him more fit for retirement, and an object of the theatrical fund, than to strut and fret his hour as the hero and lover of our greatest dramatic authors. The fears which had previously existed in the breast of PEREGRINE had now entirely subsided; and PROTEUS, on witnessing the efforts of Mr. *Truncheon*, considered all competition between them at an end.

The ladies, who also *spoke* for themselves, notwithstanding the high sounding praises so lavishly bestowed upon their beauty and talents by Mr. *Screw*, descended immediately below the scale of *mediocrity* in the estimation of our hero. PEREGRINE thought his judgment must be either very faulty, or else the manager was one of the greatest flatterers of the age. Miss MADE-UP, in whose person PEREGRINE expected to behold the fine form and ladylike deportment of a Miss *Chester*, united with the vivacity and elegance of Madame *Vestris*, could scarcely smother his disappointment at the appearance of a female destitute of the smallest share of attraction; *illiterate* in her dialogue; her apparel neither dirty nor clean; and coarse and vulgar in her manners.

The entrance of Miss SCREAM-OUT equally annoyed the feelings of PEREGRINE: instead of his being enraptured with the fascinating strains of this heroine, so glowingly enlarged upon by Mr. *Screw*, the croaking of the raven would have produced as much harmony as the coarse voice which escaped from the lips of the manager's first opera singer.

The liveliness exhibited in the dance of Miss KICK-HER-HEELS, somewhat heightened by rather a pretty face, compensated in a small degree for the mortifica-

tion our hero had experienced in beholding the above heroines of Mr. *Screw's* first rate company of performers.

At the conclusion of the rehearsal, the manager informed PROTEUS that *Romeo and Juliet* would be immediately announced for performance under the patronage of the Duchess of *Never-fail*, and the love-sick hero to be represented by himself. PROTEUS felt determined in his own mind to make a *hit* if possible: he therefore diligently perused the part several times; rehearsed the emphatical speeches loudly in the fields, to try the extent of his voice and powers of elocution; and likewise paid the greatest attention to his person and dress. PEREGRINE was anxious to attract the notice of the duchess and her party. The night of performance arrived, the overture had been played by Mr. *Teazer*, the prompter's bell had also been attended to, and the play commenced, but the duchess had not taken her seat. In vain did PROTEUS direct his eyes towards the place prepared for her grace; in vain did our hero exert himself in the garden scene; and in vain did he break open the tomb of the Capulets with all the ardour of a distracted lover to extort the tears of sensibility from the head of fashion. But PROTEUS found out too late it was a *hoax* of Mr. *Screw*: the duchess had never left the metropolis; and it was only one of the many pleasing harmless inventions played off on the enemy by the brown paper manager of *Scanty Corner*, in order to draw together a good audience.

PROTEUS, although much disappointed by the absence of the duchess, had nevertheless made a greater *hit* by his performance of *Romeo* than he had previously anticipated. He had not only eclipsed all the male *stars* under the management of Mr. *Screw*, praised to the very echo by the manager, but he had made great havoc amongst the hearts of the ladies! PEREGRINE'S love scenes had occasioned a decided

conquest over the sensitive feelings of poor Miss MADE-UP: and Miss SCREAM-OUT, to prevent a rival in her *liking* for the elegant Mr. PROTEUS, despised the old fashioned tale of SHAKSPEARE, that

> She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek.

No, the operatic siren was determined not to

> Sit upon a monument like patience
> Smiling at grief;

and therefore her *advances* towards our hero were so plain that he stood in no need of the *cue* to carry on the dialogue.

Neither could Miss KICK-HER-HEELS resist the dashing heroic-like talents of our hero. Her heart was taken by surprise, and she was over head and ears in love with PEREGRINE before she had any intimation of the matter. She was not one of the coy or bashful sort of creatures who would rather die than make known the violence of her passion, and if *speaking* had been the forte of Miss KICK-HER-HEELS, she would, in the words of *Juliet*, have exclaimed—

> I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
> And yet I would it were to give again.
> My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep; the more I give to thee
> The more I have.

But unfortunately for the above fair one, her talents were exclusively confined to her *heels* instead of her tongue, and therefore she was compelled to make use of signs, nods, and gentle hints to express her sentiments towards her admired PEREGRINE, as a substitute for her deficiency in the art of eloquence. Miss KICK-HER-HEELS was an excellent ballet performer, and so extremely impressive in her powers of *action*, that no one could mistake the meaning she intended

to convey to an audience. PROTEUS, a rising actor, and endeavouring to learn every movement connected with the business of the stage, of course could not plead ignorance as to the favourable intentions of Miss KICK-HER-HEELS towards his person.

PROTEUS was now decidedly the hero of Mr. *Screw's* company: he was the envy of the men; a host with the manager; and a complete *Adonis* in the eyes of the females. PEREGRINE performed what *parts* he thought proper, with the consent and approbation of Mr. *Screw*, and Richard, Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, etc. etc. were run through in hasty succession, with abundance of applause, but without any profit, in a pecuniary point of view, to our hero. But all this sort of success would have proved little better than *starvation* to PROTEUS, had not his tender mamma replenished his purse, under the pleasing idea that she should live to witness her darling boy on the boards of a London theatre, as a first rate actor. The well stored cupboard at his father's dwelling he now severely missed when his keen appetite reminded him of its loss; the misery which his brother actors endured, and the various shifts they were compelled to make, hurt PROTEUS'S feelings *privately*, but he was too proud to complain, and he appeared in public as happy and as cheerful as if he had been weekly in the receipt of a great salary. Yet, *aside*, he would now and then sigh—

I have that within which passeth show!

The attention and caresses of the above theatrical ladies towards our hero were too much for PEREGRINE: the admiration and fondness of the one; the jealousy and anger expressed by the other; and the disappointment and neglect complained of by the third, produced *scenes* between them not exactly calculated for public representation, and rather unbecoming the pen of an author to describe. The

"THREE GRACES," as Mr. *Screw* termed them in his glowing description to PEREGRINE, were so fascinated with the person of PROTEUS, as rapidly to descend within the appellation of the "*Gracelesses!*" and our hero was determined to come to the *finale*.

In the course of three months, PEREGRINE considered he had had quite *practice* enough in such a company, and rather too much of Mr. *Screw's* management; he therefore made up his mind to quit *Scanty Corner*, without giving the manager the slightest notice of his intention. Our hero was now fully aware of the sophistry of Mr. *Screw*, and the gross imposition he had used towards him. Neither did the ladies experience the least hint or previous intimation of the retirement of Mr. PROTEUS. No tender farewell for Miss MADE-UP: ungrateful PEREGRINE, ungallant creature! No sigh nor chaste salute for Miss SCREAM-OUT: fickle PROTEUS! cruel *Romeo!* And pretty Miss KICK-HER-HEELS was prevented the sacrifice of a few tears at the parting of our hero. Unfeeling PEREGRINE! Ungenerous man! The above and a thousand other exclamations escaped the lips of the angry heroines on learning that PROTEUS had left the company.

Scanty Corner was soon lost sight of by our hero. The gay metropolis once more his object; and "THE RETREAT" of his sincere friend, HORATIO QUILL, his first and immediate place of call. He ascended the stairs, numerous as they were, with the rapidity of a racehorse, so anxious was PROTEUS to spend a few hours in the company of a man so exactly after his own heart, and who was equally as fond of the stage as himself. The thundering rat-tat at the door convinced *Horatio* that no dun was looking after him: he threw down his pen in haste, and the author received PROTEUS with a hearty grasp of his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, exclaiming—

O my Pylades! What's this world without a friend?

The meeting of the *player* and the *author* was one of those happy hours to each other, that description, however accurately written, must fall short in communicating its value to the reader. It was GENIUS on the one side and *talent* on the other: both dependent upon their abilities for subsistence; they did not quarrel about riches, their *idol* was not GOLD, and if they were placed in society above want, *contentment* sat smiling upon their brows. But, nevertheless, they were both extremely *ambitious:* PROTEUS to become an actor of renown; and *Horatio* a theatrical author of celebrity. The adventures of PROTEUS were told by him with great spirit, and several of his anecdotes were so replete with whim and incident, that made *Horatio* laugh heartily, when the character of Mr. Screw was served up as a dish of argument. The love scenes of PEREGRINE with the fair heroines of the stage he very properly kept in the shade, even from his friend. PROTEUS feeling as every man should feel upon similar occasions, that it was not only *ungallant*, but reduced the character of any gentleman below *par*, when he lost sight of his own weakness, by telling tales of the ladies. It was indeed a happy night to *Quill* and PEREGRINE. Time flew with the rapidity of lightning. Hours were of no use: *Horatio* had so much theatrical information to communicate to PEREGRINE; the movements which had occurred at the Theatres Royal during his absence; *Quill's* acquaintance with new managers at the houses of call of actors; reading sketches made by *Horatio* on Men and Manners in public Life, to be embodied at his leisure into a comedy; also a few scraps, and skeletons of pieces, which might be "*knocked up*" into a farce, on any local occasion, whenever the happy time should arrive that *Horatio* found himself as a professional author at one of the great theatres, taking his salary like any other performer on the establishment. The clock had

struck three: and not one word had passed between them respecting the future plans to be adopted by PROTEUS, so much had they been engaged with other topics. An adjournment was now agreed to be necessary on both sides: and an agreement entered into between *Horatio* and PEREGRINE to meet the next evening at the Harp, in order to procure a new engagement for our hero.

[The GALLERY.—Powerful attraction of talent!]

CHAPTER IV

Another Visit to the Harp: a new Engagement the Result. QUILL *in his Glory, surrounded by Men of Talent. A Compliment to the late* JOHN EMERY. *A Sketch of Country Managers.* PROTEUS *joins a respectable Company at Brilliant Shore, a celebrated Watering Place. Our Hero becomes a Favourite.* PEREGRINE *plays second to a London Star; by whom he is complimented as to his Abilities.* PEREGRINE *introduced to* SIR HARRY GAYBOY, *a theatrical Amateur: visits the Mansion of the Baronet. Sketch of* SIR HARRY. PROTEUS *too much flattered by his Friends, or rather his Foes: forgets his Situation in Life: an Amour with the "Blue-eyed Maid of the Mansion:" guilty of Excesses and Dissipation: his Purse cannot keep Pace with his Extravagance. A Prison Scene without Canvass, somewhat different from a theatrical Place of Confinement.*

HORATIO and PROTEUS were punctual to their appointment; and the Harp once more was the scene of their amusement. The room was rather thin of company on their entrance; but *Quill* was soon recognised by two brother authors. In the absence of conversation and business, in order to beguile the time, Mr. *Quill* was asked if he had any new piece of composition to read to them. *Horatio*, always ready to afford amusement to his friends, immediately read the following production:

THE MANAGER'S FAREWELL;

OR,

OUT OF DEBT OUT OF DANGER.

"THE Manager's night," what a brilliant display
Was made to the town in the bills of the day;

Hamlet stood at the top, and the part of the *Queen*,
By the Manager's wife, in *red letters* was seen;
The *Ghost*, by a *Gentleman*, next to view rose,
Bedeck'd in a suit of new *stone-colour'd* clothes;
A song by a lady—who ne'er sung before;
The music by *Bishop*, the words by *Tom Moore;*
Then the public was told, to increase the delight,
"Note Bene," 'twill be a fine clear *moonlight night.*
Such inducements, no doubt, made the folk think of going,
And the house was at night in all parts "*overflowing.*"
All went *swimmingly* on, 'twas completely the thing,
While the *band*, *mum*, *one fiddler*, play'd *God save the King.*
Then the Manager enter'd, and spoke an address
('Twas his benefit night, so he could not do less),
When he smirk'd at the boxes, and grinn'd at the pit,
Bow'd low to the gods, and then—made his exit.
The play now began,—what a terrific pause,
Till enter the Ghost to *three rounds of applause ! ! !*
But the sound of his voice, at the words "list, oh list,"
Announced to the house it was young *Tailor Twist:*
Now they titter and giggle and still louder clap,
Till the *Ghost of a Tailor* was let down the trap,
Where, safe stow'd in the cellar, by way of *deposit*,
We leave the grim spectre, and go to the "*closet*,"
And where Hammy from *etiquette* would not intrude.
If he had not been *sent for* by Mistress *Gertrude;*
To the chamber he went, by a flight of back stairs,
Where he found his mamma half undress'd, and at prayers;
He call'd her a harlot, a wanton, a fool,
And said, that at her age the blood should be cool,
No compassion he felt for his poor mother's grief,
While his uncle he call'd a usurper and thief.
What a pity this grave Prince of Denmark should prove
As faithless as Don Giovanni in love;

Poor Ophelia he flatter'd, with promises coax'd her,
Then upbraided her folly, and quizz'd while he hoax'd her;
Too fond to endure, to despair she was driven,
And became soon "a ministering angel" in heaven.
He was not only mad, but blind as a bat,
For the courtier Polonius he took for a rat;
To be sure Shakspeare tells us he wasn't quite certain,
And thought 'twas the king behind the arras or curtain.
But to leave this digression, and come to the point,
Or, like Hamlet, you'll say that "the time's out of joint."
The farce now began, 'twas "the Three and the Deuce,"
The actor found *dressing*, the audience the *goose;*
When at last he came forward to take his farewell,
But what happen'd then I reluctantly tell,
A voice from the gods, loud as Jupiter's thunder,
Struck the petrified audience with terror and wonder.
"Mr. Manager, harkee," the fellow bawl'd out,
While the gallery heroes all set up a shout;
But the orator rose in the very front row,
Who, soon it appear'd, was a kneader of dough,
And one of those knaves punsters call "crusty souls,"
For the actor had cheated him out of his rolls.
"Silence!" now was re-echo'd from each seat around,
Till at length what they call'd for became quite profound:
Then he said, "For the favours experienced from *you*,
My warmest acknowledgments ever are due,
My gratitude language too weak is to show,
Nor can I e'er pay *the great debt that I owe*,
But *next season* I'll study to make some amends
To my kind benefactors, my patrons, and friends."
"Next season!" roar'd Rasp, as his bow he was making,
"Pay me now what you owe me for *bread* and for *baking*."

PEREGRINE expressed himself highly amused with

the above lines; and solicited Mr. *Inkpen*, a friend of *Horatio's*, who had been successful in writing a Burletta for one of the Minor Theatres, to favour them with the perusal of any little *bagatelle* in his power. Mr. *Inkpen* immediately drew from his pocket-book the following humorous production, which was read with considerable point for the amusement of the company by PROTEUS:—

THE FROLIC.

THREE wags for a frolic in *former* days fam'd,
Sam Foote, Jemmy Twitcher, and Tom Weston nam'd,
Took it into their noddles to stroll thro' the town,
And besiege in their way some hotel of renown;
To the "*Rose*" then they went, for it lay in their way,
Well known to the bucks, bloods, and rakes of *the day*,
Or indeed 'twould be better, and clearly more right,
To say to the bloods and the rakes of the *night*,
And calling for supper, some turkeys stumps devil'd,
With the quickness of lightning the dish they soon level'd,
Mull'd Madeira each call'd for, to rince out his throttle,
And *Foote* wouldn't start till he'd had the *third bottle*.
The "potent draught" mounted at length to their heads,
And, unable to move, they were *borne* to their beds.
"Here," said *Foote* to the waiter, "come hither I beg,
Just take off my boot," that was his *cork leg!!*
The fellow, amaz'd, drew it off—laid it by.
When *Weston* roar'd out, "Waiter, lay down this eye,"
Which he pull'd from its place as a sword from its sheath,
"And be careful beside, sir, of all my front teeth."
The waiter now trembled, but nothing yet said,
Till the *other* call'd to him to "*unscrew his head!*"

When he made but one bolt to the very last stair,
While as stiff as a broomstick up stood ev'ry hair,
"By God," he roar'd out, "Sir, as sure as a gun
The devil's up stairs, and we all are undone."
"The devil," said *Boniface*, "harkee, my lad,
You've been in the *cellar*, that *ale's* drove you mad."
"No, no, I'm not mad," roar'd the prince of all pimps,
"'Tis the devil, I'm sure—aye, and *two* of his imps."
Then thro' the Piazza like lightning he fled,
While the comical actors went staggering to bed!!

"I feel much obliged to you Mr. *Inkpen*," said HORATIO; "but I shall not be quite satisfied if our friend *Brush* does not favour Mr. PROTEUS with a sight of his manuscript on the death of the universally lamented JOHN EMERY." "Here it is," replied *Brush*; "and if our young friend PROTEUS will read it for me, I shall lose nothing by that circumstance, I am well assured, in the estimation of the company."

The following tribute to JOHN EMERY'S memory was written by his friend *Brush*, a few days after his death; and, by those who best *knew* that inimitable comedian, it is esteemed a faithful portrait of that extraordinary and highly gifted character,

——— "Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."
Shakspeare.

ODE.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN EMERY,

COMEDIAN.

"To this complexion must we come at last,"
Then what avails it to lament the past.
Yet snatch'd thus early from the world's great stage,
No more to meet his equal in this age,
A Friend may well deplore such talent fled,
And grieve for him now mould'ring with the dead.

Ezekiel's place shall never be supplied,
And *Farmer Ashfield*, with JOHN EMERY, died.
Nor to low rustics was his art confin'd,
His genius soar'd, and his capacious mind
Took higher flights,—who that has seen his *Pan*,
Or Shakspeare's sullen monster, *Caliban*,
But must admire his very gait and look,
That now of mirth and now of rage partook;
Or *Fixture's* jealousy, so well portray'd,
With all the horrors of the mind display'd.
Sir Toby Belch, when influenced by wine,
Only gave way to coarser *Barnardine*,
In broad or feeling scenes he shone alike,
In Vanburgh's *Moody*, or in Moreton's *Tyke*.
Early in life he sought each Sister Art,
In Music, as in Painting, play'd his part.
Walls academic he was wont to grace,
And 'midst R.A.'s has often ta'en his place;
In leisure hours he with the Muses sported,
Nor unsuccessfully his fav'rites courted;
Each Part he shone in, but excell'd in none
So well as Husband, Father, Friend, and Son.
His heart was warm, and aid was ever granted
Whene'er it whisper'd him, "here, York, you're wanted."

Great is the public loss,[1] but while the tear
Of memory bedews the Actor's bier,
Think on the Man whom private worth endears,
Think on the anguish of a Widow's tears,

[1] The Poet well may assert, "Great is the public loss." He was the *Morland* of the stage; and NATURE might exclaim, "This is my son, indeed!" His portraits were all of them master-pieces in the art of acting. The fine tragic powers he displayed in *Tyke* not only astonished the late JOHN KEMBLE, but that truly great performer publicly declared to his friends he could not find words of sufficiently strong import to convey his praise and admiration of the acting of Mr. EMERY in the *School of Reform*. In *Giles* he was equally eminent; *Dandie Dinmont* all that could be wished by the most fastidious critic of the age; and his *Farmer Ashfield* positively without a fault. A few persons expressed their astonishment that so highly gifted an actor should have died poor. The tale however is soon told: he was too generous in disposition to every person who applied to him for relief: but to his family his kindness knew no bounds: his aged father and mother were entirely supported by his talents; he had several children to provide for

Who, on her infants gazing in despair,
Mourns with a Husband's love, a Father's care.
Their sole support, her dearest pride and stay,
Torn from these ties, untimely torn away.

May feeling make her eloquent appeal,
May liberal patronage exert her zeal,
And every bosom emulating glow
To ease the load of aggravated woe;
So shall the gen'rous effort peace impart,
And hope sustain the widow'd Mother's heart.

At the conclusion of this Ode the company loudly expressed their approbation of it, as a true picture; and a veteran actor, who was present, gave it as his opinion that the above lines were much better than those written on the same subject by GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

During the time PROTEUS was reciting the Ode on JOHN EMERY'S death, two country managers [1] entered

and to educate. He was the admiration of all those individuals who saw him on the stage, and beloved as an honest man and a sincere friend by everybody *off* of it. He was clever in everything he undertook—either in music, poetry, or painting. The loss of such a man must be felt for many years, without any disparagement to the men of talents who attempt to supply his place on the stage.

[1] In Passion Week, all the managers who want people, and all the actors who want employment, assemble in London. One evening I sauntered into a room at the O. P. and P. S., their usual rendezvous, where I met with a motley group of at least fifty, of both descriptions; and a curious assemblage it was. There were managers of first, second, and third rates: first, those dignified personages who govern theatres royal; next, those who preside over theatres by license: and lastly, the humble purveyors for public amusement, whose ambition soars not beyond that appendage to agriculture, a barn. The actors were not less diversified than the managers: some were dressed in the first style of fashion, others barely clean and decent, and a third class neither one nor the other. It was curious to observe the different characters of countenances exhibited by those who made engagements to their satisfaction and others who despaired of making any; the pompous declamations of the former, who, with hat askew and neckcloth nostril high, ever and anon applied a small switch to a shining hessian boot,

the room, and who appeared to pay great attention to the excellent manner by which PEREGRINE had

with a self-approving smile, which seemed to say, "Am not I the boy for a benefit?" when contrasted with the other, formed a lively picture of hope and despair, visible to the most casual observer; instead of the heart-cheering vinous juice, drank by the successful candidate, an humble half pint of porter, frothing in shining pewter, was the substitute; the hat too, with modest diffidence, sat straight and flat, nor dared show signs of impudent independence by wanton inclination to right or left; a black silk handkerchief met the closely buttoned waistcoat, whilst, with an air of dejection, unheeding the merry joke and cheerful song, the man of many parts, but few engagements, drew figures on the table in slopped porter, till roused by the president, with "Success to the Stage, gentlemen," he ventured to look up, and, sipping, drank the toast.

I had not been long seated, when a tall good looking, but shabbily dressed man, in years, came hobbling up the room, and bowing to each box, seemed perfectly acquainted with the company, he smiled, snapped his fingers with much vivacity, exclaimed, "Well, here I am, gentlemen, come to see you once more. Tom Gag's true to his time, you see; though the gout has nearly laid me up, I was determined to come—must have some of you—smacking salaries, and overflowing benefits—now's your time—Tom Gag's your man—shan't live to come another year—go out, some of these days, like the snuff of a candle—no matter—Finch, bring a bottle of wine—stop, that smells too much of the pocket—a glass of brandy and water will do."

This strange speech, delivered in a manner peculiar to himself, had a wonderful effect on the before desponding part of the group, whose eyes, ears, and attention were immediately placed on Tom Gag; hopes of immediate engagement, and good benefits, filled every countenance with lines of eager expectation; for as the moon is to the sea, so is the pocket to a man's countenance, the one ebbs and flows with the other.

To gain some information of this strange personage, I addressed myself to an intelligent looking man who sat next me. "What, sir!" he replied, "don't you know *Tom Gag?* I thought every theatrical person had either seen or heard of him! he is manager of the theatre royal at Lax Water: has accumulated a fortune by care and perseverance; and, though never a performer of any eminence himself, is a tolerably good judge of acting, and collects a company every summer capable of entertaining one of the most fashionable audiences out of London: he is a very clever fellow, and has the gift of

interested the persons present. On learning that Mr. PROTEUS was an actor out of work, they expressed

wheedling and talking the great folks into any thing. It was once his lot to be honoured by the presence of his Majesty at his theatre; Rosina happened to be the farce commanded, the part of Belville by Mr. Incledon; but Tom having unfortunately quarrelled with the lady who should have performed Rosina, she refused to make her appearance. In this dilemma the manager posted away to our good old Sovereign, who was ever easy of access, and being not only a clever sensible fellow, but the most impudent dog in the world, 'I am come,' said he, 'an please your Majesty, to crave your royal clemency in behalf of the actress who should have performed the part of Rosina this evening.'

"'What, what, an actress? What's her name? what's her name?'

"'Bunting, my gracious king.'

"'Eh! what—what—what? Bunter, Bunter? Bad name—very bad name.'

"'Your Majesty mistakes; I said Bunting.'

"'Oh, ay! Bunting—you said Bunting: well, what's amiss with Bunting?'

"'Why, please your Majesty, her son little Billy Bunting, as sweet a boy as ever was seen, has broke his arm, and the poor mother has been in fits ever since.'

"'Poor thing—poor thing: well, and what will you do for Rosina?'

"'Oh, the easiest thing in the world, if your Majesty will excuse it.'

"'To be sure—to be sure. What—what is it?'

"'Why, your Majesty doubtless knows that William and Phebe are the principal objects in the piece; and as Mr. Incledon will give us some of his best songs, Rosina will never be missed; or if she should, Mr. Shuffle shall dance a hornpipe in fetters, and that will make ample compensation.'

"'Eh! what? a hornpipe in fetters! that must be very funny: I should like to see it!'

"So *Tom Gag* persuaded the King that Rosina was of no use in the piece, and that a hornpipe in chains would answer the same purpose every bit as well."

By this time the ingenious manager of Lax Water had seated himself in the next box, with two or three theatrical sprigs, and another manager from a large commercial town in the north, whose name I understood to be *Tag*.

I had a full view of Mr. *Tag* from the place I occupied, and found him to be a clean, neat figure, dressed in the costume of

themselves ready to engage him without any further specimen of his talents, or recommendation to their

a country squire: but without any of the downright plainness that we are apt to attach to the conversation of such characters.

In dress and address he was the very reverse of Mr. *Gag*, and their mode of enlisting performers differed in every respect; for although *Gag* could wheedle with the devil, he had no chance against Tag's sophistry, who fairly ran down his opponent by a torrent of language that carried conviction, especially when he contended with a poor actor who wanted an engagement, and had sense enough to know half a loaf is better than none at all. This gentleman's character I learned from the intelligent person above mentioned; who added, "In short, sir, you hear he is now endeavouring to convince that young man that eighteen shillings is better than a guinea; and I'll be bound he will accomplish it, only listen." "The fact is, my dear sir," continued Tag, "you possess talent, and talent must be remunerated; the public know how to appreciate, and therefore the benefit is the object, and not the salary; at any rate, we should always endeavour to make our means meet our expenditure; for instance, if your salary only amounts to eighteen shillings per week, and eighteen shillings in the country, let me tell you, is a very pretty thing." "A mint of money," interrupted Gag, "not many years ago, the highest salary in my company was nine shillings." "Ay, that may be, Mr. Gag," continued Tag, "but your scheme, I humbly conceive, was then in its infancy; times are now altered, and I don't see how a performer can pay his way, and appear like a gentleman, for less than eighteen shillings a week. The salary you last received was a guinea, you say, and you could scarcely live upon it; but, my dear sir, look at the price of provisions, lodgings, every article of necessity, not to say luxury: why they are one fourth higher than with us; so that, deducting one fourth of a guinea, and your salary is reduced to fifteen shillings and nine pence; to say nothing of benefits, which, with us, are the sure reward of merit."

"All this is very fine, friend Tag," observed Gag, "but the matter is, will you come down with the ready? The lad has no money to carry him so long a journey; and unless you lend him some, he can't budge."

"Why the fact is, ours is but a bread and cheese scheme, and we have come to a determination to draw no monies from the treasury, by way of loan; so that in my professional capacity I am tied up, and, as a private gentleman, my fortune will not admit of it." "But mine will," replied Gag, throwing half a guinea on the table; "there, my fine fellow, that will keep you

notice. A quarrel had nearly ensued between them upon the subject, if Mr. *Quill* had not assured them

in bub and grub till you reach Lax Water; let me see, we open on Monday, to-day is only Thursday; you'll walk it in three days easily; thirty miles a day is nothing to a young man like you: I'll meet you there—you shall have a set part to open with—eighteen hog a week, and a benefit, which never fails; the natives will fill your pit and gallery, the visitors your boxes; and, at the end of the campaign, you'll have money in the bank, or say, *Tom Gag's* no conjurer; come, my service to you, and success to your benefit."

Mr. *Tag*, finding himself outgeneralled by this liberal offer of half a guinea, to carry a man ninety miles, with a sarcastic smile observed, "Why really, friend Gag, if I had offered the young gentleman assistance, it should have been something more adequate to the purpose. Can you conceive a person of his respectable appearance, and, doubtless, liberal habits, could travel ninety miles upon the scanty pittance of half a guinea? I confess I feel an interest in the gentleman; for, possessing a pretty good guess at character, I dare venture to say he will, one day, make an actor." The young man smiled. "Ay, ay," replied Gag, "a little flattery does well, but there's the stuff," pointing to the gold: "he can't live upon wind."

"Your pitiful offer, friend *Gag*," replied the other, "stimulates me to break a fixed rule between me and the gentlemen my partners:" then, taking a handsome purse from his pocket, he chose, from amongst many, a splendid guinea, and offering it, with a look of great condescension, continued: "The young gentleman shall not be stinted on the road; I shall expect to see him next Monday but one, and have not a doubt, as I shall make a point of putting him forward in his business, that, in a short time, he will be a credit to himself, and an honour to his profession." At the conclusion of this speech *Gag* burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, exclaiming, "Come, that's a good one!—I give half a guinea to bear his expenses ninety miles, and you generously offer a whole one to carry him upwards of two hundred. Come, we'll drink to my friend *Tag's* liberality."

The young man, after silently attending to this trial of generosity, rose up, paid his reckoning, and, with a spirit that did him honour, thus addressed the contending managers: "Gentlemen, I have been but a short time on the stage, but from the little experience I have had, I am sorry to say, that lack of liberality, almost amounting to parsimony, is the characteristic of a manager; whilst, like a drone, he feeds luxuriously on the honey provided by the industry of others, he

that PEREGRINE had made a previous engagement with Mr. *Up-to-every-body*, of provincial celebrity. "What have you done?" said PROTEUS in a low tone of voice. "Hush!" replied *Quill*, at the same time whispering into his ear, "I am too well acquainted with the characters of both of those gentlemen; it would be only jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; or, in other words, to make an engagement with either of those managers, it would prove to you a second and third edition of the *works* of Mr. *Screw*." "I would rather wait a twelvemonth," warmly answered PEREGRINE, "than be imposed upon a second time." "It is now getting rather late," said *Horatio*, "and we shall not be able to do any business to-night respecting an engagement; but I will write to my friend Mr. *Up-to-every-body*, at *Brilliant Shore*, the manager I previously alluded to, whose residence is at that fashionable watering-place, and I am quite sure, by what Mr. *Up-to-every-body* has heard of your abilities, that you may almost reduce it to a certainty in having an engagement at *Brilliant Shore* Theatre. Let us now retire.

is cruel and ungrateful enough to oppress the instruments that support him; nor feels one pang of remorse for having reduced his performers, by the poverty of their pay, to the necessity of committing actions which otherwise they would blush to think of." At the end of this speech he abruptly left the room, and we saw him no more.

When the generals found they had spun their thread too fine, and by that means lost their recruits, chagrin was visible in each countenance.

"He's not to be had," said Gag, in an audible whisper.

"The fact is," replied Tag, drawing up the muscles of his countenance into true managerical hypocrisy, "the fact is, my dear friend Gag, ours, as I said before, is but a bread and cheese scheme; and were we to give way to the feelings of our hearts, which I confess I too often do, for who can bear to see the distresses?—it won't do, friend Gag, I tell you it won't do. I'm an old soldier, and not to be had. We have failed in humbugging the lad; don't let us humbug one another." —*Itinerant.*

"In the course of a few days we shall have an answer; but in the interim employ your time to the best advantage: refresh your memory with all the principal characters you have acted; and endeavour to prepare yourself for an appearance before an elegant assembly, also excellent judges of theatricals, quite familiar with all the talents of the *London* STARS; in short, the inhabitants and visitors at *Brilliant Shore* may be termed a London audience at their ease, with more time upon their hands to be *critical* than when in town. But do not forget to look in at '*my Retreat*,' when I will show you my MS. of a new work I am about to give to the world, intituled 'THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.'" "Good night" was the word. PROTEUS retired to the house of his father, and *Horatio* to pore over some old book, or to add a page or two to his various manuscripts, if he felt himself inspired with the spirit of authorship.

Our hero listened with the utmost attention to every word of advice uttered by his friend *Horatio*; and the house of PEREGRINE'S father was converted by him into a place for rehearsal. It was here he ventured upon *new starts* for Hamlet; the dagger scene in Macbeth; and springing from the couch in Richard—

Give me a horse! bind up my wounds! etc.

Also dying *elegantly* in Othello! PEREGRINE was determined to practise himself in every character that he likely might be called upon to perform. *Octavian* was a favourite character with PROTEUS: he was extremely anxious to rush from the cave like a maniac; and he studied the above part with great severity. Don Quixote was likewise perused again and again, in order that he might be enabled to portray an original likeness of the lover of *Floranthe*, so beautifully drawn by *Cervantes*. The house was quite in an uproar with the *recitations*, *exits*, and

entrances of PEREGRINE, to the great annoyance of every person in it except PROTEUS's delighted mama, who now fondly viewed her son as a prodigy of learning, and who, she now assured herself, at some future day would become one of the greatest ornaments of the stage. His mother, however, was totally at a loss to know what PEREGRINE meant in roaring out, *Scanty Corner*, avaunt! Welcome, *Brilliant Shore!* Good night, Mr. *Screw!* Farewell for ever, *Miss Made-up!* Adieu, silver-toned *Miss Scream-out!* Exit Miss *Kick-her-heels!* PROTEUS is himself again! laughing heartily at the astonishment he had created in the countenance of his parent.

"By this time *Horatio* must have received advices from Brilliant Shore," said our hero; "and ourselves will pay a visit to 'the Retreat!'" On PEREGRINE'S seating himself under the *highly* classic roof of his friend, *Quill* informed him a letter had arrived from Mr. *Up-to-every-body*, offering PROTEUS a very handsome engagement, subject to one condition, that he must play *second* to the London stars, if required by the manager; "to which condition I flatter myself," said *Horatio*, "you can have no fair objection." "I will play *second* to any body," replied our hero with great ecstasy; "I am fond of rivalry. I am certain I can play with more animation when opposed to a man of great talents. To do every thing well should be the first object of every actor; and to make a *little bit* a GREAT PART shall be my study. I want to stand well with the audience in every character I perform; and it is my decided intention at present, *Horatio*, never to *walk* through any part because I may dislike it. O, it offends me to the soul to witness an actor throw cold water upon a trifling character which might have been allotted to him, on account of its being beneath his abilities. O, there be players that I have seen do this; and have heard the audience condemn them for such conduct, and justly too. Be it my

task, my friend, to remember that in every part I have to represent the public is my master: and from the highest to the lowest performers on the stage they ought all of them to recollect they are nothing else but the humble servants of the public."

"Bravo! excellent! well said, my PROTY," replied *Quill:* "but I hope when you are elevated to the top of your profession you will not think and *act* otherwise. Kings are not the same men as when princes; and situation in life alters the man: but be consistent upon all occasions; remember that without consistency you will be subject to severe reprehension and terrifying criticism. Your time is very short to prepare yourself for *Brilliant Shore:* I am compelled to be absent for half an hour; in the mean time amuse yourself with my THEATRICAL ANECDOTES till I return, when we will settle about your immediate departure."

PROTEUS opened the manuscript with great eagerness, when the following anecdotes presented themselves to his anxious eye in search of novelty:—

"APPROPRIATE COINCIDENCE.—When Mr. *Kean* paid a visit to Stratford a few years ago to view the house of Shakspeare, and also to view the tomb of our immortal bard, he put up at the largest inn in the above town. This hotel is distinguished for its numerous rooms; and over each door, at the time of the Jubilee, was affixed the name of every play written by Shakspeare. On the arrival of Mr. Kean at this inn, the waiters (a customary thing) asked their master into what room they should put the gentleman and his friend. 'Into King Richard,' quickly answered mine host. George Smith, who was in company with Mr. Kean, asked the landlord in private if he knew his guest. 'No, sir,' was the answer. 'It is rather a curious coincidence,' said Smith, 'as the gentleman I allude to is Mr. Kean.' 'Although it has occurred quite accidentally,' observed mine host (feeling now

very proud of such a guest) 'I am happy to say that I have *acted* so correctly my *part* without a prompter upon this occasion: but give me leave to tell you, sir, it is not the only singular coincidence which has occurred respecting these rooms; when the mayor and corporation of a certain place had been very officious, troubling themselves with affairs that did not belong to them; on their arrival at this inn, in the midst of great hurry of business, the same question was asked by the waiters, where the mayor and corporation should be placed? The reply was, "*Much Ado about Nothing.*"'"

"MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND, IS IT NOT? So says the song. Actors in general do not seem to think so, if we may judge by the few performers who have made fortunes by their profession, and who have also had great opportunities by the receipt of high salaries and overflowing benefits, to have become rich members of society. However a few[1] exceptions to the contrary may be found amongst the heroes of the sock and buskin. The inimitable performer of *Jemmy Blossom* a few years since, travelling from Liverpool to Birmingham, on his route for London, in having his luggage shifted from one coach to another, which consisted of numerous heavy boxes, the helper belonging to the *stage* coach felt rather displeased at receiving

[1] If report speaks true, Mr. JOHN JOHNSTONE, the celebrated performer of Irish characters, retired with a fortune of upwards of sixty thousand pounds. SIGNORA STORACE left by will forty thousand pounds. Mr. JOHN KEMBLE retired with a most handsome competency, and disposed of it with the liberality of a prince towards his relatives. One tenth part of the noble qualities possessed by that great lamented actor, the public have not been made acquainted with. Mr. Munden, it is also said, has left the stage under very easy circumstances. No actor, we feel quite assured, ever deserved popular favour, or greater reward, more than Mr. Munden. The comic muse turns aside to hide a serious face and drop a tear at the retirement of so inimitable a performer from the boards of the metropolitan theatre.

only sixpence for his trouble in lifting up and down so much luggage. On his perceiving the name of 'E. KNIGHT' on the brass plate, accompanied by the following initials 'of the T. R. D. L.'[1] the *cad*, after looking at the boxes for a little time, and scratching his head in a sort of surprise, exclaimed, 'T. R. D. L. if he's one of the T. R. D. L. I'll be d——d! either *night* or day; and I shouldn't wonder, after all his stingyness, if our bookkeeper, Jem, hasn't *shouldered* all of his *scaly* luggage for him. He's no T. R. D. L. I'm sure, I have been well treated by some of them ere gentlemen who belonged to that rich *consarn!*' JEMMY BLOSSOM laughed heartily at *Clodpole's* remarks, and in a theatrical style retorted, 'I believe its only *optional*, you know. No tricks upon travellers. It won't do, my lad. I's York.'"

"THE GREATEST PERFORMER OF HIS TIME.—During the period the elephant was employed in the procession of *Blue Beard*, at Covent Garden Theatre, Mrs. SIDDONS expressed a desire to the manager to look at the elephant some evening after she had finished her performance. On her retirement to her dressing-room after her delightful acting of Mrs. *Haller*, she felt terribly alarmed by a most hideous noise, which, on inquiry, proved to be the braying of the elephant. Mrs. *Siddons* had scarcely recovered from the effects of her fright, when the keeper of the animal knocked at her door, and informed her a convenient opportunity occurred that she might view the elephant. The TRAGIC MUSE, laughing immoderately (and when Mrs. *Siddons* did laugh, even in the boxes of the theatre, she had no control over her feelings, no country girl ever enjoyed a hearty laugh better), replied, 'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Keeper, for your politeness towards me; but I have *heard* the great performer, and that has quite satis-

[1] The initials T. R. D. L. are contractions used in writing for the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

fied *my* curiosity. I have no desire *now* to see him.'"

Horatio now returned to PROTEUS, the latter immediately put down the MS. and arrangements were made without delay by PEREGRINE for his departure to *Brilliant Shore Theatre.*

Although PROTEUS was out of pocket by his engagement with Mr. *Screw*, it ultimately turned to good account. Our hero had gained confidence by his *practice:* he also trod the stage with a more firm and dignified step; and appeared before the audience without anything like his former fears.

PROTEUS arrived at *Brilliant Shore* Theatre in high spirits; and Mr. *Up-to-every-body* received PEREGRINE on the most friendly terms. *Quill* privately had written a letter of recommendation to the proprietor of the house, and this letter had arrived before PROTEUS. *Horatio* had therefore paved the way for his flattering reception, in the most convincing terms, and pointed out the advantages which would result to the treasury if his promising talents had but fair play. Our hero, without hesitation, selected for his *début* Sir Edward Mortimer, in the Iron Chest. For so young a man, and so inexperienced an actor, the manager pronounced it a first rate performance. The audience likewise loudly applauded the exertions of the new performer; and the criticism in the Brilliant Shore Herald considered Mr. PROTEUS a valuable acquisition to the company. Everything now went on well with PEREGRINE: he was respected by all the performers; and tolerably successful in all of the great characters he personified. In Hamlet, his favourite part, he was received beyond his expectations; and his Romeo and Rover were likewise in high repute with all the ladies of fashion visiting *Brilliant Shore.*

Every new character which PROTEUS represented he not only gained more popularity, but increased the circles of his acquaintances; and amongst whom

was the dashing baronet, Sir HARRY GAYBOY. PEREGRINE had so completely established his fame as a promising actor, that he was considered to have nothing like a competitor in Mr. *Up-to-every-body's* company of comedians. But yet the *touchstone* of his *excellence* was to be tried by a more severe *ordeal* than PEREGRINE had hitherto undergone. One of the greatest *Stars* from London was announced to perform six principal characters at the *Brilliant Shore* Theatre; and the manager, to satisfy his own judgment, selected our hero to play second to the "*Great Creature*" from the metropolis. Difficult as the task was to execute, and of so terrifying a nature to a young actor, PROTEUS entered upon it with cheerfulness, and succeeded to the satisfaction of all parties. Our hero frequently divided the applause with the "*Great Creature;*" the audience acknowledged it; and the manager congratulated himself upon the valuable acquisition Mr. PROTEUS would prove to the treasury of his theatre.

The *London Star* was not only a "*great*" but a "liberal creature;" a man who had raised himself to the top of his profession by his sterling abilities alone, and who was also a great admirer of talents whenever they crossed his path. On quitting the *Brilliant Shore* Theatre, he took PEREGRINE by the hand in the most friendly manner, saying, "I cannot take my leave of you, Mr. PROTEUS, without thanking you for the attention you paid to your performances with me: and I have also to observe, that you only want a little more experience: there is good *stuff* in your composition; therefore persevere: cultivate the arduous duties of your profession with zeal and industry, and, without any sort of flattery, I have not the least doubt of your great success at some future period." This was a compliment indeed to our hero; such a compliment as PEREGRINE did not anticipate; and he valued it more than a purse of gold. It

raised his spirits to an unusual high pitch of cheerfulness; and in the ecstasy of the moment he gave vent to his feelings:—

> Why, now my golden dream is out!
> Ambition, like an early friend, throws back
> My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
> To tell me what I dreamt is true.

The above compliment of the "*Great Creature*" to PROTEUS was not kept a secret from the fashionable visitors at *Brilliant Shore:* it was not to the manager's interest that it should be kept a *secret*, as Mr. *Up-to-every-body* observed with a half-suppressed smile on his countenance (perhaps it was more of a *grin*) that it certainly was a "*Secret worth knowing;*" and if he was challenged with making a pun of it, Mr. *Up-to-every-body* hoped it might prove a rich one to him. PROTEUS's reputation of a rising actor was now consolidated: he became attractive; and Sir HARRY GAYBOY, in the most polite manner, gave our hero a pressing invitation to his mansion.

Sir HARRY GAYBOY was a young man possessed of a plentiful fortune, with a fine estate, abounding with every thing that his heart could desire, and with health and strength to enjoy it. The talents of the baronet were superior to most young men of fashion. He was passionately fond of theatricals: *Sir Harry* had likewise performed several times with considerable success, and almost every night showed himself behind the scenes of the theatre: neither was he refused access to the green room. The baronet was liberal in his patronage to actors in general; but he became much attached to PROTEUS. *Sir Harry* thought our hero a gentlemanly young man, a promising performer, and only wanting maturity and patronage to ripen his efforts into excellence. But the smiles of the baronet had nearly proved the overthrow of PEREGRINE: he became exalted above his situation in life, before he had arrived at years of discretion

[illegible] Engraved by Theodore Lane

The Green Room at Brilliant Shore Theatre. [illegible] in Hotspur. A palpable hit. A fine attitude, but rather too expensive for the Manager's taste.

to appreciate the friendship of *Sir Harry* towards him.

The baronet was viewed more as a *gay* than a bad member of society; and if he did not wish to appear all *perfection* before the eye of the public, he was nevertheless very anxious not to prove himself offensive either by his carelessness as to morals or his attention to manners in those circles with which he mixed in the fashionable world. But what might be looked upon as a mere *trifle* in the conduct of *Sir Harry*, a sort of circumstance perhaps not worth recording against the baronet, the generality of society would mark down as a crime upon the head of PROTEUS.

The company of the baronet gave PROTEUS expensive habits: a general invitation, without restraint, at the mansion of *Sir Harry Gayboy's;* the splendid dinners, enriched with every article the season produced, let the expense be what it might, with wines so rich and old as to challenge competition with any gentleman's cellar for twenty miles round the baronet's estate, completely altered PEREGRINE'S previous notions of mankind. Indeed such a sudden change was enough to have made a revolution in older heads than that possessed by our hero. The residence of *Sir Harry* was *luxury* personified to the highest extent of anticipation. It was only to ask to be gratified; so bountiful was the mansion of the baronet, stored with all the comforts of this life. To be seated alongside of *Sir Harry* on the box of his barouche, it was essentially necessary that PROTEUS should be well dressed, so as not to disgrace his patron; nay, it was only a compliment due to the baronet. But PEREGRINE instead of observing the habits of *Sir Harry* without attempting to *copy* them, *acting* upon a wholesome reservation that the baronet was a man of splendid fortune, and PEREGRINE PROTEUS nothing more than a poor player; a play-

thing in the hands of the public, elevated to the highest pitch of fame by their smiles; but suddenly changed from their frowns and neglect, to the lowest pitch of misery. Unfortunately, it is too often the case that mankind never look beyond the flattering moments of their existence. So it occurred with PROTEUS. He became a favourite all at once: the applause he nightly received on the boards of the theatre, and the praises which followed him when *off* of them, added to the splendid mansion of the baronet to visit as suited his convenience, left him now scarcely any time to study his characters, much less to reflect upon the consequences of a change in his circumstances. With *Champagne*, *Burgundy*, and *Claret* before him continually at the Baronet's, and introduced under the wing of SIR HARRY to excellent company, PROTEUS only looked forward to fame, fortune, and contentment.

Indeed so much was PEREGRINE in the confidence of the Baronet that he introduced him without hesitation to the "tender friend" under his protection —the FAIR ELIZA, or the "*Blue-eyed Nymph of the Mansion*," as *Sir Harry* in his romantic notions termed this elegant creature. This thoughtless step was the ruin of the "*Fair* ELIZA;" disjointed the friendship between the Baronet and PROTEUS for ever; and ultimately made them the bitterest of enemies.

It was not our hero's fault if his person was more handsome than his patron; and it certainly ought not to be viewed as a *crime* against him if he could read poetry with more feeling and judgment than the Baronet, and render sentences of love more intelligible to a female ear; also place himself in those elegant attitudes likely to attract the attention of the fair sex, which the dancing-master of *Sir Harry Gayboy* could not effect in his rich pupil. The *profession* of PROTEUS enabled him to become interesting and agreeable in all societies; and the talents of PEREGRINE

obtained for him a high character, more especially in the company of the ladies, as a companion of superior acquirements. But it is the opinion of men of the world, that where *confidence* is placed in an individual it ought not to be broken or dishonoured under any circumstances.[1] Be it so. If any extenuation can be offered for PROTEUS, it is said the lady made the first advances to our hero; and the "*fair* ELIZA" was, in spite of herself, distractedly in love with the handsome, elegant PROTEUS. PEREGRINE was no *Joseph Andrews;* in truth, he was more of a *Peregrine Pickle.* Indeed, it would have been much better for his character and future fame if he had been more *bashful,* less confident, and had paid greater attention to propriety: but friendship, patronage, and situation in life were all forgotten in the impulse of the moment, and the fault (the *crime*) was committed before he had time to reflect upon the serious consequences likely to result to him as a public performer.

Hitherto the only opportunities which had offered to PROTEUS and ELIZA of conversing together at the mansion, or in meeting each other in private, occurred by *stealth;* and were moments of disgrace, snatched as it were from the open and happy paths of honour. It is too true that significant *looks,* hypocritical *nods,* and *ungenerous* squeezes of the hands frequently

[1] The following curious *opinion* was promulgated a few years since by a celebrated well known sporting character, who lost his *mistress* by the introduction of his friend to her notice. He was so much enraged at the ungrateful conduct of his pretended friend that he complained bitterly of the transaction amongst all his acquaintances, and publicly declared, with great anger, "he would much sooner have pardoned the offender if he had run away with his wife." "My mistress," said he, "is a vulnerable point, with fellows who have no respect for love nor honour; but my wife is my legal property. If she is taken from me, I have my remedy at law, and may obtain *damages* according to the injury sustained, but I can have no redress when my mistress is stolen from me. Therefore men of *honour* ought to behave *honourably* to the mistress of every gentleman."

occurred between them in their accidental walks in the garden, or sometimes in the summer-house, where PEREGRINE read SHAKSPEARE and other popular works, at the desire of *Sir Henry Gayboy*, for the amusement of the "fair *Eliza*" and himself. The summer-house was delightfully situated; it was built upon an eminence, and commanded an open and extensive view of the ocean: it was of larger dimensions than buildings of this kind are usually made; but it was a favourite retreat of the Baronet's. No expense had been spared by SIR HENRY to render the summer-house the admiration of all who entered it; and taste, elegance, and art were conspicuous in every part of the erection; and numerous fashionable parties were frequently entertained in it by its most hospitable owner. *Sir Henry* and the "*fair Eliza*" had passed many pleasant days in this sweet retreat long before our hero had become known to them; and PROTEUS was likewise so much in raptures with the enchanting prospect from the windows of the summer-house that, with the approbation of the Baronet, he *studied* many new characters for the stage, while contemplating the beauty of the scene.

The obstruction to the wishes of PROTEUS and ELIZA was at length removed, by the sudden absence of SIR HENRY, and a *climax* to their violent passions brought about much sooner than might otherwise have been expected. The Baronet was compelled to leave the "*fair* ELIZA" for a short period, in order that he might superintend some alterations at Gayboy Hall, the seat of his ancestors, renowned for its antiquity. Gayboy Hall was situated at a great distance from *Brilliant Shore;* the alterations of which Hall could not be accomplished without the personal attendance of the Baronet. SIR HENRY was liberal in the extreme with his purse towards ELIZA. Her requests were never refused: she could not dress too elegant for the Baronet; and it was his pride to

hear it remarked, that he possessed not only one of the handsomest females, but also one of the best dressed women in the kingdom under his protection. SIR HENRY was no gamester; in fact, he had a most determined aversion to what is termed "*play*:" and therefore, with a princely fortune under his control, it was not to be reduced by a few expensive presents to an "elegant creature;" an extra carriage or two, for his mistress to ride in, whereby he might convince the *Beau Monde* that he was a man of choice and taste united. Different from other young men of fashion, his *income* was not to be overthrown at a single throw with the *dice;* yet SIR HENRY was distinguished for his *crack* pack of hounds, several fine hunters, and interested in the breeding of a few racers; but not conspicuous as a hero of the turf, or acknowledged as a betting man in the sporting circles.

Entertaining no suspicion against the "*blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion," SIR HENRY left her without offering the slightest restraint upon her conduct. The mansion was completely at her service; his servants at her command: in short, she was left to do as she pleased. Objections were not made against any visitors by SIR HENRY; and PROTEUS, the friend of the Baronet, and introduced by SIR HENRY to *Eliza* as a superior person, an entertaining individual, and a young man he was anxious to promote in life, of course was not to be refused access to the mansion, should PEREGRINE *accidentally* call, as a mark of his attention and politeness towards his patron, during the temporary absence of the Baronet.

The time of parting arrived when SIR HENRY left *Brilliant Shore* for *Gayboy Hall;* it was not *exactly* that kind of parting which is usually witnessed between the separation of an affectionate husband and a loving wife; but nevertheless it was that sort of an "*adieu*," which possessed some touches of nature attached to it. Upon all previous occasions ELIZA had betrayed

symptoms of uneasiness, lowness of spirits, and likewise appeared extremely anxious for the return of the Baronet. The mansion, she said, "was a splendid wilderness without the company of SIR HENRY;" the garden had also lost its charms—parading up and down *alone* was painful to her recollection; and as for the summer-house, so delightfully interesting and attractive to her feelings at all other times when animated by the presence of the Baronet, seemed to *Eliza*, during the absence of her dear admirer, she observed, "little better than a place of solitary confinement." Her wishes when the above expressions were uttered were truly sincere; and the Baronet at those periods being her only object of attention. He was her protector, her friend; nay, her support: and if LOVE could not be balanced in the account of her affections, yet *gratitude* found a place in her heart, as a small return for the numerous rich presents which had been profusely bestowed upon her by the liberal SIR HENRY GAYBOY. But a revolution had taken place in her feelings; unfortunately for the *blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion she had seen PROTEUS, and the Baronet appeared towards her in a different situation. She took her leave of SIR HENRY in the usual way; and endeavoured to express great sorrow at his departure; and with a tone of voice, that defied even a doubting person, observed, "I hope, SIR HENRY, you will soon return;" but in the secret movements of her heart she could scarcely smother her joy at his absence. It was ELIZA'S first appearance in the part of the *Hypocrite;* and the poet who has so beautifully described the *fidelity* of woman would have been deceived by her appearance of attachment and love:—

> ———————There is
> A self-devotedness in woman's heart
> That has no place in man's. A man may love—
> Ay, yield his life, his fortune, as the Roman

[illegible]G THE ACTI[illegible] TO THE WORD. — *Interior of an [illegible] contiguous to the Theatre (i.e. Barn) Mr.* [illegible] *carrying it on thick to the Companion of PROTEUS inspecting the* [illegible] *GRINE and ha[illegible] [illegible]ivina talents as an actor.*

> Once gave the world for his Egyptian queen,
> The dark-eyed beauty—but not his faith;
> Gentle, confiding, tired with chance and change,
> Yet still the same, vowed to the grave, the absent,
> And to the false. There is but one such love!
> Yes—man can leave his heart's religion, turn,
> And kneel apostate to some novel creed—
> But WOMAN *never.*

PROTEUS also wished the Baronet a pleasant journey—shook his hand, and bade him farewell in the character of a *friend*.' Perhaps it might be much better and far more correct to observe, that our hero took leave of his PATRON with all becoming politeness necessary upon such an occasion than to pollute the sacred term of *friend*. In matters of love, Shakspeare asserts there is no *friendship* between man and man:

> Friendship is constant in all other things
> Save the office and affairs of love:
> Therefore all hearts in love *use* their *own* tongues;
> Let every *eye* negotiate for itself,
> And trust no agent. BEAUTY is a witch,
> Against whose charms *faith* melteth into blood.

The carriage rolled over the ground at a rapid pace, the Baronet gave a nod and smiled as the last acknowledgment of his sight towards ELIZA and PROTEUS; the blue-eyed nymph waved her hand in returning the compliment to her friend and protector; and PEREGRINE made a formal bow, as the last salute, to his patron. The Baronet was soon out of sight; and he was almost as soon out of the minds of PROTEUS and ELIZA. They now only *thought* of each other; every thing else seemed as it were totally banished from their recollection. It was the duty of PEREGRINE to have attended the theatre, a rehearsal having been called for a new piece; but PROTEUS preferred the expense of a forfeiture, and also the resentment of the manager Mr. *Up-to-every-body*, for such neglect, than to quit the company of his fascinating companion, the beautiful ELIZA.

The *gallantry* of our hero would not permit him to suffer her to return to the mansion *alone;* and therefore he attended ELIZA to the residence of SIR HENRY with an air of confidence he had never before attempted. The appearance of PROTEUS at the mansion created no surprise in the minds of the domestics; and as he was their master's "particular friend, Mr. PROTEUS, the great performer," he was well received by all parties. Our hero had made great progress in the affections of the family towards him; "*orders*" for the theatre frequently distributed among the servants had produced the desired effect; by which means he had become as great a favourite at the mansion as he was at the playhouse. The domestics of every description were all eager to wait upon and please Mr. PROTEUS; and the condescension he displayed at all times to grant them "*orders*" had completely won all their hearts. The above sort of *gifts*, which cost PEREGRINE nothing, were extremely valuable to him, on account of the scantiness of his purse, to reward the exertions of SIR HENRY'S servants; but his "*paper*"[1] passed in its peculiar

[1] If the above kind of "*paper*" does not possess the *softness* or the sterling value of the GREAT HOUSE, near the Exchange, it nevertheless has a number of attractive and soothing qualities attached to it. "*Theatrical paper*" has been frequently known to *silence* many a harsh tongue; and also to change the looks of an angry creditor; or, to resort to a vulgar phrase, it has stopped "his mouth" when the treasury of the manager has been too empty to discharge an account. The introduction of an "*order*" into the most domestic house often changes the routine of business in an instant: the "good woman" will put by her washing, delay her ironing, leave her household affairs until the next day, in order to make herself *smart*, to be in *time* at the theatre. The lover who procures an "*order*" for his sweetheart is generally received with a double welcome; and even the cold propriety of "*mama*" has been subdued by a gratuitous admittance to the playhouse, and accompanied her child to the theatre, when she has previously complained of the expense of paying for her daughter going to the play. "ORDERS" to an actor, in some theatres, are almost of as much conse-

circle with all the sterling currency attached to it of a Bank of England note upon the Stock Exchange. It was always acceptable; and never refused. On this account nothing was too good for Mr. PROTEUS at the mansion; attention to his requests were not thought troublesome; and the servants almost fell over each other in their hurry and assiduities to answer his bell: in short, it might be said of our hero that he was quite at home, and possessed as much importance as if he had been in reality the *major domo* of the house. The butler, who had heard many of PEREGRINE's funny tales and anecdotes, which had set the table in a roar while standing behind his master's chair, *uncorked* the oldest and richest wines in the cellar to please his palate and ingratiate himself in the good opinion of Mr. PROTEUS. The footman also, who had seen and admired our hero's performance of *Tom* in the "Conscious Lovers," took the dust off of his clothes with the softest brush he had in his collection, to prevent injuring the *nap*, or putting PEREGRINE to the expense of a new coat, very different from the manner in which he used the wearing apparel belonging to the wardrobe of his master, and ran of his errands unsolicited, to show his respect for Mr. PROTEUS. The old fat cook likewise took great delight in dishing up all the nice things in her power—PEREGRINE "was such a nice man—he played my *Lord Duke* so well, so much like a gentleman." The chambermaid did all she could for him in setting out his room to the best advantage, and placing the finest napkins for his use. "His *Archer*," said she, "is so lively, and he makes love

quence, in a pecuniary point of view, as his salary. Without *orders* to accommodate their friends, performers can never make a good benefit. Persons who receive *orders* from actors are bound by a sort of *tie* to purchase tickets, when the night of the performer is announced for his advantage. We believe it was the origin of *orders*, that ultimately they should be turned to good account.

so natural, that I could see him in the *Beaux Stratagem* one hundred times without being tired." The housemaid, Betty, although not required, and contrary to her situation, would, whenever an opportunity offered, run to the door to answer our hero's knock, in order to show her attention and politeness by dropping a curtsey to the interesting Mr. PROTEUS. The groom, *Jem*, was also determined not to be behind hand in his respect towards our hero; and the horses, when ordered out for a ride, were ready always to a *second*. And *Evergreen*, the gardener, jealous of all the attentions paid to our hero by the numerous domestics belonging to the establishment of SIR HENRY, let no opportunity pass of introducing himself to the notice of the "great play actor," as he termed our hero, behind his back, to prevent being overlooked, by presenting him with some of the most beautiful flowers in the garden, and also in sending up to table the choicest fruit in the garden for the *dessert*. The *summer-house* had never been taken so much care of at any other period as it was now Mr. PROTEUS condescended to rehearse some of his characters in it, and *Evergreen* used frequently to pop in and out, as it were by accident, he was so delighted to hear some of the fine speeches and view the starts made by our hero.[1] The dairymaid, *Peggy*,

[1] It has been remarked of the late celebrated GEORGE COOKE, that in the most early part of his theatrical career, according to his contemporaries, he was considered not only "studious and perfect, but a correct actor!" and was particularly fond of reading, though not attached to any particular class; and it is observed, that however bad the subject of his perusal might be, still he went through with it. It also appears that he was rather given to solitude, and taking long walks for days together, studying his characters—that he kept a journal, or common-place-book; and, besides noting the trifling events which occurred respecting himself, he found time to comment upon several works of celebrity, independent of dramatic compositions, that among a great variety of other remarks, the following appears:—"Many of those who performed with me were not only

the *Cowslip* of the mansion, whose ears were continually ringing with the praises of Mr. PROTEUS by all her fellow servants, on seeing our hero was equally

imperfect in the words, but very ignorant of the character. It is common for many on the stage to say they have STUDIED a character, when they even know not what the expression means; their *utmost* idea of studying being to obtain a knowledge of the author's words. In all ranks and professions there are doubtless many whose genius or abilities are not suited to the situation in which they move, and the stage certainly has a great share. It is grievous to behold the higher classes of society represented in a play by those whose utmost stretch of abilities does not qualify them to appear as their attendants. There are actors and actresses, and some of them in what are called respectable situations, who are not only destitute of the embellishments of education, but are absolutely incapable of reading their native language." He was also an enemy to private theatricals, and related the following ancedote with great pleasure: — Mr. Garrick, having been invited to a play performed by lords, knights, honourables, and ladies, he, with all the delicacy of a gentleman, sat, not only patiently, but expressed his approbation to the nobility and gentry who surrounded and attentively observed him. It was "very well," "very well," "ah! very well, indeed," "very fair," etc. At length, in a subordinate character of the piece, all the great parts having been duly distributed to the great folks, a provincial actor, unknown to Garrick, made his appearance, who had been hired as a kind of drill sergeant. As soon as Roscius saw him and heard him speak, his eyes were fixed, and, without thinking of the inference, he exclaimed, "Ah, ah! I see they have got an actor among them." Mr. Cooke's method of studying a character was, by writing it out and *underscoring* each word that required a peculiar EMPHASIS, and of adding the *appropriate* action required. Such was his plan with *Sir Pertinax*, *Iago*, *Richard*, *Octavian*, etc. etc. that upon revising his manuscript, he might occasionally improve it. It is not meant to be urged that he was an actor of intense *study*: far otherwise proves to be the fact; but his perception was superior to most other actors, and he seized the image intended to be portrayed with a strength of mind unequalled; if his portraits were not of the most refined taste and excellence, they were pictures of real life, the result of a sound and correct judgment. He was not a copyist, however he admired what was chaste and eminent in other performers, but turned it to good account in himself, detecting the artifice of the stage, when contrasted with the pursuits of human nature.

prepossessed in his favour, "as one of the handsomest fellows she had ever seen;" and although at an humble distance, and scarcely any chance of throwing herself in the way of Mr. PROTEUS to procure an *order* from the "play actor;" yet to keep pace with the attentions of the old cook and the chambermaid, in order to obtain notice, she skimmed the "great pan of the dairy" to send up for the breakfast of our hero the richest cream under her care. Indeed, it was a theatrical house altogether. *Sir Henry Gayboy* was enthusiastically devoted to the stage, and an amateur actor of considerable talent. In *private* he had obtained applause to the very echo; but nevertheless he resisted all the flattery of his friends and the solicitations of country actors to appear at a public theatre. In his refusals to show himself before the public, he declared that he had not courage enough to stand the test of criticism, and he was also determined to escape the shafts of ridicule. The "*fair Eliza*" had likewise a great *penchant* for the drama; and she, like her friend and admirer, had portrayed several characters as a private theatrical with considerable effect and judgment. Three or four plays had been got up at the mansion under the direction of PEREGRINE, in which SIR HENRY and *Eliza* had sustained the principal characters; and since which period a sort of *mania* had prevailed throughout the family in favour of the stage—like master like man.

The *absence* of the Baronet had exceeded his proposed time by a fortnight, yet the month passed away like a few minutes. PROTEUS scarcely thought of any thing else but the *blue-eyed* nymph of the mansion; and ELIZA was so enraptured with the company of PEREGRINE, that SIR HENRY might have been absent for ever without a sigh escaping from the lips of his elegant mistress, so much had our hero gained the ascendancy in her affections.

PROTEUS was all admiration in listening to the

silver-toned voice of ELIZA whilst accompanying herself on the piano-forte, an instrument on which she excelled; and no expense had been spared by *Sir Henry* in his selection of masters to render the "*blue-eyed nymph*" a proficient in the science of music. In every other polite accomplishment the Baronet had been equally attentive and liberal towards Eliza, and could his pride have stooped to have given her a legal claim to his affections, she was a creature so attractive in her deportment and manners, as to have proved an invaluable companion to the most finished scholar and well bred gentleman in the kingdom. It was a kind of *delirium* to PROTEUS, partaking more of a *romance* than real life, the mansion, the gardens, the servants, and the mistress all anxious to please him, operated so strongly upon his feelings, that, at times, he almost rubbed his eyes to ascertain the reality of the scene by which he was surrounded. It was of too intoxicating a nature to last long:—

> There violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
> Which as they meet consume.

It was a complete personification of the garden scene in Romeo and Juliet between our hero and Eliza; without any opposition to their wishes. No cruel father appeared to interrupt their meetings; no angry mother was heard to chide her to her duty; and a limping old nurse out of the question, as a go between, to convey messages from one to the other. The time flew away like lightning. The blue-eyed nymph played and sung the most popular airs to please PROTEUS; and our hero, to prevent any thing like *ennui* or dulness on his side, never failed to introduce anecdotes, embellished with elegance and ingenuity, well calculated to interest and captivate the fair *Eliza*. Scenes from plays were often rehearsed between them, and the beauties of Shakspeare a per-

petual theme of their discourse. In fact, so much attention did our hero pay to the "blue-eyed nymph of the mansion," that he received several unpleasant notes from the manager complaining of his neglect to his professional duties; and that a more rigid attention to rehearsals was absolutely necessary. The notes from Mr. *Up-to-every-body* would have had but little effect upon the feelings of Mr. PROTEUS, who had of late "crept so much into favour with himself," had it not been for the sudden return of the Baronet. It was like an unexpected storm on a fine day; but luckily for *Eliza* and PROTEUS, *Sir Henry Gayboy* entered his residence without the least suspicion of the improper visits of our hero. PEREGRINE was at the theatre performing the part of Lord Hastings, when he unexpectedly had the following laconic note put into his hands on entering the door of the green room by the call-boy.

"DEAR ROMEO,—I was on the point of setting out for the theatre, when I was surprised by the unexpected return of Sir H——. I have not time to say more. Be circumspect; but call to-morrow.—From yours only, JULIET."

PROTEUS thanked his stars, on placing the note in his pocket-book, that he had been so lucky, and his fair Eliza so cautious to prevent him running into danger, if not an exposure at once, had the Baronet caught them *tête-à-tête* together. It had been the usual custom of *Sir Henry* to send a letter to *Eliza*, formally announcing his intention of being at the mansion, as a signal that every thing might be got in readiness against his arrival; therefore the blue-eyed nymph, when *Sir Henry* caught her in his arms, and saluted her vermilion lips, expressed her surprise at the omission. Her confusion was great; but the Baronet having no suspicion that he had a rival, or one who

had supplanted him in the affections of the fair *Eliza*, did not perceive it.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlook'd the white walls of his HOME,
He stopp'd—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our *hearts* back to their *starting post*.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
A female family's a serious matter;
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter);
Wives in their husbands' absence grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory, and two or three young misses
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,
And that his Argus bites him by the breeches.

If *single*, probably his plighted fair
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;
But all the better, for the happy pair
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care,
As cavalier servente, or despise her;
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
Write ODES on the *inconstancy of woman*.

It was not long before the Baronet discovered an alteration in the behaviour of his hitherto fascinating mistress towards him; all at once she became *cold* and regardless of his attention; indeed, art was useless; and she could not disguise her feelings. The splendid equipage of the Baronet, which had so gaily conveyed her over the fine downs near *Brilliant*

Shore, and in which she was once so fond of showing her fine person, and the delight of her leisure hours, now stood at the door of the mansion waiting for her with as much indifference as if it were a coal waggon; and the mansion and gardens, to her mind, were as dull and insipid as if they had been uninhabited, if PROTEUS was not present upon all occasions. SIR HENRY complained to the *fair* ELIZA of such treatment; but illness was the excuse she pleaded for her *apathy* towards the Baronet.

SIR HENRY was aware it was *deceit*. The Baronet was quite satisfied in his mind that illness was not the real cause of her disorder; and he shrewdly suspected that some dashing rival had supplanted him, during his absence, in the affections of ELIZA. He was also well aware that several of his acquaintances, fashionable young men in the higher walks of life, would not have been very *nice* about such an attempt to seduce her from his *protection;* nay, triumph, if not laugh at him, in obtaining such a conquest. The immensely rich NABOB of the "*golden isles*" had been long tempting her to quit the Baronet, SIR HENRY having intercepted letters to that effect. But the NABOB had left England for Italy three months previous to SIR HENRY quitting *Brilliant Shore* for *Gayboy Hall*. Therefore in his mind he acquitted the NABOB not only on account of his departure for Italy, but more especially as the Baronet had ascertained completely to his satisfaction that the person of the NABOB was disgusting to the feelings of ELIZA. The NABOB had received a flat denial to all his insulting offers. But several other "*great* men" had likewise fallen into the same error of the NABOB, in making proposals to the *blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion: and among the number the most flattering was from

Young BULLION, a son belonging to one of the *props* of the Bank of England, who was so much *taken* with the charms of the *fair* ELIZA, on viewing her fine person

at Brilliant Shore races, that he was determined, at all events, to introduce himself to her notice. Young BULLION was an only child; and, by the sudden death of his *papa*, he became possessed of an immense property; indeed, so much ready *cash*, with landed property and estates, if properly divided must have made *fortunes* enough for six sons. He was young, inexperienced, and, according to the steady part of mankind, had not arrived at "years of discretion." His valet, "*insinuating Tom*," therefore, was instructed without delay to learn every circumstance belonging to the *fair* ELIZA; who she was; where she resided, etc.? The valet, to young BULLION, was a sharp clever fellow; and in managing an intrigue, either in commencing an attack, or in breaking off a connection, he was equal, if not superior, to any gentleman's *gentleman* in the kingdom. The story was soon told—the *fair* ELIZA was under the protection of SIR HENRY GAYBOY, Bart. "I am richer than SIR HENRY," said young BULLION. "I must have her; I cannot live without her; I am over head and ears in love with the *fair* ELIZA. I never before in the whole course of my life saw a female that has made such a violent impression on my feelings. I will offer her a *carte blanche*. And if you, Tom, can only procure me an interview, you know my liberality, and calculate upon a round sum of money for your trouble; therefore set about it quickly. I am all impatience, till I know the result." "An interview, my dear master," replied Tom, with an air of self-importance, "is certain. When did I ever fail in any affair of love that I undertook to accomplish?" But *insinuating* TOM, with all his contrivances and dexterity, was *foiled;* all his attempts to procure an *interview* had failed; and TOM was reluctantly compelled to own to his "dear master" that young Mr. BULLION had not the slightest chance of changing the opinion of the *fair*

ELIZA in his favour. The "notes" of young BULLION were full of fine sentiments, professing an unalterable attachment to her person, and that the whole of his immense property should be at her disposal. But his epistles were returned with indignation. *Young* BULLION was surprised and hurt in his feelings, and his pride mortified beyond description at the refusal. "She is not *come-at-able*" said Tom, after a great deal of argument between him and his master on the subject while he was helping him to dress. "Why not, TOM?" "I understand," said this adept at intrigue, "from the servants of SIR HENRY, whom I have sifted to the very bottom, that the *fair* ELIZA is surrounded by every thing desirable in this life; and the Baronet is liberal towards her, even to profusion: therefore, sir, I am sorry to say, on your account, that success is against us." "I will not be thwarted," replied young BULLION in a rage. "I will spare no expense to gain the *fair* ELIZA; and I do not despair but, ultimately, my purse will enable me to carry off the prize. You rascal, you were not used to be so dull, nor so lazy at former periods in my service. I perceive how it is; I must seek another valet—a servant that will do every thing I desire." "Indeed, my dear master," with an *affectation* of sorrow, and in a pitiful tone of voice, urged Tom, "I never exerted myself so much before to serve you; and believe me, sir, all that exertion, ingenuity, and stratagem could effect to procure an interview with the lady has been adopted in vain. But you may depend upon it, my dear master, that the *fair* ELIZA is a female vastly superior to all the other *ladies* I have been employed to wait upon on your account. There is no comparison—she is loftiness itself. I had no trouble at all with Miss Mary * * * *; if you recollect, sir, we had it all our own way: the gold watch and diamond pin were arguments not to be overcome.

Miss *Honeysuckle* too surrendered without any difficulty: the beautiful Indian shawl and rich pelisse were so extremely handsome, and so persuasive in appearance, that words were not required from me to give you a *character!*" "A *character* did you say, TOM?" answered Mr. BULLION with surprise; "why you really are the very essence of impertinence!" "I meant not the slightest offence, my dear master," observed *insinuating* TOM, with a smile on his countenance; "but rest assured, sir, that a master requires a *character* as well as a servant, if he means to succeed with the fair sex. Then the *character* I always give you, my dear master, is that you are one of the most generous men of the age; a dashing, gay, elegant fellow, and good natured to a fault. That you are also the richest man in the world; your park is as large and as beautiful as the king's; your estates so numerous in all parts of England, that I cannot tell half of them if I have not the book of roads at my elbow; and your town house a perfect palace, so large and so splendidly furnished, as to have nothing like it in London; your carriages for taste and workmanship give the lead to fashion, and are viewed as the models for all the first whips in Hyde Park; your stud of high-bred cattle without competition; with three of the best packs of hounds in the kingdom; a great connoisseur in pictures; passionately fond of music; and the kindest-hearted man to the ladies that ever lived. With a great deal more I have to urge behind your back; but now, my dear master, as I am in your presence, if I went on any further, I am afraid you would think I was *flattering* of you, sir, and that you know, Mr. BULLION, I detest." "You are an *insinuating* fellow, Tom, I must admit; but I am very angry—I have a right to be angry with you, that you have not succeeded in your mission better with the *fair* ELIZA. You must have another

trial, Tom. I am determined not to give up the pursuit yet," said young BULLION. "Well, sir, you have only to give the word of command," replied Tom, "and I know it is my place to obey. But, my dear master, you ought not to forget my services in the difficult, nay, I may say almost hopeless case, with Miss *Penelope Scrupulous*. I was quite an orator upon that occasion in your behalf; I wish you had heard me, sir. I almost persuaded myself I was telling the truth in removing her doubts, and lulling to sleep all her fears. I shall always remember the hard work which I had before I could procure her consent to listen to your violent passion of love for her, and the benefits you were so anxious to bestow on Miss *Penelope Scrupulous*. And then, my dear master, you know how I was harassed in going backwards and forwards, morning, noon, and night, to Miss * * * *." "Hush! you rascal," replied young BULLION, "through your mistake my life was almost the forfeit. Was I not nearly shot in my escape over the garden wall? You must not proceed in your recital of these affairs; if any person overheard you, they might look upon me as bad as *Blue Beard;* and you know, Tom, I have a great regard for my reputation." "I must admit the fault was mine in not being at my post under the window in the garden," said Tom; "I acknowledge it with sorrow, and beg pardon for the mistake; but then, sir, as a sort of balance in my favour, did I not make up for it in getting rid of all the ladies for you without their ever troubling you afterwards. By my dexterity I got *good* husbands for two of them, and *pensioned* off the third; and now, my dear master, through my exertions, you are once more a single man, and without any encumbrance." "Yes, Tom, I am *single*, it is true," answered young BULLION with a sigh; "but the *fair* ELIZA is so continually in my thoughts, both day and night, that I have almost made up my

mind to give up my liberty, and offer her my hand, if she would consent to leave the Baronet, and permit me to restore her to an honourable place in society. I may be laughed at for my folly; and I have little doubt I should be *sneered* at by many of my dashing acquaintances; but I am sure the *thinking* part of society would applaud my conduct." "I am afraid, sir," said Tom, apparently *agitated* that he might lose his place, "you are not well. Pray do not have anything to do with the *thinking* part of society; I am quite certain you will never be well if you wish to be serious. It is only poor people that have any occasion to *think;* they must *think* how to procure a livelihood: but gentlemen can spend their time so much better. *Thinking* people, my dear master, are seldom happy: if you get into that mood, lowness of spirits will follow, and you will never be comfortable any more; your faithful Tom will then be of no use to you; I shall also lose an excellent master, you an invaluable servant, and the world be deprived of one of its *richest* ornaments. You must have advice, my dear master, before it is too late. Therefore let me beg of you to *think* no more of ELIZA: there are a thousand more beautiful women to be met with in the world than the proud, scornful, haughty, and after all nothing more than a kept ——. There is the handsome Miss Lucretia * * * * just arrived at *Brilliant Shore*, ——" "Hold your insolent tongue immediately," rejoined young BULLION, "or I will knock every tooth in your head down your throat. Never you mention the name of the *fair* ELIZA in my presence again with disrespect, or that moment will be the last in my service, and your reward shall be, kicked out of doors without any ceremony. I love her to distraction; and, in spite of the advice of my friends, I am firmly resolved she shall be mine; and before I retire to rest this evening ELIZA shall be in possession of my offer."

Young BULLION however cooled a little upon the subject; *matrimony*, at all times, had been rather a stumbling block to his feelings, but with a woman who was in *keeping* with another person, almost made him mad when he reflected on the consequences of such a connexion. He was determined, at all events, to have an interview with the *fair* ELIZA; and what his cunning valet could not obtain by stratagem, chance ultimately threw him in the path of the blue-eyed nymph of the mansion. He waylaid the house, and closely watched every avenue that led to it, when at length the long wished for opportunity presented itself. He met ELIZA early one morning, on her return from bathing, and he made a thousand apologies for his abruptness; he complained of her cruelty towards him, in sending back his letters, declared the violence of his love for her, proposed that she should make her own terms of settlement, and hinted that if her conduct answered his expectations, in a short time, he would give her that title which would make her a happy woman through life. The *fair* ELIZA expressed her indignation at the rudeness and insolence of his proposals; but when he mentioned that she might become his wife, her anger was softened into good nature, and she candidly declared, that her attachment was fixed upon another person. And splendid and generous as the offer he had made her, she must refuse it. ELIZA begged that Mr. BULLION would give himself no further trouble upon a subject which was quite at variance with her feelings, and also that she might never more be interrupted in her walks by his conversation, nor broke in upon by his letters at the mansion. Young BULLION was about to press the matter with great ardour, when the *blue-eyed* nymph of the mansion hastily took her departure, leaving Mr. BULLION more mortified than ever in his pride, and compelled to give up the pursuit. So strongly

was the blue-eyed nymph attached to Mr. PROTEUS. The *Nabob*, with all his diamonds, appeared little else than a fool in her eyes; and young BULLION, although a fine young man, with numerous accomplishments to second his great wealth, in the opinion of the *fair* ELIZA, had not a single chance in opposing PEREGRINE without a single shilling at his command.

The company of SIR HENRY GAYBOY now became displeasing to ELIZA, and the once attractions of his riches had lost their effect; nay, so much so that his attentions towards her were considered painful and distressing to her feelings. ELIZA endeavoured to conceal her emotions, to prevent any thing like suspicion on the part of her protector; *restraint* was therefore necessary; and when PROTEUS was of the party, she appeared only polite towards him, as an acquaintance of the Baronet's. But every opportunity was embraced between PEREGRINE and ELIZA to meet together unobserved; and the *blue-eyed* nymph of the mansion concerted a thousand schemes that they might meet in private to prevent detection. Unfortunate ELIZA! Inconsiderate PROTEUS! Blind to their own interests: yet, instead of avoiding it, plunging, as it were, heedlessly into misery and wretchedness.

The *fair* ELIZA was truly miserable, her attachment to SIR HENRY was annihilated; PROTEUS uneasy, and dreading of detection in his amour with the Baronet's mistress; and SIR HENRY vexed, unhappy, and full of suspicion. The mansion appeared not the same house; the gardens were seldom entered by any of the parties; and the summer-house totally neglected. The Baronet was determined, if possible, to find out the cause of this change; but he had not the slightest suspicion that PROTEUS was his formidable rival, and the person who had stolen the heart of his mistress. PEREGRINE was very distant in his

behaviour towards ELIZA, through fear, when in the presence of the Baronet; and the *blue-eyed* nymph polite, as usual, but cautious in the extreme. The above *trio*, which had been distinguished for its superlative harmony before the absence of SIR HENRY, was now, on his return, completely out of tune. *Discord* was in attendance to wait upon the company; and *Jealousy*, in the back ground, ready to break forth with all its dreadful resentment and horrors.

SIR HENRY, like most other young men of fashion, viewed, in the first instance, the *fair* ELIZA as his *property*, a kind of *purchase*, and an article of *furniture*, in fact, a sort of elegant appendage to his fame and establishment. He considered himself a little *fond* of her; but as to any thing like *regard*, he had never taken any trouble to ask himself a single question on the subject. But the *fair* ELIZA, under his protection, had become a great attraction amongst all the fashionable male visitors at *Brilliant Shore:* in the country, the Baronet had no scruples in showing himself in her company, but SIR HENRY would not permit ELIZA to make her appearance at his residence in town. His mansion in the country was his retreat; or rather, it was a residence selected for the privacy of himself and ELIZA, to pass the summer months without the interruption of visitors. SIR HENRY all at once was afraid he should lose her; the praises bestowed upon her beauty and accomplishments by all his male friends, and the change in her conduct towards him had operated more seriously upon his mind than he had ever anticipated would have been the result. Whether his pride was lessened, or that he had been a stranger to a *regard* which had secretly hid itself at the bottom of his heart, of a more serious nature than he was willing to acknowledge, is not of much importance to ascertain, but he became low spirited, fretful, and restless on account of ELIZA. But the hereditary

notions of SIR HENRY GAYBOY prevented the *fair* ELIZA, nay, positively forbade her being acknowledged by any other title, even at his retreat, than his *mistress*. His family was ancient, and his boast of ancestry was a distinguished feature in the house of GAYBOY. Family pride, therefore, like a rock unmoved by the elements, fixed him to an unalterable point. As his *mistress*, ELIZA had been his idol; but as LADY GAYBOY, it never crossed his mind: yet the mere thought of losing this lovely creature, whom he had induced to look up to him for protection, after the great expense and pains he had himself taken to improve her person and education, hurt his mind more seriously than he wished even to avow to himself in private.

There was no apology necessary for the Baronet's fondness for the blue-eyed nymph of the mansion, as it was the general opinion of all those persons who had a sight of her person, that a kind of fascination, or spell, was attached to her character. Her frame was truly elegant, her face more than handsome, nay, it was beautiful, her manners captivating, her address prepossessing, with a softness of tone that never failed to interest all those individuals whom she addressed. The dress of ELIZA was profusely rich, yet she was always attired by the hand of taste.[1] Her conversation brilliant

[1] Notwithstanding the license allowed to poets, and admitting all that beautiful description of *Lord Byron's Haidee* to be correct, PROTEUS insisted that the *fair* ELIZA was equal to *Haidee*, if not a superior female altogether.

> HER brow was overhung with coins of gold,
> That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
> Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
> In braids behind; and though her stature were
> Even of the highest for a female mould,
> They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
> There was a something that bespoke command,
> As one who was a lady in the land.

and witty. She also possessed a cultivated mind; fond of reading, and a great admirer of the drama. In disposition good natured and unassuming, full of spirits, and lively without romping or wantonness. ELIZA had been *deceived*, or, more correctly speaking, betrayed into the hands of the Baronet. The *blue-eyed nymph* had not been taken from the *dregs* of society; and her elevation was not entirely owing to her pretty face. Her parents were respectable; they had reared ELIZA to a better and a more honourable situation in life, and they had to lament over the *ruin* of a sweet girl, and the loss of a child that otherwise might have proved the comfort and pride of their hearts, and the joy of their old age. She was *decoyed* from their habitation, homely, perhaps, but honest and respectable; she had been also

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, the lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadows lies
Deepest attraction; for, when to the view
Forth from the raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheeks' pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary—
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done;
I've seen much finer women ripe and real
Than all their nonsense of a stone ideal).

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

seduced by the Baronet from the paths of virtue, and at the moment he contemplated her loss, he felt keenly the immense injury he had done the *fair* ELIZA, in spite of his high situation in life, and surrounded with splendour. He might likewise reflect, the numerous vicissitudes[1] the blue-eyed

[1] The *vicissitudes* of the "*blue-eyed* maid of the mansion" brings to our recollection the dashing career of splendour and misery of a once celebrated actress. For a number of years the theatrical heroine alluded to was the toast of her day; but, like the fate of all other characters of a similar description, she ultimately was reduced to distress and oblivion. If the *protectors* of young ladies were seriously to reflect upon the following sentence, delivered by *Peregrine*, in the comedy of *John Bull*, perhaps the saloons of our theatres and the streets of the metropolis would not be so thronged with unfortunate females.

"Poor lovely, heart broken innocent! Oh! wealthy despoiler of humble innocence! Splendid murderers of virtue! who make your vices your boast, and fancy female ruin a feather in your caps of vanity; single out a victim you have abandoned, and in your hours of death contemplate her; view her care-worn, friendless, and penniless; hear her tale of sorrow, fraught with remorse; her want, a hard world's scoffs, her parents' anguish; then—if ye dare—look forward on your bosoms, and see if they be conscience proof by your own thoughts!"

"Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway!"

A female whose talents claimed the attention of their late majesties, and at whose particular request she sat to ZOFFANY to have her picture taken in an attitude and situation which had afforded much pleasure to those royal personages, and from which likeness a print was afterwards engraved, and had a most extensive circulation. Such a distinguishing mark of royal patronage could not fail of extending her fame throughout the *great* and *little world;* and, in one word, this favourite actress became the *ton!* Her beauty was the theme of all ranks, and, though an unusual thing in the opinions of her own sex, yet it was universally admitted by them that she was "*very pretty.*" When this compliment was acknowledged by the ladies, the gentlemen of course would be in unison with the assertion, when all hearts at the time were beating high only to obtain *a smile* from this beautiful *fair one.* Happy was the individual who could obtain the slightest inclination of the head from this

nymph of the mansion might be compelled to undergo in her career through life, and to bear in his

truly fashionable creature in public; and it was viewed as one of the most *important* circumstances to a man of gallantry to be thus noticed, as it was thought to give him notoriety. A duke, distinguished for his *penchant* towards the ladies, who endeavoured to resist the effects of time and the infirmities of age, introduced himself to this fascinating siren: his visits to her house were frequent—and often did his GRACE *grace* her carriage in public, and considered himself an envied creature in the delectable pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* as they drove through the fashionable throng of the park.

But this "gay female" had outstripped all her competitors in being the idol of her time: indeed, so generous were her numerous gallants towards her, that each of them tried to outvie his fellow in making her the most extravagant presents. One sent an elegant barouche and four fine horses; in fact, a complete set-out; a second, a fashionable travelling post chariot; a third, a phaeton; a fourth, a curricle; and a fifth, a single horse chaise: and her presents in jewellery, the amount of which in value was enormous. Indeed, so highly flattered was this actress, that her extravagance knew no bounds; and she was at length doomed to meet with a little interruption in her splendid career. The heroine that had enraptured royalty, who had also been the *bosom friend* of dukes, the *tender companion* of lords, the attraction of honourables, the *toast* of baronets, the gaze and admiration of the passing crowd, and in the lofty strain of the poet,

> Not under heaven so strongly doth allure
> The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
> As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
> Great warriors of their rigour to repress;

added to that *seducing* auxiliary the charms of a sweet voice: yet all her qualifications united could not prevent the intrusion of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*. The above heroes, although belonging to the *Catch* Club, were not to be amused, flattered, caressed, or sung out of their purpose. The scene was most wofully changed! The dear creature who, a short time previous, was continually being *supplicated*, *requested*, entreated, persuaded, and a thousand other soft sayings, now to be threatened (insolent, ungentlemanly intruders!) that if her purse could not answer the demand, her person must. That delicate hand too which had so often been pressed in the most gentle manner, accompanied with the remembrances of Abraham Newland, in

mind that the origin of her misfortunes was to be placed to his account:—

> The traveller, if he chance to stray,
> May turn uncensured to his way;
> Polluted streams again are pure,
> And deepest wounds admit a cure;
> But WOMAN no *redemption* knows,
> The wounds of HONOUR never close!

The Baronet was upon the alert in watching the movements of ELIZA; and, although he had not communicated his suspicions to any person, he was certain the *blue-eyed nymph* was daily deceiving

so generous a way to this lovely fair one—now to be subject to the *rude grasp* of a bailiff—and hurried away from the *lolling sofa*, the dazzling mirror, and the comforts of the *drawing-room*, to become the inmate and participate in the *horrors* of a "*lock-up-house!*" and left to reflect on the instability of human grandeur, and the ingratitude of mankind. Cruel reverse of fortune! But a fine opportunity of experiencing the touchstone of the friendship of those persons who had so frequently offered to lay down their lives and fortunes to have served her; and likewise pointing out the attachment of those *very ardent* admirers WHO COULD ONLY EXIST IN HER PRESENCE, now were all too much engaged even to come and *see* her, instead of interesting themselves to liberate this volatile poor creature from her confinement. A subscription was however opened at the principal houses in St. James's Street; and, notwithstanding it was supported by six dukes, two marquesses, one earl, fourteen lords, two honourables, three generals, one admiral, one baronet, and three M——s, the *astonishing* sum from those *liberal* characters, who had made such professions in the days of her prosperity, amounted only to three hundred and ninety-six pounds. Much more might have been raised, it is asserted, had it not been for the severe animadversion of the most celebrated orator of his time, and not distinguished for his morality or propriety of conduct, who declared, if her distress was true, it was only what she richly merited; but that he conceived it to be a trick and an imposition on her friends; and he hoped she would be sent to Newgate! This severe if not just remark, coming from so public a character, operated like an extinguisher upon their feelings; and it was *then* discovered to be WRONG to support a woman of her description.——Such ultimately was the fate of the "blue-eyed nymph of the mansion."

him, in spite of his vigilance to ensure her detection :—

> No; to be once in doubt,
> Is—once to be resolved.—
> I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
> And, on the proof, there is no more but this—
> Away at once with love or jealousy.

Sir Henry now felt, from his uneasiness and state of mind, that he had more real *regard* for Eliza than he wished to own, and he could not, in the words of *Othello*—

> Whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
> To prey at fortune.

The Baronet was in and out of the house continually: and every person who came to the house on business Sir Henry was determined to ascertain who sent them. Proteus did not call upon the Baronet so often as heretofore; but Sir Henry entertaining no prejudice against our hero, it was not noticed. However it was not long before the Baronet discovered his rival; it was accidental: Eliza, in hastily pulling out her handkerchief from her *reticule* on quitting the room in which the Baronet was seated, dropped the following note, which was intended for our hero, and to be sent to Peregrine by a confidential messenger the first opportunity. The rage and indignation exhibited by Sir Henry on reading of it exceeds description.

"My dear Proteus,—It is the last note you will receive from me while I am under the roof of Sir Henry Gayboy. I am wretched and miserable. I cannot lead this life another day. The deceit I am compelled to use towards Sir Henry hurts my feelings more than I can express. I am not an *hypocrite* in disposition. If I am discovered, I know the hasty temper of the Baronet, and I shall be turned out of

doors with disgrace; therefore I shall to-night, if possible, leave the mansion without suspicion; and, if not interrupted, be with you at the appointed place. I hope you will be in attendance to receive me. Remember, my dear PROTEUS, I have resigned every thing on your account: but I am sure we shall be happy together. I never *loved* the Baronet: I was decoyed from my home under false pretences: but I will not be any expense to you, as it is my intention to make an attempt on the stage, and under your tuition and the object of my affection, I have no doubt, in a short time, I shall become a tolerable actress. You, PROTEUS, have often flattered me while rehearsing together in the summer-house; and I trust I shall soon be able not only to convince you, but the world, that I have some talents for the stage. I will not exceed eight o'clock; the evening will then be dark. Do not fail to be at the appointed spot.—From yours, and yours only, ELIZA ——."

SIR HENRY could scarcely restrain his impetuosity, and he almost flew into the room where the *blue-eyed* maid was reclining on a sofa, unconscious that she had lost the above note, and of the occasion of the fury with which he entered her apartment. "So, madam," said SIR HENRY, holding the note up to her eyes, "this is the cause of your pretended illness. This is the return for all my love and liberality towards you! This is the *gratitude* and attachment you show to me for purchasing this mansion for your residence; and this is also the reward for the use of a carriage and servants to wait upon you. This ——," almost choked with rage, continued the Baronet, "and with a fellow too beneath my contempt, one I cannot take my revenge upon as a *gentleman*.[1] But I will ruin

[1] SIR HENRY might not be aware in his *passion* that he was making use of an expression likely to be *quarelled* with, if not bring the whole of the theatrical world upon his back. The

his prospects at the theatre, and my influence shall soon drive him off the stage at *Brilliant Shore*. Nay, my vengeance shall pursue the presuming, ungrateful rascal further; and as for you, madam, the sooner you quit the mansion the better, lest in my rage and passion I might use a violence towards your person, which might tend to disgrace me as a man."

ELIZA, almost fainting with fright at the rage displayed by the Baronet, but at length relieved from her embarrassment by a flood of tears, said, "Spare your reproaches for a short time, SIR HENRY, and hear me speak only a few words, before I quit your presence for ever, and then reply if you *dare*." This last expression was uttered with an emphasis, accompanied by a sternness of countenance, that almost electrified the Baronet. "You have, SIR HENRY, boasted of your love, riches, generosity, and the splendour you have lavished on my person; and also taxed me with ingratitude and deceit in return for your kindness. It is true, I have imposed upon you respecting Mr. PROTEUS, but with no other individual; I can swear that I have denied all entreaties, and refused numerous presents. But, SIR HENRY,

term of a *gentleman* belonging to the T. R. is generally allowed to performers: and it is also the usual mode of inserting in the bills of the day, when any first appearance is announced, "by a GENTLEMAN." There is also a peculiar department among the *children of Thespis*, designated as "the *walking* gentlemen:" and the phrase of *profession* is likewise attached to the character of an actor, in speaking of him as a "*professional man*." It is too true that the VAGRANT ACT has not been repealed against performers; and in this most enlightened period, when so much courtesy, common sense, and good feeling exist in the general habits of mankind and intercourse with society, it is a pity, if not a disgrace, that such a *barbarous* statute should be suffered to remain on our law books, against so pleasing and extensive a *mirror* and instructive a school as "*The* STAGE!" But PROTEUS, when SIR HENRY called him a *fellow*, did not belong to one of the Theatres Royal, and perhaps "*that accounts for it.*"

who deceived me? Who decoyed me from my home, my parents, and every thing that was dear to my feelings? Who has ruined my *character* in society? Who drew me aside from the paths of virtue, under the most solemn professions of honourable attachment? And who has blighted my prospects through life? Do not pause for an answer. I will make the reply for you. Let the world be made acquainted that this most great and honourable achievement belongs to SIR HENRY GAYBOY, of Gayboy Hall. Likewise bear it in your recollection, sir, that although you *stole* my person, you did not gain my heart. I love PROTEUS: and if you are mean and pitiful enough to hurt that young man in his profession, I will expose all the arts practised by yourself and those of your agents in forcing me away from the dwelling of my father. PROTEUS did not, like you, SIR HENRY, *seduce* me from my duty; and it was not his fault that I became attached to him. I was ignorant of the ways of the world: I was too young and innocent to be proof against the snares laid by you, SIR HENRY, to entrap me to your purpose. Had I not thus been treated by you, I might have held a respectable situation in life. I hope my poor father and brothers will yet be able to make you repent of your conduct towards ELIZA. Whatever may be my fate, whatever ills may be in store for me, I shall attribute all my misfortunes to SIR HENRY GAYBOY. You, sir, have nothing to complain of in my quitting your residence; and happy had it been for my peace of mind if I had never entered it. If riches had been my object, I could have *sold* myself over and over again to several of your worthy friends and acquaintances: and had I been base enough to have assumed an affection that I had not, I might have become the wife of Mr. BULLION." The *blue-eyed nymph* was quite overcome at her own recital, and compelled to give vent to her grief by an overflow of tears. "This is the last time,

SIR HENRY, that I shall be in your company; and I sincerely hope that I may never meet with you again. I shall, now we understand each other, instantly take my leave."

The Baronet, long as he had been acquainted with the *fair* ELIZA, had no idea that he possessed so great a treasure, a female with such a superior mind. SIR HENRY GAYBOY was seriously affected at her tale, which she told so artlessly and with so much firmness. He stood motionless for a few seconds; but on ELIZA attempting to leave the house, he caught hold of her hand, and in a tone of voice which bespoke his real feelings upon the subject, said, "Foolish, romantic girl, stay! only promise me in future that PROTEUS shall be forgotten, every thing shall be passed over in oblivion, and all shall ——." "Never! SIR HENRY! my mind is resolutely made up to quit the mansion; and if the *highest* offer in your power was laid before me for my acceptance, it should not thwart my intention. I now, SIR HENRY, take my leave a few hours sooner than my original intention, in consequence of the note which has fallen in your possession." ELIZA, almost with the rapidity of lightning, flew to her dressing-room, and, without further ceremony, with only a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, quitted, with a quick but agitated step, the mansion for ever.

SIR HENRY seemed riveted to the spot: he was lost in thought; and several minutes elapsed before he regained his former self-possession. It was the first time in his life that his feelings had been so *acutely* touched; his pride also had never before been so completely mortified, and his splendid situation in life treated with so much contempt. He rang the bell violently and inquired for ELIZA; but none of the domestics had seen her for the last half hour. Her apartments, the gardens, and the summer-house were all instantly searched in succession; but in vain: the *blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion could not be

found. Confusion reigned throughout the family. The *secret* was discovered. The fair mistress of the dashing Baronet had eloped from his protection. Whispers were soon afloat from the highest to the lowest domestic in the house as to the cause of such an abrupt departure; but the servants had not as yet obtained the name of the individual who had created so much unhappiness to the Baronet. "It is impossible!" exclaimed SIR HENRY GAYBOY; "she cannot be gone! ELIZA would not thus have left me; she could not have proved so unkind. It is nothing more than a mere stratagem to try the extent of my affections towards her person; and I am determined to see what the effects of another interview may produce. I will—I must find her out." The servants of the Baronet were immediately sent in pursuit of her, and to induce the *blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion to return if possible; but at all events to ascertain the route she had taken, and the house in which she had made her place of residence.

ELIZA had so much the start of her pursuers that the servants of the Baronet, notwithstanding their activity, and the dread of SIR HENRY'S displeasure, were compelled to return to the mansion without the desired effect of their journey. Nothing could exceed the rage of the Baronet at this disappointment of his wishes; and in giving vent to his passion he threatened to discharge the whole of his servants on account of their neglect. But SIR HENRY became more calm upon the subject after his irritation had subsided; yet he appeared extremely anxious his domestics should improve every opportunity to learn the retreat of the once *blue-eyed maid* of the mansion.

The *fair* ELIZA, notwithstanding her rapid departure, could not resist turning round to take a last view of the mansion which she had left with such precipitation. Her eyes were filled with tears at her peculiar situation; and the sight of the summer-house

occasioned the most painful sensations in her bosom: that summer-house in which she had spent so many pleasant interesting days in the company of the Baronet before PROTEUS had changed her opinion; and it was also in that delightful retreat where the attractive talents of our hero had imperceptibly become the master of her heart. The *blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion had been tempted by the grandeur of the establishment, and cruelly betrayed by the promises of SIR HENRY to become the mistress of his residence, which she had quitted with disgust on account of her unconquerable love for PROTEUS. The situation of ELIZA was very peculiar; nay, perhaps, a most uncertain one: her sensibility was excessive; and her contending passions rendered her trial extremely severe. The *fair* ELIZA could not retrograde; and she had no alternative left but to seek the protection of PROTEUS. Her first object was *Brilliant Shore*, where she procured lodgings without the least difficulty; and ELIZA lost no time in sending the following note to our hero at the theatre.

"DEAR PROTEUS,—I have left the Baronet for ever. It may be a rash, a wrong step on my part, I must admit, if *interested* motives had been my only object; but LOVE has no discretion: and you, dear PROTEUS, will not find fault with me, I am sure, on that account. Disguise is not now necessary; therefore I sincerely sign myself, — Yours, and only yours, ELIZA."

"P.S. The bearer of this note will inform you of the number of my residence, if you wish it, which for a short time must remain a secret."

Although the above note flattered the vanity of our hero by his obtaining a conquest over the person of

ELIZA, yet it rather *unhinged* his performance of *Romeo* for the remainder of the evening, when he reflected on the danger attached to such a connexion: but, nevertheless, the gallantry of PROTEUS prevented a moment's hesitation, and, with his black-lead pencil, he returned the following laconic answer:—

"MY DEAR ELIZA,—On the dropping of the curtain I will be with you.—From your admiring
"PROTEUS."

This hasty step of ELIZA in quitting the *protection* of the Baronet, with merely giving him a slight notice of her intention, his being totally unprepared to give her a reception, added to the detection of his amour with the *blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion by SIR HENRY GAYBOY, operated upon the feelings of our hero like a clap of thunder. The firmness of PEREGRINE was put to the test.

PROTEUS was now in a terrible dilemma: he was fully aware of the overwhelming influence of the Baronet as a private individual; but as a public performer he dreaded the result, should SIR HENRY GAYBOY be revengeful, and be disposed to drive him off the stage. But that was not all. What was to become of ELIZA? This was a question which involved our hero in great difficulty: he could not satisfactorily give it an answer. Sincere affection for ELIZA, PROTEUS had none; it was a mere piece of gallantry on his part, and he thought, like most young men, it was a feather in his cap to be singled out by a fine and beautiful young woman. To hand ELIZA about, and to be envied by his companions flattered his vanity. But when the *blue-eyed maid* looked up to him for support; when he was well assured she had lost her *situation* and left the Baronet on his account, the *perspective* created some terrors in his mind: the colours of the picture were

changed; and all the hitherto beauty, elegance, attraction, softness, and interesting manners of the *fair* ELIZA, which our hero had expressed with so much rapture, were now dismissed in an instant, and he began coldly to reason with himself on the imprudence of his conduct. "My passion," PEREGRINE exclaimed, "my passion has prevailed over my judgment; and I have ill-treated my patron!" PROTEUS also found out that he was not rich enough to keep a *mistress;* his salary likewise was not good enough to keep him out of debt; and to make her his wife—"O no, no, no," said PEREGRINE, with a deep sigh, "that is impossible. If ELIZA possessed the splendid fortune of the Baronet at her own disposal, that title I could never allow her to take. My *mind* will not let me. But nevertheless I cannot be ungenerous. I will not behave unmanly towards the *blue-eyed nymph* of the mansion. We have both been in error."

Such was the *soliloquy* of PROTEUS during the interval of changing his dress; and also endeavouring to "make himself up" as the very picture of propriety to meet the *fair* ELIZA, in order that he might be enabled to *reason* with the *blue-eyed nymph* on the best plans to be adopted for their mutual welfare; and our hero flattered himself he had formed such strong resolutions that nothing could divert him from his purpose. But on his entering the apartments of the *fair* ELIZA, and once more beholding her beautiful face, her fine form, fascinating manners, and lively address, the *strong* resolutions of PEREGRINE were in a very short time completely banished from his recollection.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When as the moonbeam that trembled o'er thee
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes;

Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us, never, never more to part,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
Never, never more to part.

Although the *fair* ELIZA had left the mansion in such haste, and with nothing more than a shawl to cover her shoulders, yet she had not forgotten her purse; and her *reticule* also contained jewels of considerable value, which were deposited in a small compass. The *blue-eyed nymph* was no stranger to the circumstances of our hero, and therefore she informed PEREGRINE of her resolution of adopting the stage as a profession. She also wished PROTEUS to fix upon a character best suited to her talents, in which she might make her *début* upon the boards of the *Brilliant Shore Theatre*. Our hero, who was afraid of the resentment of the Baronet towards him, and the influence of his large circle of friends, if ELIZA should make an attempt to appear in public under his tuition, with much difficulty PEREGRINE ultimately succeeded in prevailing upon the *blue-eyed nymph* to give up all thoughts of the stage till a more favourable opportunity offered itself of success.

The caution of PROTEUS, however, was unnecessary. SIR HENRY GAYBOY, upon ascertaining the fact that ELIZA had left him to become the partner of a player, felt determined in his anger to expose the conduct of PROTEUS; but, upon mature reflection, he became so disgusted at the noise which this amour had made amongst the gossiping fashionable parties at *Brilliant Shore*, and himself held up to ridicule, that he retired to Gayboy Hall to rusticate for a few months until this affair had entirely blown over.

That little but important word in society, called *economy*, was unknown to the *fair* ELIZA; it was also a phrase she had never heard made use of at the mansion of SIR HENRY from one end of the house to

the other: and it was likewise a *sentence* so rigid in its nature to comply with, that PROTEUS, to prevent any trouble, passed it over with the utmost indifference. The habits of ELIZA, under the protection of the Baronet, had rendered her extravagant; and PROTEUS, by keeping company with men of fortune, had imbibed such high notions of living, that any thing like *rule* or calculation was out of the question. His intimate acquaintance with SIR HENRY GAYBOY had plunged him into difficulties almost too great to be surmounted; but his connexion with the *blue-eyed nymph* tended very soon to put a period to his career at *Brilliant Shore.*

Time passed away pleasantly, and PROTEUS and ELIZA appeared like happy beings destined for each other. But all things have an end. Expensive lodgings, extravagant living, gay parties, both habited in the highest style of fashion, and partaking of every amusement and species of pleasure which were offered to their notice, as if their income had been equal to SIR HENRY'S, ultimately brought anxious tradesmen round their dwelling for payment. The *purse* of PROTEUS was the worst article belonging to his wardrobe; and to keep a *cash box* to lock up his money was too mechanical and too tradesmanlike for his capacious ideas. But *dun* after *dun* became importunate, angry—and, in fact, would not leave the house till some answer was given to their repeated inquiries for payment. The address of PROTEUS was prepossessing, indeed it was insinuating; and he talked of his "great benefit" with so much plausibility, and with such an air of confidence, that the receipts of which would not only satisfy all their claims, but leave a considerable surplus behind for his own use, accompanied by an ORDER or two popped into their hands for the theatre, softened the tone of his creditors, who consented without any reluctance to put off their demands till the day after his benefit had

taken place: and they retired on the promises of PROTEUS, that all his debts should then most punctually be discharged.

The salary of PROTEUS, by comparison, was merely a drop of water to the ocean towards paying the expenses contracted by this "gay pair." ELIZA's stock of cash was nearly exhausted, a supply was not to be had, and a few ornaments which graced her elegant frame were the only articles left to keep the wolf from the door. But PROTEUS not only flattered himself, but also endeavoured to persuade the *blue-eyed nymph* that the receipts of his benefit would liquidate all the demands against him. ELIZA would have parted with her dresses, trinkets, or any property in her possession to have made PROTEUS comfortable and happy; and in company with PEREGRINE she would have contended against the chilling blasts of poverty without a murmur or a sigh; indeed, she had become so passionately fond of our hero, that whenever PROTEUS was out of her sight she was low spirited and wretched in her mind. Not so with PEREGRINE.

> Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
> Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

And the conduct of PROTEUS verified the assertion of the poet to its utmost extent. As ELIZA grew more attached to our hero, he became more *cool* in his attentions towards her person; and at length felt quite tired of any thing like restraint which the *blue-eyed nymph* appeared to possess over his actions. He sought the charms of other society; the conversation of ELIZA had lost its wonted effect; and, by degrees, PROTEUS absented himself for hours and whole days from her company. All *tender* remonstrances upon this subject were useless; even the melting tears from her brilliant eyes proved of no avail; and her once fascinating tongue was now

painful to his ear. The disposition of our hero was completely changed towards the *blue-eyed nymph*. He viewed her as a kind of *clog*, a heavy load upon his shoulders, which operated as a bar to his exertions, and might injure his future prospects in life. PROTEUS became cross, irritable upon the slightest word; and, during their quarrels, in the whirlwind of his passion, he found fault with her conduct in quitting the residence of the Baronet, and condemned it as a rash, thoughtless, and foolish step. "It was far from my wish that you should have left SIR HENRY," said PEREGRINE, in a violent tone; "I did not request you to quit the mansion; do not lay it at my door: and it will be strange to me if you do not ere long find out the folly of your undertaking." A dagger plunged into her lovely bosom would have been far more welcome to her feelings, than that such cold, ungrateful, upbraiding sentences should have escaped the lips of our hero. "Cruel PEREGRINE! ungenerous PROTEUS! was it for ——" exclaimed ELIZA, when her lips faltered, her face changed to a pale hue, and she fell prostrate on the floor quite motionless. PEREGRINE was alarmed for the safety of ELIZA; nay, he thought she was dead. He rang the bell loudly for the landlady, and called out for assistance. By the soothing attention of the woman of the house, aided by some powerful restoratives, the *blue-eyed nymph*, after several minutes had elapsed, recovered in a small degree from the effects of her swoon; but her whole frame was in a state of tremor, and she shook as violently as if she had been labouring under the influence of an ague. ELIZA thanked the landlady for her humanity; but begged of her to retire, as she felt herself in a great measure revived by her assiduity, and did not stand in any further need of her assistance. The woman of the house took her leave without knowing the cause of the illness of the *blue-*

eyed nymph, so much fortitude and pride did ELIZA possess under all the distressing circumstances of the case. PROTEUS was greatly agitated, and much embarrassed by this unexpected event, and for a short period his feelings experienced the most violent emotions; but nevertheless his *heart* was not sincerely touched; it was the dilemma by which he was surrounded, and the difficulties he might have to encounter which operated more upon his nerves than the real cause of the affliction which his conduct had occasioned towards the *blue-eyed nymph*.

The landlady had scarcely retired from the apartment, when ELIZA was again overwhelmed with hysterics, until she was relieved by a flood of tears. On regaining her self-possession, the *look* she fixed upon our hero was enough to have penetrated his very soul. "PROTEUS," said she, the tears trickling down her beautiful cheeks, "you have almost broken my heart. I have perceived your *coldness* towards me for some time past; and I am now convinced my company is not only tiresome, but become disgusting to you. However it shall not be so long, ungrateful PEREGRINE!" Here ELIZA was so much affected as to be scarcely able to proceed—"It will be a severe trial to leave you, I must admit: I acknowledge it with candour; and I declare it with heartfelt grief. Although you have reproached me with leaving SIR HENRY, I do not reproach myself on that account. Unhappily for me I admired your talents, and became attached to your person: to be happy with you was all my aim, believe me, PROTEUS, it was my only object; and I flattered myself that I perceived *sincerity* on your part in return. How have I been deceived! I have found out my error too late. The LOVE was all on my side: yes, cruel, unfeeling PROTEUS, I am compelled to repeat that the LOVE was only on my part, and your professions nothing more than *deceit*. To return to SIR HENRY,

if the Baronet solicited me, I would not, the whole of his immense fortune, rest assured, could not tempt me from the course I am about to adopt: and to seek a refuge in the dwelling of my parents I dare not think of—to look them in the face is utterly impossible. I have, therefore, only one resource left, and I will embrace it without reluctance. Never again will I place any confidence in mankind. PROTEUS, I will no longer be the cause of your anger. I will not put it in your power again to reproach me with my *fondness* for you. I am, I ought to be ashamed of my weakness; but after all, it is no great *honour*, PEREGRINE, to boast of your having triumphed over a defenceless girl. I will quit this roof to-morrow morning; nay, this night, if possible. I will put an end to my troubles without delay, I am determined. I cannot ——" ELIZA, almost frantic, sprang towards the door, and would have rushed into the street, if our hero had not caught her in his arms. In this situation the tears of the *blue-eyed maid* dropped plentifully on the cheek of PROTEUS, and he endeavoured to soothe her anguish with the most conciliating accent his *flattering* tongue was master of. He also entreated ELIZA not to let her passion so far prevail over her better judgment; and to consider the mischief which must ensue to them both, if she did not curb her temper. "I cannot control *my* feelings," said the *blue-eyed nymph*, sobbing dreadfully, "PROTEUS, I have no disguise about me. It is too late now to *coldly* calculate upon a subject in which my heart is so deeply involved. *You* can *calculate*, I perceive." Our hero was confused, ashamed, and quite at a loss to reply. In truth, PEREGRINE wished for a *separation;* it was his interest to *separate* from a connection in which nothing else but ruin stared him in the face, and an end to all his ambitious views in life; but he also wished to quit the company of ELIZA in a manly

manner, if such a plan were practicable. To *reason*, or to enter into an argument with a woman in *love*, PROTEUS was well aware his time would be thrown away; and to attempt to defend his conduct towards ELIZA he could not. His situation, therefore, was far from an enviable one; and it required the greatest art in the world to extricate himself from his present difficulty. PEREGRINE was not bold enough to tell the truth to ELIZA, like *Richard* did to Lady Anne, when she asked of that monarch—

> What have I done? What horrid crime committed?

To which Richard replied:—

> To me the worst of crimes; outlived my liking.

But PROTEUS was not so candid in disposition: he endeavoured to gain time for his purpose, and with a few kind words and some little attention towards the *blue-eyed nymph*, he so far succeeded in appeasing her anger as to obtain a promise that she would not leave him till a more favourable opportunity occurred, so great was the influence he still possessed over the feelings of this truly interesting, but unfortunate girl. Our hero did not attempt to press ELIZA to change her opinion, but on the contrary, with much plausibility, he said, "If I might advise ——." The *blue-eyed nymph* immediately interrupted him, "Do not talk of *advice*, PROTEUS. Only recollect our meetings in the summer-house, the garden, the picture gallery, at the mansion, and then ask yourself if you can give *advice*. No, PEREGRINE, I do not want your advice. My resolution is unalterable. I shall leave you for ever, and I trust with firmness. A few struggles more, and my departure is accomplished." Our hero was confounded at the superiority which the *blue-eyed nymph* displayed over him, and he remained silent. A few days, however, decided the point at issue between them.

ELIZA was continually in tears; and no remon-

strances on the part of PEREGRINE could raise her drooping spirits. PROTEUS was equally miserable and unhappy. Without cash; living entirely upon credit; and *dun* after *dun* continually knocking at the door for the most trifling payments, on whom the sound of a *benefit* had not the slightest influence whatever.

PROTEUS paid considerable attention in getting up the various novelties announced for "his night," and which occupied a great portion of his time at the theatre. During which period the *blue-eyed nymph* prepared for her departure. She packed up her wardrobe, which had not increased much under the *protection* of PROTEUS, that she might be off at a minute's notice: and ELIZA also had privately secured a conveyance without the least suspicion on the part of PEREGRINE. During one of the mornings our hero was occupied at a rehearsal she left her lodgings unperceived by the woman of the house; and upon the return of PROTEUS to dinner, instead, as usual, of meeting with ELIZA, he found the following letter on the table, directed to him:—

"DEAR PROTEUS,—I thought I should have been able to have taken a formal leave of you; but I have since found out that such a parting would have been impossible. I cannot master my feelings. I have therefore taken this method of informing you of my departure, and likewise of my future intention. You have been unkind, nay, ungrateful to me; but I forgive you. I have to blame myself in the *first* instance; and, perhaps, I have deserved the treatment I have met from you for it. But PROTEUS ought to have told me I was wrong. You have made me, too *sensibly*, understand, PEREGRINE, that you have no *regard* for me; and Sir Henry Gayboy first destroyed my character in the eyes of the world: nevertheless, I must own to you, PROTEUS, although it wounds me to my heart to

make the assertion, that I can never *love* any other man but you; and yet I possess the terrible recollection that I am not *loved* in return. Rely upon it, PROTEUS, I am not *vicious* in disposition; but I must be absent from society for a time, in order to avoid the finger of scorn being pointed at me, and to seek repose for my harassed mind. In the asylum I am about to enter, I shall, I hope, be able in some degree to atone for my errors. Therefore I now bid you adieu for ever: and the agonising sentence has passed my lips. It will be no difficult task for you, PROTEUS, to forget ELIZA; indeed, you will rejoice at her departure; but however difficult it may be for ELIZA to banish the remembrance of PEREGRINE from her memory, it shall be her constant study and prayer till it is accomplished. Dear PROTEUS, once more I bid you a final adieu! From one that once called herself yours, and—Yours only, ELIZA ——."

Our hero was very much affected on reading the above epistle, and wiped away the tears which flowed plentifully from his eyes. "Generous, unfortunate ELIZA," exclaimed PROTEUS, "it is too true, I have behaved ungratefully towards the *blue-eyed nymph*. But I sincerely hope that ELIZA may find repose for her sorrows in the Magdalen,[1] which I have no doubt

[1] The determination of the *blue-eyed nymph* to seek retirement as the only means of her mind becoming placid; and also as affording her a chance of regaining a *character* once more in society, accords with the following anecdote, which was in general circulation many years ago in the great world:—A duke, distinguished at that period for his *penchant* in having under his *protection* the finest and most beautiful women in the kingdom, was so attracted by the lovely face of a fair Quaker of the name of RACHAEL, that he was determined at all events to obtain possession of this beautiful fair one: and notwithstanding her habits of seclusion, also most rigidly taught to resist all the pomp and vanity of the world, his schemes proved too successful.

To elude the vigilance of her parents was a difficult task; and

is the asylum she alludes to: and that her errors in the course of time may be forgotten, and she return

to persuade the *dear Rachael* to elope with a stranger was equally arduous; but to one who was so trained in the arts of seduction as the Duke, and assisted by those wretches who made it a *profession* to entrap the unwary, the object was much sooner accomplished than might have been expected. In an unguarded moment Rachael was induced to quit her father's house, when she soon found herself in the arms of her deceiver, her *honour* sacrificed, and the accomplished admired mistress of his Grace. The change, so sudden to Rachael, and the astonishing splendour of the scene which opened to her view banished all reflection for a time. The apparel which had captivated by its neatness was removed for the most elegant habiliments that could be procured; and RACHAEL, who had been distinguished for her neatness of dress amongst the humble Quakers, was equally noticed in the world of fashion by her brilliancy of taste.

The meeting-house was lost sight of for the opera, theatres, and parks; the lively ball, the enchanting concert, and diverting masquerade formed such objects of comparison for Rachael, that it seemed as if she was transported to a new world. *Thee* and *thou* were soon rendered obsolete; and she became so apt a pupil in the meridian of fashion as to be viewed as one of its greatest objects of attraction; and the Duke felt more than proud of his conquest.

Time rolled on gaily; and the lovely RACHAEL had no reason to complain of any diminution in the affections of her *keeper*, and *inconstant* as the mind of man is said to be, yet in this instance no fault could be found with the Duke on that account. Though she had drunk largely at the fountain of pleasure, and enjoyed its greatest luxuries, yet a path to a more elevated situation presented itself. The fascinating appearance of RACHAEL had created a tumult in the breast of a most distinguished personage in the British nation, and every inducement offered to place herself under the highest protection. The object was too dazzling to be withstood, and she soon afterwards left the Duke to regret her absence. Two children were the result; who were liberally provided for by their distinguished parent, and who afterwards were much respected in life. The marriage of that great personage closed the *tender moments* for ever; and RACHAEL returned an humble penitent to the doctrine of her forefathers; not from dire necessity (that terrible scourge to the thoughtless), but with a firm conviction of the beneficial utility resulting from the renunciation of error. Her body, it is true, had been defiled, but her mind had escaped

as an improved member of society, of which the talents of the *blue-eyed nymph* once so well entitled her to become one of the brightest ornaments. And if my wishes could be realised respecting this much injured creature," said PROTEUS, with great animation, "my most fervent one should be, that some recording angel would drop a tear over her follies, and obliterate them as to their appearance in the shape of evidence against her future conduct in life."

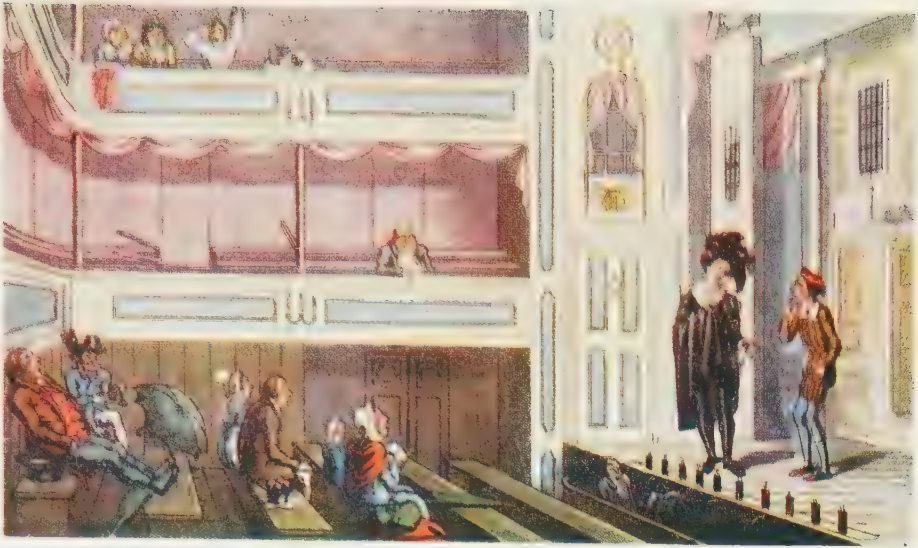
Brilliant Shore, from the preceding circumstances, was rather an unpleasant place for the residence of PROTEUS, on account of his amour with ELIZA having been the theme of conversation in most of the *gossiping* circles at that fashionable watering-place; but as "his night" had been fixed, and his favourite character of *Romeo* advertised, with some novelties attached to the bill of fare, likely to *draw* a good house, our hero was determined to wait the result of his benefit. The case was altered. PROTEUS had lost his influence with the fashionable people; he had not only affronted (not to say taken advantage of his patron's kindness, but deprived him of his *mistress*), but the friends of SIR HENRY were armed

contamination, and she quitted the scene of transitory grandeur for one of a more durable nature. The close cap and plain apparel were once more resumed with heartfelt pleasure; and the gaudy trappings cast off with disgust. RACHAEL was received in the Meeting with sorrow; her contrition was apparent, and the Scripture phrase was never more verified, "that there is more real joy over one repentant sinner than ninety-nine righteous men," than it was in the above instance. She now had leisure to view the world in another shape. In her retirement she was able to appreciate it in its proper colours, and to ascertain the most substantial road to lasting happiness. The conduct of RACHAEL was so amiable that she recovered fast from all odium; and, with a generosity that reflected the highest credit on the proposer, the hand of one of the most respectable of that sect was offered to her in marriage: it was accepted, and all her errors were buried in oblivion, by her obtaining and fulfilling that truly enviable character in society—A GOOD WIFE!

in complete array against him. A more "beggarly account of empty boxes" was never witnessed under any roof denominated a respectable theatre than *openly* exposed themselves for the benefit of Mr. PEREGRINE PROTEUS. Scarcely a soul would have been inside the house if he had not stopped the mouths of some of his hungry creditors with tickets, most of whom formed the audience upon this occasion.

Our hero had, in the early part of the season, anticipated a *bumper* at his benefit; and he had also flattered himself that in making his bow, he should receive three loud distinct peals of applause, the general treatment bestowed upon favourite performers; but on his appearance in *Romeo* he merely met with a clap or two, more like the solitary hollow echo of a large cathedral than the inside of a theatre on a benefit night. The *sight* of the house almost deprived PROTEUS of speech; indeed he was so ill and agitated all of a sudden that he could scarcely get through his part; well knowing the imminent danger as to the safety of his person, on account of his debts, and the promises he had made respecting numerous payments. He very prudently concealed his fears from every person in the theatre, and on the dropping of the curtain PROTEUS, not having to perform in the farce, made the best of his way towards his lodgings, and scraped together a few small articles which were portable, and prepared himself, as well as the shortness of the time would allow, to take his departure from *Brilliant Shore*. Indeed, our hero had no alternative but to take "French leave," as it is termed, and under the mask of night he set out with the utmost rapidity, once more to secure himself amongst his friends in the metropolis, leaving the manager the receipt of the house towards paying the expenses of "his night" at the theatre.

Early the next morning a sharp look out was kept



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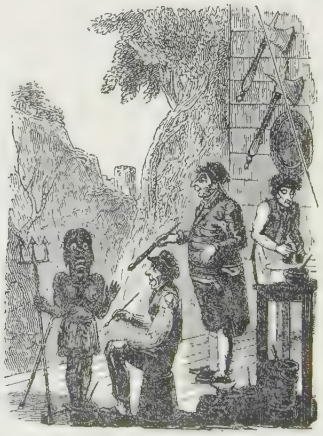
A Beggarly Account of Empty Boxes PROTEUS losing by his Benefit.

up after Mr. PROTEUS at the theatre; and also numerous anxious inquiries were made after his health at his lodgings by the various tradespeople whom he had *honoured* with his *orders*. The landlady of the house was also in the dark respecting the finances of Mr. PROTEUS; but at a *future period* he did not forget to pay her proper respect, by inserting her name in his schedule of debts. It was soon ascertained by his creditors that our hero was in London.

PROTEUS, on his arrival in the metropolis, was a little *shy* at first in walking about the streets; also very cautious in visiting his theatrical brethren at the Harp; but with all the caution of PEREGRINE, he was surprised one evening near Cripplegate, as he was entering the house of an old acquaintance, with a *tap* on the shoulder, by two men belonging to the old firm of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*. Our hero endeavoured to persuade those gentlemen belonging to the "*Catch Club*" that he was not the person they were looking after; and to dread the consequence of a mistake, as he was determined to bring an action for false imprisonment, if they did not liberate him immediately. "A fig for your threats, Mr. PROTEUS," said one of the bailiffs, "we know you very well. We saw you play once at Brilliant Shore Theatre, when we had a little business, you see as how, with your manager; but that ere has nothing to do with this ere case." "At whose *suit*, may I ask then?" replied our hero. "Why," said the bailiffs' follower, "at several *suits*," with a grin upon his countenance, "we are employed by your tailor. We have *wanted* you, sir, a long time, and have had a great deal of trouble in seeking after you; but we have no doubt that you will behave to us like a gentleman. If you have any choice to make of a house, or any acquaintance you wish to *serve* in the '*lock-up* line,' you may be *accommodated*, sir." "I am very much obliged to you,

gentlemen, for your attention and politeness towards me," answered PEREGRINE, "but it will be of no use to procure bail; as I have no doubt but several detainers, if not already, will soon be laid against me; therefore, to prevent the loss of time, I will go to prison at once, as it is my intention of taking the benefit of the Act of Parliament for Insolvent Debtors." "Very well, sir," replied the bailiff, "this cuts the matter short with us. Whitecross Street Prison is very near us, and we will surrender you into the hands of the jailer without delay."

In the course of a few minutes a new scene unfolded itself to the eyes of PROTEUS: the doors of the prison were opened to receive him, and he was ushered in with all the formalities used upon such occasions, when a new debtor first shows his unhappy face within the walls of a jail. The bailiffs very politely took their leave of our hero, wishing him "a pleasant time of it;" and returned to their employer, to convey the information that Mr. PEREGRINE PROTEUS was as securely locked up as a bird in a cage.



lore Lum

[illegible] a BENEFIT according to LAW. _ Scene White-cross Street Prison.

Since Laws were made for every degree
To curb vice in others as well as in me
I wonder

CHAPTER V

The real Thing: a Prison Scene without Wings or Flats, but numerous Shifters. PROTEUS *in the Dumps. An Outline of a Fellow-prisoner. Rank out of the Question in a Jail: all "hail fellow well met." Our Hero, in want of Advice, sends a Letter to* HORATIO QUILL. *The Author visits him in Confinement.* PEREGRINE *takes the Benefit of the Act of Parliament for Insolvent Debtors. Discharged from Prison in extreme Distress. Half a Loaf better than no Bread.* PROTEUS *appears at Richardson's Theatre, in Bartholomew Fair. One Pill a Dose. Looks in at the Harp after Business. He starts on Speculation for the Country.* PEREGRINE *visits a Country Manager, in hopes to obtain an Engagement. Sketch of the Manager's Residence. Disappointed in his Reception. Tries the Experiment of a Gag in a Provincial Town.* PROTEUS *joins a sharing Company: its Miseries: and Vicissitudes of an Actor.*

OUR hero, on his entrance into Whitecross Street Prison, could not for a short time rally his spirits to his aid; and he sat down in such a melancholy mood, as if unconscious of the persons around him, completely lost in a reverie. PROTEUS felt shy; ashamed of his conduct; and whispered to himself, "I have been very much to blame, and it is my own fault that I am now in such a horrid place." How long he might have remained in this sort of *trance* is uncertain, if he had not received a sharp tap on his shoulder, from a shabby-genteel dandy dressed young fellow, accompanied with, "Don't be downhearted, sir. You are quite welcome here; and will soon become one of us. Don't you remember *Bob Thimble*, sir? otherwise lively *harem scarem* BOB!

Lord, sir, I have often seen you *act;* ay, and often given you a *hand* too at Brilliant Shore Theatre. You must know me, Mr. PROTEUS; I was managing man to Mr. *Touch'm-up*, the apparel furnisher, vulgarly called a tailor by the members of the old school. My master used to *fit* Sir Henry Gayboy; and if you recollect, sir, I took *measure* of you for three or four suits at the mansion. Here is fine scope for your talent upon these boards, sir; *characters* in abundance; and something *new* turns up amongst us every day. I suppose, sir, but I don't wish to ask impertinent questions, you are, like myself, here on *suspicion* of debts?" "Yes, Mr. *Thimble*," answered PROTEUS, with a sigh, "I am here at the *suit* of Mr. *Touch'm-up.*" "No, pardon me, sir, *suits*, if you please. Excuse my joke, Mr. PROTEUS; but I cannot help laughing that you should have *done* my old master. Indeed I am glad of it. He was one of the *biggest* rogues in the world: and it is partly through his means I am here. You see, sir, I was not a good *accountant;* and some little *deficiencies* appearing, I could not persuade old *Touch'm-up* to the contrary, but that I wanted to cheat him. Lord, sir, I never had any such intention. The matter of fact is, being inclined to be a little *gayish*, I 'outrun the constable,' as they say at Brilliant Shore; but that ugly looking chap they term *John Roe* overtook me at last. So, sir, to make the best of a bad job, I have put all my small *sundries* together, which some people call debts. Indeed I have made them into one lot, on account of dispatch; by which mode I shall get rid of them in a lump, and in the course of four months I shall pass muster, and become a freeman: and, as Goldfinch says (you have played Goldfinch, sir, I know), 'That's your sort.' You see, Mr. PROTEUS, my misfortune was that I loved to do the thing *genteel.* I gave little parties; yes, those little snug parties proved my *blow* up. I shall know better another time. Ex-

perience makes fools wise. Come, sir, cheer up. Take a walk along with me round the governor's dominions; and I will introduce you, Mr. PROTEUS, to some of the *highest* fellows in the world; men exactly after your own heart; possessing, perhaps, too much *spirit;* too generous, and not calculating upon their income. But it is not their fault. NATURE plays tricks with us all. With me, sir, *disposition* is every thing." The volubility displayed by Mr. *Thimble* was almost as rapid as Caleb Quotem's description of a "day's work," and our hero had no other chance of expressing his acquiescence but by a *nod* of the head, as this "remnant of buckram and buttons" seemed determined to have all the discourse to himself. *Thimble* had scarcely taken breath when he began again: "What a beautiful girl SIR HENRY GAYBOY had under his protection at the mansion. I say, Mr. PROTEUS, it seemed to me that you was very *sweet* upon Miss ELIZA; I *twigged* your eyes once while I was waiting upon the Baronet. But I don't wonder at it. I was quite in love with her myself. I think she was the most beautiful creature I ever saw." The name of ELIZA and the Baronet had such an effect upon the feelings of our hero, that instantly his frame was animation itself, and with a countenance as stern as *Richard* in Bosworth Field, said, "You are taking liberties, sir, with a subject that does not concern you, and I beg you will never again repeat those names in my presence." The impudence of *Thimble* was not at all removed by this rebuff from PROTEUS; but, with a bow, begged pardon "that he had touched the feelings of PEREGRINE, as he possessed very fine *sensations* himself, and was ready to change the subject." "Not at present," replied our hero, who was aware it would be wrong to find fault with the company or the *impertinence* of *Thimble.* In a prison, rank or station in life loses its quality; and it is all "hail fellow well met." PEREGRINE, although

disgusted with the assurance of *Thimble*, thought it prudent to keep such an opinion to himself. However, as the man of "shreds and patches" appeared to be the *newsmonger* of the prison, and who might fill up a leisure hour with his information, and anecdotes of the *confined worthies* in the jail, PROTEUS good naturedly observed, "I am extremely obliged to you, Mr. *Thimble*, for the politeness and attention you have paid towards me; but as I am rather anxious to ascertain what apartment is to be allotted to me in the prison, and also to inform my friends of my residence *here*, I hope you will excuse me till another opportunity." "O, very well, sir, I am off like a shot," replied the dandy tailor, with a smile; "it is all the same to me. I have only to observe, that whenever you want *Bob Thimble*, you will find him a useful fellow: and who will also be happy to join you in a dinner, or any party you may propose." When he skipped off, with all the self-importance of a "Jack in office," to the other parts of the jail, in order to make it known as a great secret, that Mr. PROTEUS, an actor of provincial celebrity, was a brother prisoner amongst them.

On our hero's being settled in his apartment, also made acquainted with the rules of the prison, and paying his fees (a sort of *garnish*, or footing, established amongst the prisoners to make every one free of the large room, and entitled to the use of the culinary articles), he felt a little more composed in his mind, when he sent the following epistle to *Quill*:—

"WHITECROSS STREET PRISON.

"MY FRIEND HORATIO,—I have failed in my first representation of '*We fly by Night*,' and the consequences have proved so serious against me, that the '*Poor Gentleman*' is now closely confined under '*Lock and Key*.' But as you are aware that '*Every One has his Fault*,' I hope my *acts* are not of so

heavy a *cast* as to prevent a visit from you without delay. From your wellwisher, but unfortunate

"PEREGRINE PROTEUS.

"HORATIO QUILL, Esq.

"P.S. The *entrances* to this *play*-house are as 'easy as lying;' but the *exits* are so very hard to be obtained, nay, so very difficult to understand, that not a single member of 'the company' here has been enabled to get the *cue* in less time than the close *study* of four months."

On the receipt of the above letter, *Horatio* could scarcely believe his eyes, it took him so much by surprise: he looked at the seal, then at the post mark over and over again, and almost flattered himself that it was a *hoax* practised upon him by some of his jocular friends.

PROTEUS, like most young men when surrounded by pleasure, never *thought* of his friends, until trouble and the necessity of the case compelled him to *seek* them. During the whole of our hero's career of gaiety and gallantry, the *poor* author never once flashed across his memory; neither could he spare a few trifling moments to send his dear friend *Horatio* (although he had rendered him so much service at various times) a line or two of his proceedings at Brilliant Shore.

"Unkind PEREGRINE!" was the only exclamation *Horatio* uttered as he folded up the letter. "My heart, nevertheless, will not," said he, "let me slight him. PROTEUS is in distress, and that is too much for my feelings to entertain any resentment against PEREGRINE, or to show him *neglect* in my turn." *Horatio*, without further hesitation, threw down his pen, snatched up his hat and stick, quitted his *high* abode, descended his numerous stairs with the

rapidity of lightning, and ran through the streets with the speed of a greyhound, till he arrived at the doors of Whitecross Street Prison. He entered PEREGRINE'S apartment quite out of breath, and grasped our hero's hand with an ardour he had never before experienced; such was the sincere friendship exhibited by Mr. *Quill* towards PROTEUS. This meeting between the *player* and the *author* was full of interest; nay, more, it was affecting, and highly characteristic. The feelings of our hero were evidently embarrassed: he felt ashamed of his neglectful conduct towards *Horatio;* and turned aside to remove the tears which dimmed his eyes. "I have been ungrateful towards you," said PEREGRINE, in a pathetic tone, "acutely I feel it now; but forgive me. Your kindness and attention at such a moment as this overwhelms me, and I must ——." "Not one word more, PROTEUS," replied *Horatio*, "this acknowledgment cancels it for ever in my mind. Therefore let us lose no more time, but study in what manner I can be of service to you. My *finances*, I am sorry to say, are worse than *low*. A poor scribbler like myself, without fame, without friends, and more, without employment that I can turn to a profitable account, can do but little to relieve your circumstances; but my pen, my personal exertions, shall be dedicated towards your misfortunes till you are tired of them, so that I can accelerate your discharge from this vile, this detestable prison." "Generous *Horatio*," exclaimed our hero, "nothing can relieve me but the Act of Parliament, and if I can but 'weather out the storm' for four months in any degree tolerable, I shall make my *exit* happy. Notwithstanding I am under a cloud at present, and pressed down by adversity, I still look forward to better times. I do not despair of yet becoming one of the managers of the Theatres Royal in London: my ambition is not abated, and I still aspire to be

at the head of such an establishment; and then, 'my *Horatio*,' if I do not place you as the first author in the theatre, or if I forget your kindness towards me, may I never know a happy moment." It was rather a melancholy day, upon the whole, to both parties; PROTEUS candidly related the *cause* of his misfortunes; promised amendment in future; and *Horatio* condoled with him to the very last moment allotted to visitors to remain in the prison.

In the course of a few weeks, PROTEUS, like a bird in a cage, became more reconciled to his fate; and the horrors of a prison, which on his entrance so shocked his feelings, had now subsided in a great degree. The *impertinence* and tales of *Thimble* also tended to pass away many an hour of PEREGRINE'S that otherwise might have hung very heavily upon his hands. *Horatio* likewise paid our hero many visits during his confinement, until the hour was fast approaching once more to give him his liberty. The *privations* which PROTEUS suffered were severe in the extreme; and he often put on a cheerful face with an aching heart, and an empty belly into the bargain. Misfortunes come not alone; his father became a bankrupt during his imprisonment; and his fond mother died with grief, in consequence of the disastrous situations of her husband and darling son. His resources were therefore completely cut off; and PROTEUS was reduced to such shifts to procure money as, under better circumstances, would have been disgusting to his feelings. And *Horatio* almost starved himself to procure sustenance for PEREGRINE; so much did he show himself in reality our unfortunate hero's friend. PROTEUS was too proud to make his case known in the prison.

This confinement was a most useful lesson to PEREGRINE, and he viewed it in its proper light. Within a few days of his liberation, *Thimble* entered our hero's apartment full of spirits and laughing—

"What a devil of a fellow you are amongst the women," said the *newsmonger:* "I have made a most important discovery for you, Mr. PROTEUS, which ultimately may turn out to your advantage, if you feel at all disposed to embrace it. The dashing female whose short abode amongst us has excited such general conversation throughout the prison, and known in the fashionable circles at the west end of the town by the nickname of '*Extravagant Fanny*,' on looking out of her window the other morning, observed to her maid, that she never saw a more elegant young man in her life, and desired her servant to learn all the particulars of your case. My dear boy, I have given the maid her *cue*. Who could have done it so well for you as *Bob Thimble?* I have sounded your *trumpet* as loudly as if I had been paid for it; and I have also praised you highly, both as an actor and as a man. I understand since she is very anxious to be introduced to you; and only reward *Bob* for his exertions, and I will manage the matter for you without any trouble. She is in love with you, I know: she has also plenty of money; and her *protector*, it is said, has only let her be sent to prison for a few days as a *punishment* for her extravagance, and to effect a *cure* if possible. Therefore, Mr. PROTEUS, do not let the opportunity slip, as '*Extravagant Fanny*' will be out in a few hours."

PEREGRINE, in an angry tone, which *Thimble* had never before experienced, said, "Make *bargains* for yourself, sir, and not for me. I am surprised that you should take such a liberty with my feelings. Do you think that I am mean enough to *sell* myself to a woman I never saw? One amour, in which I felt myself rather attached to the object (*with a sigh*), has nearly been my ruin; therefore, *deliberately* to enter upon a second one, and upon such degrading terms, if I should consent, ought to prove my overthrow for ever." *Thimble*, not in the least abashed

by our hero's reproof, replied with much indifference, "I assure you, Mr. PROTEUS, that I proposed this scheme to you merely upon the score of friendship. I am astonished a man in your circumstances should throw away such an excellent chance. You ought to have been a parson instead of a player. I wish *Fanny* had taken a *liking* to me, I would not have been half so *nice*. I would have made a good *job* of it." Then, hastily quitting our hero's apartment, muttering to himself, "Some people ought to be kept in prison all their lives. Talk of delicacy! feelings! Fudge! *interest* should be the leading feature of every man."

The long looked for hour arrived; the terms of the Act of Parliament had been complied with; and the doors of the prison were opened for the departure of our hero. Previous to which, by the advice of *Horatio*, a conciliatory letter accompanied his *schedule*, imploring the forbearance of those creditors who were likely to oppose his *discharge* on account of his extravagant mode of life, without his having property to support it. PROTEUS also acknowledged his conduct had been *thoughtless;* but promised his creditors, should his circumstances improve at any future period, he was determined to pay them every shilling. This letter had the desired effect; and PEREGRINE, without the slightest opposition, passed his examination.

Our hero had conducted himself with so much propriety during his confinement, that on the morning of his discharge several of the most respectable part of the prisoners accompanied PROTEUS to the gates, to take their leave of him. *Bob Thimble*, who had been remanded for three years for his *dishonesty* only the day before, also appeared at the gate, as full of spirits and as merry as if he had not another hour to remain inside of the prison, and held out his hand (*laughing*) to PROTEUS, saying, "I

must have a shake of your fist before you go, my fine fellow. You managed your matters better than I did, Mr. PROTEUS. But I am no actor. You possess the art of persuasion; and that accounts for it. However, go where you will, I wish you success; and I will not pass any theatre in which you may be performing without *paying* my shilling to see you, and also *give* you a *hand!*"

On quitting Whitecross Street, the doors of the prison being shut against him, and PROTEUS once more in the streets, without fear, with two small bundles in his hands, he exclaimed, in a low tone of voice, "This is the finest *exit* I ever made since I have been an actor; although, I admit, it is the *worst* part I ever performed in my life. I am free." It is true he was relieved from the claims of his creditors; but he had not overcome his *difficulties*. PEREGRINE had no home; without employment; and his pockets nearly empty. His wardrobe had also dwindled away article after article, till it was rendered so *portable* that a pocket handkerchief was quite capacious enough to contain it. Except a few theatrical properties, which our hero would have thought *sacrilege* a less crime than to dispose of them under any circumstances of distress. His military cloak was now his best friend: it possessed the double advantage of *hiding* his defects as to shabby apparel, and also of giving his *exterior* a degree of importance. Under any privations he could not do without an apartment, and as our hero had no choice at this period, the first house that caught his eye with a bill in the window, stating "*Lodgings to let for single men*," he entered, made an agreement as to price, deposited two shillings out of the only *three* he possessed in the world, and referred the "good woman" of the house to his friend *Horatio* for a *character*. "Vy, as to the matter of that ere, sir," said she, "you look like a gentleman, and I

Drawn & Engraved by Theo Lane

A scene not calculated upon by the Enthusiast of the Stage necessary has no law and PRETEUS

like many of his betters in Society compelled to solicit a loan

Its not my will: but my Poverty consents

don't know that I shall give myself the trouble to inquire. Ifegs! I may as well though, now I come to think on't, there is no taking any person by their *looks*. I hope, as how, no offence, sir: but you can have the apartment immediately: and I will call as soon as I can on Mr. *Rati*."

PROTEUS immediately took possession of his apartment, which was *highly* situated in the house; small, but neat and clean, and well suited for a man who sought *obscurity*, and with little money to spend. Our hero had scarcely seated himself, considering the best mode of conduct he should adopt, when his landlady knocked at the door, saying, "Shall I order anything for you, sir? but perhaps you will not dine at home? I have no objection to cook for you." "Indeed," replied PROTEUS, "I have not given it a thought yet; but I shall not dine at home to-day."

Money must be raised by some means; and PEREGRINE was well aware that, with all his plans and movements, he could not exist in his garret without a little cash. *Credit* he had none; and to borrow money, security was necessary. To part with his *cloak*, therefore, was like parting with himself; it was almost his stock in trade; it put on an *appearance*, the best sample in life to go to market with. To dispose of his "theatrical properties" was a second death to his feelings: to *sell* those dresses upon which he had expended handsome sums, and which were also made according to his peculiar *taste*, he could scarcely make up his mind to consent. His necessities, however, overcame all argument on the subject; and with an aching heart and a reluctant step, the rich and splendid cloak and helmet, which had so often decorated his performance of *King Richard*, were obscured in his handkerchief, and instantly presented to the view of the pawnbroker for his value upon them, by way of *loan*:

To what base purposes must we return!

occurred to the mind of PROTEUS during the examination and remarks of Mr. *Squeezem*. The money lender reduced their consequence to a mere *nothing*: and the *loan* he offered, poor and insignificant as it was, our hero was glad to accept of.

"All *going out, and* NOTHING *coming in*," according to the proverb, almost drove PROTEUS to madness; and in the extreme distress of the moment he made applications for work as a compositor, at most of the printing offices in the metropolis, in hopes that a few days' employment might relieve his circumstances, but without success. The mind of PEREGRINE was now wretched beyond description; and the prospect so terrific and disheartening to his feelings, that had it not been for the friendly advice and consolation of *Horatio*, to raise his desponding spirits, a dreadful termination to his career might have been the result. Our hero at different periods acted so wildly that *Horatio* considered him disarranged.

In this precarious state of things a month elapsed, much more dull and horrid to PROTEUS than the whole of his confinement in Whitecross Street Prison. After a restless night, tortured with terrific dreams, our hero, as soon as daylight appeared, jumped out of bed in a feverish state, to procure a draught of water, and as his eye caught the reflection of his pale, half-starved visage in the glass, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Every thing seems to conspire against me; and ruin is inevitable. What a wretched month have I passed since my liberation from prison, and still in the same doubtful state as to employment of any sort. Beggarly and obscure as my mode of existence is at the present moment, my *finances* cannot keep pace with it. I am in debt through my landlady's interest at the chandler's shop, also in arrears with my lodgings, and only *one shilling* left in the world, without the slightest chance of replenishing my exhausted purse." The following beautiful

soliloquy, which PEREGRINE had often recited under better circumstances, now flashed on his memory with double effect:—

In the dry desert of a leathern pocket,
There yet remains a solitary shilling
In its last retreat. So lies the hunted stag
In timorous, fearful mood, when in full cry
The bellowing hounds threaten his dissolution.
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of mine eyes,
Thou royal stamp of majesty divine, come forth:
Must thou dissolve? Yes! Time will have it so.
Here, waiter, bring me change? Be not dismay'd!
Thy being must have end; but not to-day.
The dogs shall tear thee, and thy mangled limbs
Will soon be scatter'd o'er this joyless waste:
But, phœnixlike, thou shalt again revive;
Again shine forth; assume thy native splendour:
But let me charge thee, as my last request,
Mix not with vulgar coin: for ever shun
The impious hand that would in iron chest
Thy useful humble services retard.
Now I dismiss thee: oh, farewell for ever!
But, as lightning swift, fly to some empty fob,
And, faithful still, as thou hast been to me,
Assist where griping PENURY usurps,
For only *there* THY VALUE can be known.

The last shilling in the possession of PROTEUS had been changed to procure him his breakfast; and he left his lodgings in great haste, to keep an appointment with *Horatio* at the *Harp*. The quick step of our hero was suddenly arrested as he was almost running through Long Lane, Smithfield, by a voice rather familiar to his ear, with "My dear PROTEUS, surely you would not pass an old friend?" PEREGRINE, on looking up, recognised Mr. *Teazer*, and, with a hearty shake of the hand, declared "in his hurry he did not see him." "I have heard of your misfortunes," said *Teazer*, "and I am sorry to observe that you really look very ill. What are you doing of?" "Nothing," replied our hero, in a desponding tone, "and I am very much in want of an engage-

ment." "Then I can get you one immediately, if you are not too proud to accept of it," answered Mr. *Teazer*. "I have left old *Screw's* company, and I am the '*first fiddle*' in Mr. Richardson's travelling company. In a day or two we shall open the Theatre in Bartholomew Fair." PEREGRINE smiled at the idea of *Teazer's* being the *first* fiddle at the fair; but he did not interrupt the narrative. "Yes, Mr. PROTEUS, half a loaf to me is much better than no bread: my *ambition* has long since been *starved* into submission. It is true, I have played in the orchestra at the Italian Opera, at the King's Concert Rooms, and at the most distinguished assemblies in the Metropolis; but the recollection of those circumstances will neither put a new coat on my back, fill my belly, or pay my rent, when I am out of employment. I perceive by your smile, Mr. PROTEUS, an engagement with Mr. *Richardson* is beneath your consideration." PEREGRINE blushed, hesitated, and seemed at a loss for a reply; his pride resisted for the instant, but his necessities compelled him to answer, "that an engagement would be acceptable to him almost upon any terms." "I am glad that your sense has got the better of your pride, PROTEUS," said *Teazer*, "and you will have no occasion to repent of your decision, I assure you. *My* recommendation will ensure you the first line of business; your salary will not be contemptible; and you will also find the manager a liberal man. You need not be *ashamed* of performing at Bartholomew Fair, when you are told that the inimitable *Shutter* and the great *Woodward* strutted and fretted their hour in Smithfield. Some of the firmest props of the stage, both in ancient and modern times, have laid the foundation of their greatness at Bartholomew and other fairs. Therefore, my young friend, persevere; learn your business; and upon all occasions be anxious to display your talents. If you possess abilities, they

Drawn & Engraved by Theo. Lane

Life's but a walking shadow a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more

are to be discovered in a booth as well as upon the boards of a Theatre Royal. The *School of Adversity*, you may depend upon it, PROTEUS, is one of the best acting plays in the whole catalogue of the drama. Let us lose no time, if your intentions are serious, and I will immediately introduce you to Mr. Richardson, where your *engagement* is certain. At all events you will acquire the title of a *London* performer: and several actors who have obtained immense popularity on the stage, in the early part of their career, belonged to Mr. Richardson's company: and I assure you, PEREGRINE, that one of the greatest tragedians of the present day, when a youth, was an actor in the company of our manager." "You give me courage," replied PROTEUS, "this last sentence of yours has increased my hopes for future fame, and as a performer ought to view mankind in all its variety of *character*, I accept with thanks your kind offer." Both of them went in pursuit of the manager; when little ceremony occurred in concluding his *engagement*, and Mr. PEREGRINE PROTEUS was immediately introduced as the first actor, or rather as the hero, of Mr. *Richardson's* company. PEREGRINE had no idea of the convenience and mechanism of the stage;[1] he

[1] The very complete and extensive scale of Mr. RICHARDSON'S theatre has astonished actors of greater experience than PROTEUS; indeed it is so well constructed in all its parts, that it can be erected without the smallest difficulty in a few hours. It is well known to several persons intimate with the theatrical world, that the *scenes* belonging to Mr. RICHARDSON, although small in size, have been painted by some of the first-rate artists; and also to have in his possession the best *properties* and most valuable dresses, the ambition of the above travelling manager has spared no expense. The front of his theatre alone cost six hundred pound; and the worth of his wardrobe has been estimated at a good sum. In several of his pieces his *dresses* have cost more money than those exhibited at the Theatres Royal. This circumstance is easily accounted for—the tinsel of the one is heightened by the glare of the lamps at night; while those *dresses* of the other are exposed to the eyes of the public in daylight, and therefore the more likely to be detected.

was also surprised at the excellence of the scenes, the goodness of the *properties*, and the value of the dresses. "I never played in such an expensive dress before," observed PROTEUS, on attiring himself in the habit laid out for him by the dresser to appear in before the spectators.

PEREGRINE felt no fears for his success on the stage; but when the time arrived for his "first appearance" to parade up and down the platform in the fair, in front of the theatre, to solicit the spectators to view the performances as the "only booth in the fair" worthy of their attention, he found his courage fail. Our hero had a great aversion to *show* himself to the crowd, lest he might be recognised by some of his intimate friends, and also ridiculed by his acquaintances; but a gentle hint from the *experienced* Mr. *Teazer* in those matters removed in some degree this false delicacy from the mind of PEREGRINE. "You do not want for confidence upon the stage," said *Teazer*, "then why are you afraid, PROTEUS, to parade up and down the platform? Where is the difference? The *public* in the streets I view as the same audience in the booth. It is true, they may be assembled together with a little more form, and who likewise conduct themselves with rather more propriety at theatres of a larger and better description, than audiences collected together amidst the noise and uproar of a fair: but an actor ought to be above such scruples; and if a performer does not *look* upon an audience as NOTHING, there is no hope of his becoming a *great* man." This harangue had the desired effect; and our hero soon got rid of his *bashfulness*, and strutted up and down the parade with as steady a face as any of his brother actors. After the first day was over, PROTEUS observed to *Teazer*, with a smile, "I cannot now complain of want of PRACTICE: I have performed one character eighteen times in the course of a few hours."

A spirited Scene, [illegible] during the short intervals between the Performances at Bartholomew Fair

Near the close of the second day, PROTEUS was so completely exhausted by the repetition of the performances, that he was compelled, although against his will, to retire for a few minutes to an adjoining public house in his theatrical habiliments, with the principal part of "the company," to take some refreshment. Before PEREGRINE had time to enjoy the singularity of the scene by which he was surrounded in the tap-room, the *call-boy* announced to him the *house* was full; in an instant the harlequin, clown, and rest of the actors scampered off as fast as they could to regain their situations at the theatre, in order that "the stage might not *wait!*" The talents exhibited by PROTEUS had been loudly applauded by the different audiences throughout the day; his brother performers also thought well of him; and the manager was likewise so well pleased with his exertions, that he invited our hero and Mr. *Teazer* to take a glass of grog with him before PROTEUS retired to rest. It was an hour or two of interesting conversation between the parties, respecting the vicissitudes of the stage; and Mr. *Richardson*, at the request of PROTEUS, related the adventures of his theatrical life in the following unvarnished narrative.

"It was in the year 1782, Mr. PROTEUS, that I first engaged in the theatrical line; or, to use the *cant* of the stage, *smelt* the lamp. At that period I was living in Shadwell, near Wapping, when Mrs. Penley and her family of children came to perform in the club room at the sign of the Paviour's Arms, near New Gravel Lane. Since that time the family of the PENLEYS have distinguished themselves in the history of the stage. I joined Mrs. PENLEY. The pieces we got up on that occasion were *Chrononhotonthologos* and *Midas*, in order to comply with the taste of the town, the above burlettas being then in great repute at the Theatres Royal. Numerous

actors were required for *Chrononhotonthologos;* but we *contrived* to perform it with two men and two women. Our receipts were generally from four shillings and sixpence to five shillings per night. You may therefore expect that our meals were very scanty on the distribution of our shares of the receipts. *Irish stew*, once a week, was considered a luxury, in addition to the *run* of the tap-room, obtained by amusing the company now and then with a song. But a more cheerful prospect presenting itself, we abandoned Shadwell, and were all engaged by Mr. *Timothy Moore*, then playing at Brompton, near Chatham. It was a most laughable sight to have seen us move off with our wardrobes on our backs, some with bundles, and others with scenes under their arms, going to the Gravesend boat. We arrived at Brompton, and opened there with success in the club room of a public house, in opposition to the *great* Mrs. Baker, whose company were then *acting* in a stable at Rochester.

"I left the stage for a short period, and commenced, in a small way, a broker in London. My shop turned out lucky, and by my industry I accumulated money enough to take the *Harlequin* in 1796, near the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre. The *Harlequin* was frequented by theatrical people, and amongst the number old Mr. Greenwood, the scene painter, Mr. Banks, old Mr. Russell, the facetious Tony Le Brun, and Grosette (generally know by the appellation of lying Grosette). I became tired of keeping a public house. I was determined to let the *Harlequin*, and to go into the travelling line, and attend the fairs. On making my resolution known to Le Brun and Grosette, they not only approved of it, but set about engaging a company for me. I also set a carpenter to work without delay. Mr. Davis, a dress-maker, was employed to decorate my company; and my first set of scenery was painted by young Tom

Greenwood and Mr. Thomas Banks. To catch a new manager performers offered themselves from all quarters, and amongst them the two SOUTHBYS, since which period they have been justly celebrated as clowns at the large theatres. Also Mr. Thwaites, who is now an actor in America, playing the first line of business; likewise Mr. Vaughan, a man of acknowledged talent, and who made his appearance at Drury Lane Theatre with success. Vaughan left England with the great George Frederick Cooke; and the last information I had of him, he was a first rate performer in America. Before I conclude my history, I have some anecdotes of Vaughan worthy of your attention. To complete my company I engaged a Miss Sims, from Astley's Theatre, a very pretty singer; Mrs. Hicks, also an excellent actress; and a very old woman, Mrs. Monk, but well known in the theatrical world.

"I commenced manager at Bartholomew Fair; but you must understand, Mr. PROTEUS, that in those days the exhibitions were generally up the inn yards, or in the upstairs of public houses; but by way of explanation the following list will suffice, Old *Jobson*, the great puppetshow man, in one yard; *Jones* and *Penley* in the George Yard; the celebrated Mrs. Baker at the Greyhound, in a room up one pair of stairs; O'Brian, the Irish Giant, in the King's Head, also in a one pair of stairs room; and myself with my company. My platform was built out of the one pair of stairs window, forming an arch over the gingerbread stalls, with a long pair of steps leading down into the fair. My band I selected out of the streets, which consisted of three blind Scotchmen, but noted as clarionet players. I had a great run of business; in fact, we were compelled to perform TWENTY-ONE times in the day, so numerous were the visitors. I cannot say much in favour of the pieces, as each audience did not fail to abuse us as they left

the house: poor old Mrs. Monk generally got upon the garret stairs to cool herself, and as the spectators had to pass her in going out, she was generally saluted with many '*damns*,' and 'you old bitch, you have taken us in!' Mrs. Monk was a good-natured creature, and her only reply was, 'What can you expect, gentlemen, at a fair?' Upon the whole our performances passed off tolerably quiet.

"From Bartholomew we went to Edmonton Fair. It was the last in the season, when the company separated: but in consequence of the great success I had met with at both of these fairs, I was induced in the winter to have caravans built for travelling over the country to extend my circuit. However that *speculation* turned out deceitful. I not only lost all my money, but I became involved in difficulties. During my circuit in the summer, I engaged Tom Jefferies, a clown from Astley's; in his line he had no competitor, and was allowed by the best judges of *fools* to be without a rival in the kingdom as an *out-door* clown. He had a *lingo* of his own: and his tricks and conversation were so irresistibly comic, that he '*pulled*' them in better than any man I have ever met with since my management. His wife, Mrs. Jefferies, was likewise above mediocrity as a singer; she was an apprentice of Mr. Hughes, who first opened the Royal Circus, in St. George's Fields, now called the Surrey Theatre.

"In the course of the same year Mrs. *Carey* applied to me, with her family, for an engagement. She had two sons, *Edmund* and *Henry*, and also a daughter. They were in my company the whole of the summer; and finding that Edmund and Henry were considered clever boys, and favourites with the audience, I got up *Tom Thumb*. The hero of the piece was personified by Edmund, and his brother also performed a character in the burletta. Queen Dollalolla was acted by Mrs. Carey. Windsor Fair

was my next route, and between Slough and Windsor, my horses being very old and weak, and the roads nearly impassable, we stuck fast in the mud, our luggage was so heavy. The Eton boys, on perceiving our unpleasant situation, swore they would draw us into the town without horses; but my company was so badly dressed, that I was ashamed to let them out of the caravan, and who were almost without shoes or stockings to their feet, that I preferred *hiring* of two more horses to extricate us from our difficulties than expose the distressed situation of my actors. This circumstance enraged the Eton Boys to such a pitch of anger against us, that they assailed the caravan with a volley of stones as we passed the college. What a different story, Mr. PROTEUS, to the one in general circulation respecting the greatest actor of the day. *Edmund*, instead of receiving his EDUCATION at Eton College, which has been asserted, was pelted by the scholars in my caravan, in his passage over that classic spot of ground.

"Windsor Fair commenced on a Friday, and after all our impediments we arrived safe, and lost no time in erecting our booth. We opened with *Tom Thumb* and the *Magic Oak*. To my great astonishment I received a note from the Castle, commanding *Master Carey* to recite several passages from different plays before his Majesty King George the Third at the Palace. I was highly gratified by the receipt of the above note; but I was equally perplexed to comply with the *commands* of the king. The letter came to me on Saturday night; and as the wardrobe of Master *Carey* was very scanty, it was necessary to add to it before he could appear in the presence of royalty. My purse was nearly empty, and, to increase my dilemma, all the shops belonging to the Jews were shut, and the only chance we had left was their being open on the Sunday morning. Among the Jews we purchased a smart little jacket, trowsers, and body

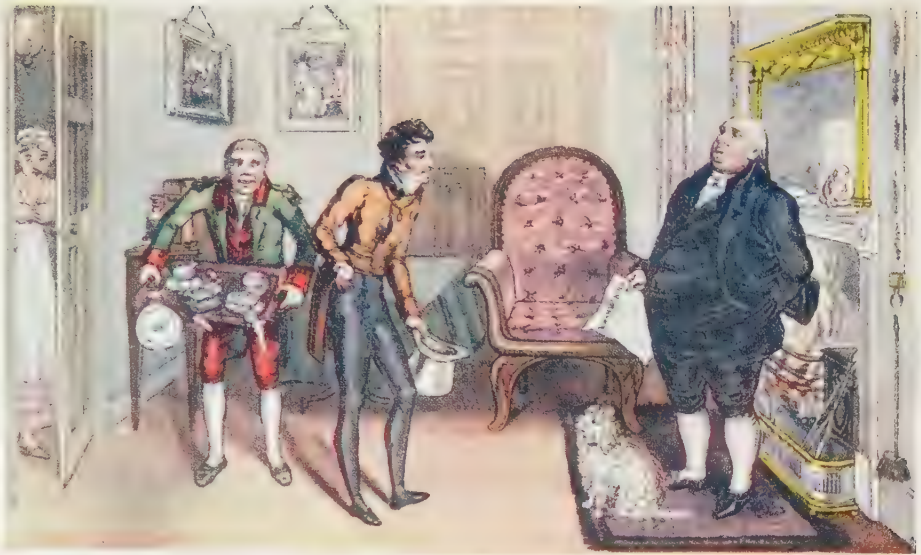
linen; we tied the collar of his shirt through the button holes with a piece of black ribbon; and when dressed in his new apparel, Master Carey appeared a smart little fellow, and fit to exhibit his talents before any monarch in the world. The King was highly delighted with Edmund, and so were his nobles. Two hours were occupied in recitations; and his abilities were so conspicuous to every person present, that he was pronounced an astonishing boy, and a lad of great promise. The present he received for his performance was rather small, being only two guineas: though, upon the whole, it turned out fortunate for the family. The principal conversation in Windsor for a few days at that time was about the talents displayed by Master *Carey* before the King; his mother therefore took advantage of the circumstance, and immediately engaged the market hall for three nights for the recitations of *Edmund*. This was an excellent speculation: and the hall overflowed with company every night. Mrs. *Carey* joined me on the following Monday at Ewell fair; and all the family, owing to their great success, came so nicely dressed that I scarcely knew them. Mrs. Carey and her children did not quit my standard during the summer. In addition to my company the next year, Mr. *Saville Fawcett*, now manager of the Margate theatre, and Mr. *Grosette* (brother of the lying Grosette) joined us at Stepney fair. The latter was a lazy, dirty fellow; and I was compelled to discharge him on account of his want of clean linen. But he played me a trick for it. In the course of the same week *Grosette* came and told me he had got a change of dress, and expressed a wish that I would re-engage him. I did so, in consequence of his appearance being improved, and his linen quite clean; but in a few days I found out that Mr. *Grosette* had made free with my little wardrobe, and dressed himself in one of my shirts, stockings, and neckerchief. He remained with me

two or three seasons; after which he distinguished himself as a performer of considerable merit both in the Norwich and Bath companies.

"We left Stepney for Cambridge, and opened our booth at Stourbridge fair; at which place I lost all my money, and experienced great distress. Owing to my refusal to pay taxes upon the ground, I was taken into custody, and should have been committed, with my company, had it not been for the interference of old Mr. *Brunton*. This veteran of the stage had also a company at Stourbridge fair at the same time. I found out that the magistrates could not commit me, without also sending to prison Mr. Brunton and his actors. The university law is not to suffer any theatre to be opened within a specified number of miles of Cambridge; therefore the university was liable to lose a part of their privileges by suffering either of us to perform. Our audiences were so trifling in number that I was completely ruined; and old Mr. Brunton, witnessing our distress, generously made me a present of five guineas: which feeling disposition I shall always remember with the highest sense of gratitude. At this unfortunate fair to me, all my horses, excepting three, were drowned by the flood; and having no more money than Mr. Brunton's present of five guineas, it was soon exhausted among so many persons. *How* to get to London was the question. At last I made up my mind to leave two of my waggons in *pledge* in a public house yard, and with my three horses proceed with my company to town in a caravan. But to raise the money for this purpose was the difficulty. The landlord of the public house entertained so bad an opinion of players, that instead of advancing a shilling upon the waggons left in his possession, he demanded a certain sum to be paid per week for their standing in his yard. I was compelled to adopt the following plan: I agreed with my clown, *Tom Jefferies*, who could sing a good

low comedy song, Mr. *Brown,* a musician, and myself, to *busk* our way up to London. *Jefferies* was to sing, *Brown* to play, and myself was to go round with the hat. This plan being settled, we started off without any money in our pockets; but previous to which we bundled the rest of the company, consisting of women and children, into the caravan. We minstrels generally kept two miles before the caravan, and laid siege to every public house upon the road. Our success was much better than we expected. *Tom Jefferies* hit upon a song, called '*tidi didi lol-lol-lol, kiss and ti-ti-lara,*' which had had a great run at Astley's Riding School. To add to the effect of the above song, *Jefferies* squinted, which caused much fun and laughter amongst the country folks; and you may depend upon it, Mr. PROTEUS, I was not behind hand with my hat in collecting the subscriptions. As fast as we got the money we purchased tea, sugar, and other necessaries, and supplied the persons in the caravan. We lived together very well; but we reserved sufficient cash to buy corn for the horses, etc. On my arrival in London I found a friend who advanced me a sufficient sum of money to redeem my waggons left with the publican; but nevertheless I was still unfortunate. The man that I sent for the waggons turned out a rascal; he decamped with my cash, taking the horses and harness with him, and from that period to the present hour I have never heard any thing concerning his flight. I applied again to my friend for assistance: he really was a friend in need, and advanced me money enough to get my waggons once more into my own possession.

"After a short period I again got my company together, and with hired horses, I went to Waltham Abbey. I took a small theatre in that town, the rent of which I paid fifteen shillings per week. It was all the money too much. My company I considered very strong, consisting of Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Thwaites,



Drawn & Engraved by Theodore Lane

Magistrate listening to the request of the half famished Lawyer to perform in a Barn

And then the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lined
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut
Full of wise saws and modern instances

Master *Edmund*, his mother, and the whole of his family, Mr. Saville Fawcett, Mr. Grosette, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferies, Mr. Reed, Mrs. Wells, and several other performers, who are now engaged at the different theatres in the kingdom. Notwithstanding we acted the most popular pieces, the best night produced only *nine shillings and sixpence*. Starvation stared us in the face, and our situation was so truly pitiable that the magistrate of the town, out of compassion to our misfortunes, 'bespoke a night.' The feeling conduct of the justice of the peace put us all in high spirits; and every bench and every corner was measured to ascertain what the house would hold, which, upon a fair calculation, we found would produce about seven pounds. Under the expectation of receiving this seven pounds, every chandler's, butcher's, and baker's shop was tried, with a promise of payment on Monday night. A rehearsal was called upon the Sunday morning; but those actors who were so fortunate as to have obtained a dinner upon credit, forgot their parts, in the anticipation of realising a hearty meal, an unusual thing in the company. Mr. *Vaughan*, who played my first line of business, was obliged to go to London on some pressing occasion, started at five o'clock on the Sunday morning, with a solemn promise to be back in time for the rehearsal the next day. He had scarcely departed when the landlord of the public house where *Vaughan* lodged entered the theatre, and inquired for him. I told the publican he was gone to London. 'Yes,' replied the landlord, 'and he has stolen twelve pair of my ducks.' Thinking of the magistrate's '*bespeak*,' and the seven pounds, it operated upon my feelings like a *lock*-jaw for the instant, and I could not give the man any answer. However, on recovering my speech, I asked the landlord *how* any single man could take away twelve pair of ducks. But he was irritated, and would not hear a word I

had to urge in the defence of Vaughan. I at last prevailed upon the landlord to keep it silent until the next morning, as Vaughan had promised to return without fail by twelve o'clock. On the departure of the landlord I went to the company, who were at rehearsal, and made them acquainted with the charge of the publican; at the same time begging one of them to study the part, as I made sure Vaughan had got the ducks. On Monday morning, about eleven o'clock, while the company were at rehearsal, Vaughan, to my surprise, made his appearance. I was very glad to see him. He said he should have been down at Waltham Abbey much sooner, but that he had dined out with a friend, and had a beautiful dinner. I, of course, asked him what were the dishes. His reply was, '*Ducks* and green peas!' Then, by G—d, I exclaimed, you had the man's twelve pair of ducks. *Vaughan* inquired what I meant? I told him the story; but during the time I was telling *Vaughan*, the landlord of the public house entered, and calling me on one side, said 'he hoped I had not told the young man about the *ducks*. He was very sorry for what he had said; as it since appeared the *ducks* had gone down with the mill-stream to a farm house about two miles off, when Mr. *Vaughan* left for London, and had likewise returned about the same time as his lodger.' Upon the whole, the story of the *ducks* was a fortunate thing for *Vaughan;* and the landlord of the public house, to prevent an action being brought against him for defamation, fed and lodged *Vaughan* free of expense during the remainder of his stay in the town. The magistrate's '*bespeak*' produced an excellent house; we divided the receipts, and paid all the money we could amongst the tradesmen who had given us credit.

"On quitting Waltham Abbey we made our route to be in time for the opening of the Paddington Canal, and erected our booth. By the time of the

company's landing we opened, and had an excellent night, the receipts of which put me upon my legs, and I retired for the winter. During the vacation I looked out for new performers, and visited the private theatres. Amongst them MINTON'S, in Queen Anne Street East, claimed my attention. The play was Richard the Third, the part of the Duke of Gloucester by Mr. *Oxberry*. I knew his uncle and himself previous to that period, therefore I had an immediate interview with *Oxberry* without any hesitation. The latter performer expressed a wish to travel, and I engaged him for the ensuing summer. *Oxberry* joined my company at Easter; and he remained with me for two seasons. At that time a young woman of the name of *Bass* belonged to us, and in our journey to Ascot races we stopped to bait our horses at the Swan, Staines Bridge. We were immediately recognised by the watermen, who good naturedly lent the company their boats to take a small excursion upon the Thames. Nine of the actors got into one of the boats, and amongst them *Billy Oxberry*. In the middle of the river the boat upset, and the whole of them went to the bottom. The whole town, on hearing of the circumstance, rushed to afford them assistance, and with very great difficulty the *nine* performers were rescued from a *watery exit*. But *Oxberry* had the narrowest escape of his life of any of them, owing to Miss *Bass* rising at the same instant with *Billy*. In going down the second time, Miss *Bass* caught hold of *Oxberry's* coat, which had nearly drowned them both; but by the perseverance and struggling of *Oxberry*, and prompt assistance being afforded him, Miss *Bass* and *Oxberry* were preserved to laugh at the incident. The most ludicrous part of this unlucky circumstance was that not one of them had a change of clothes; they therefore all scrambled into the caravan, took off their wet apparel, and hung them out of the caravan

to dry. *Oxberry* was the most unfortunate of the party: his breeches were made of buckskin, and fitted so tight to his limbs that it was with the utmost difficulty they could be got off; and the leather taking a long time to dry, *Billy* was compelled to walk about Ascott racecourse in a full pair of Turkish trowsers.

"About this time I engaged Mr. *Abraham Slader* and Mr. *Rose*, both of whom, in a few years afterwards, became men of celebrity at Astley's and the Surrey Theatres. Also a Mrs. *Fitzgerald*, who, on leaving my company, in the course of a few years, was the *manageress* of the York circuit; likewise Miss *Fanny Welding*, belonging to Astley's, but since which known as the present Mrs. *Pearce*, of Covent Garden Theatre. Therefore, Mr. PROTEUS, you must now be aware that a number of *great* men upon the stage have emanated from my travelling company. In the course of this year I went to Twickenham fair; and Messrs. Copeland and Russell's company were then performing at the theatre, Richmond. I made up my mind to have *one* private night after the fair was over, and I announced to the public the performance of *Douglas*, and the *Miller of Mansfield*, young Norval by Mr. *Saville Fawcett*. Directly our bills had been circulated in the morning, it was a usual thing on my part, on the day after the fair, to give the company a treat at Twickenham Ait, with as many eel pies as they could eat, and as much ale as they could drink. We were all very comfortable and merry; and the performers did not want any persuasion to play their different characters with spirit. But in the midst of our happiness, to my astonishment, I received a note from the managers of the Richmond Theatre, with information that it was a benefit that night at their house, and if I attempted to perform they would apply to a magistrate, and have myself and the whole of the company taken into custody. I laughed at this threat: and being

quite warm with ale, I returned an answer, with my compliments, that if I was taken up, it should be by the authority of a magistrate, and not by *two vagrants* like myself. Mrs. JORDAN at that time lived on Twickenham Common. I went immediately to that justly celebrated and much lamented actress, and put the letter of Messrs. Copeland and Russell into her hand. Mrs. JORDAN said she could scarcely think they would have been guilty of such an act of meanness; but yet she knew it was their handwriting. Mrs. J. desired me to return to my company, and to perform without any fear of their threats; that she would endeavour to make me up a party, or at least, if she could not come herself, she would send her children. This most excellent actress and worthy woman kept her word. The next morning Copeland and Russell did me another favour, by engaging *Saville Fawcett;* but the latter actor would not consent to quit my service immediately, according to their wishes, but remained in my company till the season closed.

"My next tour was to St. Alban's fair, where I met with very great encouragement; and year after year, my gratitude compels me to think that I have met with the same cheerful patronage from the inhabitants and corporation of St. Alban's.

"I cannot conclude my theatrical peregrinations, Mr. PROTEUS, without mentioning another anecdote of the great actor of the day. To show you the vicissitudes of the stage, and that superior talents must ultimately be recognised by the public. At Easter, in 1806, I attended Battersea fair, and had permission, after it was over, from the magistrates, to perform whole pieces for two nights. During the fair I was short of hands, and was applied to by Mr. *Edmund K.* I was very glad of the offer; and immediately concluded an engagement. *Edmund* on the first night acted young *Norval*, and on the second

Motley, in the Castle Spectre. You must be aware, Mr. PROTEUS, the sum I paid him was not very large (a *crown* per night), which sum, however trifling, he received thankfully. I am happy to say that his splendid talents have, since that period, not only saved one of the Theatres Royal from ruin, but he has received one hundred pounds per night for his exertions. This was the last time *Edmund* played for me; though the rest of his family remained some months afterwards in my company. Therefore, Mr. PROTEUS, I have merely related the preceding anecdotes to show you that, notwithstanding you are in my company at Bartholomew fair, it cannot operate as a bar, if you exert your talents, in becoming at some future period a manager of one of the Theatres Royal. I have only one thing more to add, Mr. PROTEUS, I am still before the public, who are the best judges of my conduct as to support; and I can assert, without the fear of contradiction, there is not a theatre in the metropolis in which some of the performers have not belonged at different periods to my company."

The narrative of the travelling manager, *told* without any art or disguise, highly entertained PROTEUS until a late hour: and on his taking leave of *Teazer* and Mr. *Richardson*, he retired to his lodgings. On entering his apartment, PEREGRINE found the following letter on his table, post paid:—

Deceitful, unfeeling PROTEUS:

Well, we are parted—and again
We ne'er shall meet; alas! no, never!
The thought is maddening to my brain,
His heart is lost to me for ever.

Yet once he loved; and, oh! how dear
I seem'd to him by every token!
That time is fled—this scalding tear
Will tell how all his vows are broken.

He's gone, alas! and I must try,
Though hard the task, soon to forget him,
And to suppress each bursting sigh
That memory brings when first I met him.

I must forget each tender look,
Each pressure of my hand so thrilling;
And those fond vows of love he took
While his false eyes with tears seem'd filling.

Yet memory brings the parting spot
Where I by him was left forsaken,
The cold, cold look I've not forgot,
He gave—while my poor heart was breaking!

But, oh! those bitter pangs are pass'd,
I ne'er can feel again, no, never;
This tear of anguish is the last,
And I have done with love for ever.

ELIZA ——.

"Unhappy girl!" said PROTEUS, "I have deserved all these reproaches; but I am totally at a loss how Eliza could have found me out. Some of her acquaintances must have recognised me at the fair, and I heard from *Teazer* that he had given my direction to a young woman who was particularly anxious to obtain it."

One pill was more than a dose to our hero, and long before the last day of Bartholomew fair ended, PROTEUS was so completely worn out with fatigue and exhaustion that he made up his mind to have nothing more to do with the travelling plan of proceeding from fair to fair. "For four days," said PEREGRINE, "I have done more work than a horse in a mill. I have performed to upwards of fifty audiences, and I am become almost as hoarse as a raven. My constitution will not permit me to continue such exertion any longer." He therefore took a friendly leave of Mr. *Richardson;* and, in company with *Horatio,* repaired to the *Harp,* under the expectation of hearing of an engagement at a regular provincial

theatre. Mr. *Schemer*, the agent, had no situation for our hero upon his books, but PROTEUS heard from a country actor present, and who had recently arrived in London, that Mr. *Make-a-bill*, at Dashington, was in great want of a person at his theatre in the first line of business. PROTEUS on this slight information was determined to set out for Dashington, contrary to the advice of *Horatio*, so eager was our hero once more to obtain an engagement. But PEREGRINE had to repent of his want of deliberation; in fact, it was nothing else but jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Upon his arrival at *Dashington*, instead of meeting with the theatre as a most conspicuous building in the town, it was with considerable difficulty he found out the residence, or rather the lodgings of Mr. *Make-a-bill*. It is impossible to depict the surprise manifested by PEREGRINE on witnessing the poverty of the country manager's apartment on his entering the room. He thought he had made some mistake, and was about shutting the door, when he asked if Mr. *Make-a-bill* was at home? The female, who was up to her elbows in suds, replied, "yes!" A mutual explanation soon took place between the parties; when *Make-a-bill* laughed heartily at the mistake. "Pardon me, sir," said the manager, "although the singularity of the circumstance has made me smile, I am really sorry that you should have left London under such delusion;[1] but there is another Mr. *Make-a-bill* in the

[1] EDWIN, the once inimitable comedian of Covent Garden Theatre, met with as many vicissitudes, during his career as a strolling player, as our hero. It is related of Edwin that he left Manchester in 1776, with his wardrobe tied up in a small pocket handkerchief, the knot of which he attached to the hook of a crab stick, which he rested upon his right shoulder, and then hurried from the confines of the town with as much precipitation as discretion warrants to the pedestrian in a state of convalescence. When he had journeyed peaceably, if not joyously, about twenty miles, in the hope of getting an engagement as an actor, he discovered that he had made a small mistake, which had nearly proved ruinous, being so restricted in point of cash.

Drawn & Engraved by Theodore Lane

One man in his time plays many parts! — Shaks

ON *and* OFF *the* STAGE. *The surprise manifested by* PROTEUS *on his entering the apartment of an itinerant Manager*

profession, who rents three or four theatres in the north, and I have no doubt he is the person to whom you should have made your application. Unfortunately for you, sir, he is upwards of two hundred miles from this place. He employs several actors, but *my* company consists only of my wife, children, an old blind fiddler, and myself; and *snug* as it is, I have a great difficulty in procuring them a subsistence. As you have been disappointed in your expectations, travelled so far to a disadvantage, and perhaps in want of a little money to help you on the road, I would

This error originated in his forgetting the name of the town where the company of comedians were; and an evil star governing the hour, the unlucky infant of Momus went to NORTHWICH instead of *Nantwich*, both being equally distant from Manchester, though they were not equally welcome to his expectations. This disappointment, added to his weak state of body, disheartened EDWIN very much; however he crossed a forest in the vicinity the next day, and got to Chester: and in a day or two afterwards he walked to Wrexham, in Wales. At this place he heard Mr. Heaton's company were performing at Oswestry; he therefore changed his route, but on his arrival at Oswestry he found that Mr. Heaton had left that place a few weeks before for Bewdley, in Worcestershire. After experiencing great difficulties on his journey to Worcestershire, he reached Shrewsbury, and also went forward to Bridgnorth, when he was left without a penny in his purse, with no other alternative but to remain at Bridgnorth, or to seek Bewdley on foot. He embraced the latter, and after rambling many miles, frequently up to the knees in snow, with no other defence for his legs but a pair of white silk stockings, darned three inches above the shoe, eventually saw with inconceivable delight the spires of Bewdley rising above the circumvolving smoke. EDWIN continued for three weeks at Bewdley, without being able to put a single shilling in his pocket. The auditors in the barn became every evening less in point of numbers, the state of the company's treasury was truly lamentable, the countenance of every performer was lengthened an inch by desperation. The manager's note of hand would not pass current for twopence; the poisoned bowl and dagger were carefully hid from the hungry claimants' rehearsal, and EDWIN exclaimed, when he delineated his distresses at Bewdley, like SHIFT, in the *Minor*:—

> "In a word, sir, I studied and starved,
> Impoverished my body, and pampered my mind."

recommend you, sir, to have a *gag*, at a manufacturing town a few miles from here; and as you are a *new* performer to the inhabitants, I am certain it will answer your purpose." The diffidence of PROTEUS forbade him putting such a scheme into practice; but *necessity*, *pressing* NECESSITY, whispered into his ear that he would soon be without food if the *Gag* was not attempted.

Our hero made for *Hardware Town* with the most convenient speed; and having selected the Garrick's Head as an inn calculated to answer his purpose, and the cheerful physiognomy of "Mine Host" also pleasing the eye of PROTEUS, he made it his residence. The landlord had a taste for theatricals, a generous spirit, and over a glass of grog in the evening he soon entered into the misfortunes of PEREGRINE, and promised him his assistance. The "*horrors*" were thus removed for a short period; a strong bill of amusement was without loss of time circulated round the town, in which PROTEUS promised to perform every thing but sleight of hand. The assembly room was well filled by the interest of "Mine Host;" the recitations of PROTEUS gave general satisfaction, and the *receipts* enabled him to quit *Hardware Town* with several more pounds in his pocket than when he entered it.

Our hero did not like the thought of returning to London; and if any thing like a tolerable engagement offered itself, he was determined to accept of it sooner than be "out of bread." After some little trouble and disappointment, PEREGRINE enlisted under the banners of Mr. BEST-*of-it*. Choice of business was out of the question: the manager took all the best parts, and PROTEUS very reluctantly consented to "play out of his line," and to relinquish the *light* for the heavy characters of the drama. He had scarcely a moment's ease in Mr. BEST-of-it's company; all his time, when not occupied by rehearsals, was swallowed up in the *study* of new parts; the book was

PROTEUS *Lounds shew me what thou*

Dra[illegible] by Theo Lane

[illegible] Actors travelling in search of fame

Proteus in a [illegible] The turnpike hero paid for his sneers:

Set you down this
And my besides _ that in Aleppo once.
[illegible]

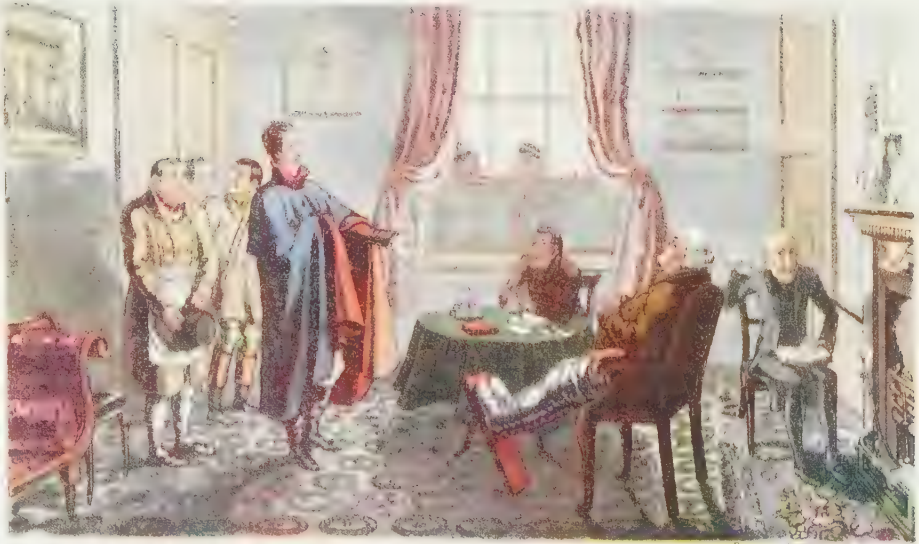
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog.
And smote him, thus.

never out of his hands either at his breakfast or tea, and he frequently read himself to sleep in his bed, to the great danger of the lives and properties of the inmates of the house in which he dwelt, so much had our hero to acquire to render his appearance upon the stage "*perfect*." The life of PEREGRINE, at this period, might be said to be one of incessant toil and fatigue, with barely an existence to compensate for his exertions.

Under the management of Mr. *Best-of-it* no actor could thrive, his demands for scenes, dresses, travelling expenses, rent of the theatre, etc., and who always stipulated *his* shares were the first to be paid out of the money collected at the doors, made such a *hole* in the receipts of the treasury, that, upon several occasions, the *shares* left for the poor actors were trifling indeed; or, as PROTEUS often observed, "no *share* of money to purchase provisions, but a large surplus of disappointment and misery to feed upon." Our hero's temper was completely changed; and poverty and distress had made him irritable upon the slightest occasion. In one of his travelling excursions, under Mr. *Best-of-it*, PEREGRINE had a quarrel with a turnpike-man, which might have led to serious consequences. The latter made some contemptuous allusions to "poor players," who, he said, would have no objection to get through the gate without paying the toll, if a convenient opportunity offered itself. The turnpike-man was a saucy fellow, and, valuing himself upon his strength, was extremely liberal in his abuse upon the necessities of "the children of Thespis." PROTEUS was all on fire in an instant, and in his rage he seized hold of the fellow after the manner of *Othello* and *Iago*, and held the astonished turnpike-man so fast that he begged hard for mercy. The anger of PEREGRINE was soon at an end; and with a suitable admonition he dismissed the turnpike-man from his perilous situation, to the great laughter

and derision of his theatrical companions. But PROTEUS did not find it quite so easy a circumstance to clear himself when brought before the magistrate to answer the charge of assault; the turnpike-man having made an addition to his case, that PROTEUS and his party attempted to pass through the gate without paying the toll allowed by Act of Parliament. The Justice, full of "wise saws and modern instances," swelling with all the purse-proud arrogance of situation, and an implacable enemy to strolling players, wished his clerk to examine "*The Vagrant Act*" to see if our hero did not come within the meaning of it. The above dispenser of justice for a long time was inflexible, and was about signing a committal for PROTEUS to be sent to the county jail for his attempt to defraud the revenue, and for the assault on one of the officers in his duty; but the easy address, firmness, and eloquence displayed by our hero, ultimately softened the asperity of the Justice, and PEREGRINE again triumphed over the insolent turnpike-man.

Owing to such a succession of ill luck PROTEUS was *wavering* in his mind as to the best plan to be adopted for his future conduct. Whether he should give up the profession of an actor altogether, and bury his aspiring hopes in oblivion; or return to town like a repentant sinner—acknowledge his errors—exclaim against the folly of all stage-struck heroes!—and stick close to business as an industrious man the remainder of his life? "At present," exclaimed PROTEUS, "I am so reduced in spirits and pocket, that my independence of mind is fast leaving me. I am almost as shabby as a pauper; and in a state of starvation, allied to a beggar. But worst of all, I am losing respect towards my person, and degenerating into the *sloven;* and while I remain under the *care* of Mr. *Best-of-it*, I never can be otherwise. At all events, if the slightest chance offers itself that I can change my situation, I will never again attach myself to a



KE GATE *Portia defending himself before the*
fully the ACTION *by the*
most potent grave, and reverend signiors

SHARING company. But, previous to my final resolution on the subject, I will once more consult my sincere friend *Horatio*, and his reply shall be my unalterable decision. To remain a STROLLING PLAYER throughout my whole career, 'strutting and fretting' season after season, upon an insufficient salary, from country town to country town, and then to die unheeded and forgotten—the very thought of such a miserable existence is disgusting to my feelings. No! if my talents will not place me within the grasp of becoming a first-rate actor upon the boards of a London Theatre, I cannot make my *exit* too soon from such an arduous and uncertain profession."[1]

[1] Nothing can be more arduous to the mind than the life of an actor, and nothing more uncertain than its conclusion as to the *reward* and *honour*. In numerous instances, it is a succession of years full of vexation and disappointment.

I remember, a few years ago, being at a benefit at a regular theatre, in Lewes in Sussex, a town containing 10,000 inhabitants (and within eight miles of Brighton), at that period under the management of Messrs. Penley and Jones, the receipts of which, including the WHOLE and *half* price, amounted only to *ten shillings and sixpence!* The performer's name was *Mara;* and he afterwards made his appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in Dennis Brulgruddery. *Mara* was an excellent singer, a fine jolly companion in a club room; in fact, the *soul* of every company in which he mixed; and a person well calculated to make a benefit: but such was the reward of his exertions. However the company, in the true spirit that the audience however small ought not to be disappointed, went through the play and farce with all the gaiety of an overflowing house.

I likewise recollect, on the evening preceding an election for members of Parliament for Guildford, in Surrey, when Mr. Serjeant Best was one of the candidates (now chief justice of the Common Pleas) that I strolled into the theatre at half price. Not a single person was in the boxes, only myself in the pit, and three little country boys in the gallery. Such is the uncertainty of theatrical speculations.

Mr. Munden, a few years since, was "*star*-ing it" at the Brighton Theatre; and the newspapers at the time observed, the above great actor good naturedly performed to *five pounds!*

The vicissitudes and hardships experienced by PROTEUS as an actor were not more severe than those suffered by the cele-

brated MACKLIN; of whom it is said, that sometimes he was an architect, and knocked up the stage and seats in a barn; sometimes he wrote an opening prologue or a parting epilogue for the company; at others he wrote a song, complimentary and adulatory to the village they happened to play in, which he always adapted to some sprightly popular air, and sang himself: and he often was champion, and stood forward to repress the persons who were accustomed to intrude upon and be rude to the actors. His circle of acting was more enlarged than Garrick's; for in one night he played *Antonio* and *Belvidera*, in "Venice Preserved;" *Harlequin*, in the entertainment; sung three humorous songs between the acts, and indulged the audience with an Irish jig between the play and entertainment. He has often done this, or as much as this, when his allotment of the profits amounted to no more than *five and sixpence*. However, it was his nature not to think of *present difficulties*, but to look forward to future GREATNESS. While he was acting in this manner, he was not misspending his time—he was steeling his constitution, learning the human heart, storing up in his mind character in all its shapes, familiarising himself to the caprices of fortune, and laying up a treasure of information which he could not have acquired in any seminary in the course of an age.

[illegible] their [illegible] Scene the Pilot Devils the Managerien distress PROTEUS in the dumps [illegible] and the [illegible] strong for the Treasury but not for the House.

CHAPTER VI

Better late than never: the fortunate Side of the Picture appears. PROTEUS *receives a Letter from the Manager of an eminent Provincial Theatre, offering him an Engagement. Our Hero accepts of it; by which Means he gets into Notice. His Performances praised in the Provincial Journals; Horatio reads the Criticisms with delight: and* PEREGRINE *is talked about as an Actor in London. The Daughter of a Merchant falls in Love with* PROTEUS: *the Attachment reciprocal: an Elopement: and Matrimony the Result. Becomes possessed of some Property by the Death of his Wife's Parent. An Idea of becoming a Country Manager. Our Hero attends a Theatrical Sale in the Metropolis during Passion Week.* ***London in Sight.***

THE temper of our hero was completely exhausted by travelling over the country with Mr. BEST-*of-it*; and the friends of PROTEUS, at that period, could not find fault with him on account of his want of *practice* in "the profession." He had likewise, according to his own feelings upon the subject, received his full share of misery, mortification, and poverty; too often, indeed, the constant companions of country actors on their road to FAME; and severe trials, which most men of genius experience before their talents become generally acknowledged and arrive at maturity. The want of a respectable situation in a provincial theatre of eminence made PEREGRINE unhappy; and he could scarcely endure any longer the contemptuous mode of treatment he so often had met with in his circuit with Mr. BEST-*of-it* from the landlords of houses, who look upon players in no other point of view but as suspicious characters; or, according to

the adage, "better known than trusted." Yet with all the *fatigue* which surrounds the life of a country actor, however strange it may appear, it is strictly true, that a kind of *mania* operates upon the feelings of those persons who once "take to the *boards*," and they seldom afterwards feel inclined to desert them. Numbers also who never soar, or who are not able to obtain a higher situation than *mediocrity* upon the stage, continue to drag on a precarious existence, and in their final exit verify the poet's severe but just remark—a life

> Full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing!

Within the last twenty years the situation of actors in society has considerably improved; and also the prejudices which were entertained against strolling players have in a great degree subsided. In most provincial towns the assembly room, the town hall, and the wretched barn,[1] have been superseded by a

[1] The facetious PENKETHMAN opened a new theatre at Richmond, June 6, 1719, and spoke a humorous prologue on the occasion, alluding to the place having been formerly a *hovel for asses!* This theatre was probably the same that stood on the declivity of the Hill, and was opened in the year 1756 by THEOPHILUS CIBBER, who, to avoid the penalties of the Act of Parliament against unlicensed comedians, advertised it as *A Cephalic Snuff Warehouse!*—The *General Advertiser*, July 8, 1756, thus announces it:—CIBBER and Co., Snuff Merchants, sell at their warehouse, at Richmond Hill, most excellent cephalic snuff, which, taken in moderate quantities (in an evening particularly) will not fail to raise the spirits, clear the brain, throw off ill humours, dissipate the spleen, enliven the imagination, exhilarate the mind, give joy to the heart, and greatly invigorate and improve the understanding! Mr. CIBBER has also opened at the aforesaid warehouse (late called the theatre) on the Hill, an *histrionic* academy for the instruction of young persons of genius in *the art of* ACTING; and purposes, for the better improvement of such pupils, and frequently with his assistance, to give public rehearsals—without hire, gain, or reward!"

regularly built theatre; but nevertheless the salaries in general in the country are too small for performers to live upon in a respectable manner; and when the benefit does not answer to clear up all deficiencies, created by a trifling weekly stipend, it need not excite any surprise to find actors in debt, or quitting their provincial engagements. The poor performer cannot change his situation like the mechanic, who seeks work from shop to shop until he procures employment; and the actor is frequently out of a situation for months: yet no word is more important in the actor's vocabulary than "*business*." He is continually talking about the "heavy" or the "light *business*," and the good, bad, and immense "business" of theatres in general.

To the great joy of PEREGRINE, after a succession of wretched bad houses, he received a letter from Mr. *Bring'em-forward*, a liberal manager in the north of England, offering him an engagement to lead the business in his theatres. "That will do!" exclaimed PROTEUS with exultation, "it is one step upon the ladder; and no exertions shall be wanting on my part to reach the top of it; and I hope the audience will lend me a helping hand to become a first-rate actor. Mr. *Bring'em-forward* has been distinguished for supplying the London theatres with actors of the highest class in the profession. My hopes now revive; and I trust my misfortunes are likewise at an end."

The barren ground of Mr. BEST-*of-it* was, as soon as possible, left by PROTEUS for the more fertile soil of Mr. *Bring'em-forward*. The change of scene was delightful to his feelings; and he entered upon his new engagement with the greatest ardour; and his ultimate success exceeded his most sanguine expectations. His mind was relieved, his spirits were increased, and his wardrobe without any difficulty replenished. His good temper returned; and he

often laughed heartily as he related the anecdote of the *un*-friendly conduct he met with from the *Quaker* in his search for lodgings on joining the above company, and also at the numerous vicissitudes and the little stratagems to which he had been compelled to resort, in order, as our hero observed, to keep "soul and body together" during the time of his *martyrdom*, when he belonged to the management of Messrs. Screw, Best-of-it, etc.

PROTEUS performed all the great characters of SHAKSPEARE with *éclat:* his Hamlet, Richard, Othello, Romeo, and Macbeth were pronounced not only excellent but *original;* and his Rolla, Rover, Ranger, Petruchio, and the Duke in the "Honey Moon," were spoken of as fine pieces of acting: in short, he became a great favourite throughout the circuit of Mr. *Bring'em-forward;* and he also obtained the reputation of a general actor. The criticisms in the provincial journals were animated in the praises which the editors bestowed upon his exertions; and which were read in London by his friend *Horatio* with feelings of joy not to be described; and who also exerted himself in obtaining an insertion for several of them in the daily newspapers of the metropolis, in order that the name of PROTEUS, as an actor, might in due time become familiar to the ears of the public, and likewise meet the eyes of the London managers, in case an opening should offer at the Theatres Royal for the *début* of our hero.

In the course of two years PROTEUS had perfectly established himself in the north of England as a decided favourite, and he lost not an inch of ground whenever he was placed in opposition to any of the great *Stars* brought from London by Mr. *Bring'em-forward* occasionally for a few nights. Our hero conducted himself with so much propriety and gentlemanly conduct that he was recognised by some of the highest people of fashion in the neighbourhood,

Drawn & Engraved by Theodre Lane

[illegible] Lodgings PEREGRINE displays too much spirit for EPHRAIM SMOOTH!

[illegible] to night — but where to morr

[illegible] where Hem Shakspeare

[illegible] thy doth can sojourn here

Drawn & Engraved by Theodore Lane

The "UPPER REGIONS" in disorder rapid descent of the Gods & Goddesses into the Pit, Proteus in Macbeth the Climax interrupted.

and who also invited him as a guest to the most select and elegant parties for miles round the theatre. The advantages of mixing with good company not only procured him numerous friends, but his exertions were rewarded by overflowing houses at his benefits. In one particular instance so great was the attraction of PEREGRINE'S performance of *Macbeth*, that the gallery was not strong enough to hold with safety the assemblage of spectators who would take no denial from the door-keepers, but insisted upon being admitted to view the talents of our hero. Fortunately for PROTEUS no lives were lost by the accident; and, excepting a few bruises which were soon removed by external applications, the circumstance of the very crowded state of the theatre tended more to his advantage than otherwise, by increasing his popularity throughout the whole of Mr. *Bring'em-forward's* circuit.

Prosperity now smiled upon PROTEUS, and he viewed himself as a happy fellow, when contrasted with his preceding career. He was the *Star* of Mr. *Bring'em-forward's* company; the manager also was his friend; and his talents were of so superior a cast, that his brother performers, without rivalry or envy, acknowledged him the hero of the tale. PEREGRINE lived in the most respectable manner; but at the same time he was very careful that his *expenses* should not exceed his INCOME. His incarceration at Whitecross Street Prison had proved a most useful lesson to his feelings; and he always looked upon that unfortunate circumstance against his character as a finger-post in future to take the right road. PROTEUS likewise, upon all occasions in public, was dressed as a gentleman; his purse also was in a better state than the poet's assertion of "*trash;*" and his fine elegant figure rendered his personal appearance so attractive that he was a great favourite with the ladies in all the towns in which he exhibited as an actor; indeed, so

well did he stand in this respect, that two or three matches were offered for the consideration of our hero; but as *property* was not the decided object of his choice in his performance of the "*Way to get Married*," his *mind* soared about an *attorneyship* connexion, and he felt determined that his "*Honey Moon*" should be enriched with all the amiability, love, and tenderness of a *Juliana*, as a companion for him through life.

Amongst the numerous invitations PROTEUS received from the gentry in the neighbourhood contiguous to the theatre to dine, or spend a day or two, none were more pressing than those of Mr. MILDMAY, a most worthy and wealthy merchant. He was a great admirer of the drama; and his table had been for years generally open to the respectable part of the profession. Mr. MILDMAY was also considered as an excellent yet liberal judge of acting; and his remarks upon the beauties of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, John Kemble, etc. were viewed as valuable, if not critical. He was a great friend to rising merit; and always anxious to promote and extend the interests of performers of talent. PROTEUS was a great favourite with Mr. MILDMAY: he invited him to most of his parties; also provided our hero with a hunter when the hounds in the neighbourhood claimed the attention of Mr. MILDMAY, as his companion to the field: they were frequently together at coursing matches; and day after day *bagging* of the game, side by side, to obtain the honour over each other, and to secure the title of —the best *shot!* In the evening, over the bottle, except when the theatre demanded the presence of PROTEUS, our hero was at the elbow of his friend Mr. MILDMAY, relating some interesting anecdote, singing a humorous song, and otherwise entertaining the wealthy merchant and his visitors.

But Mr. MILDMAY had a daughter "passing fair;"

and although PROTEUS was welcome to every thing that his estate afforded, yet, like *Squire Western*, he had not the most distant idea that PROTEUS would have aspired to become his son-in-law. Mr. MILDMAY had all the fine hospitable properties of an English country gentleman attached to his character; and, although devoted to the drama and its adherents, yet he intended his beloved MARIA for a person of a much higher description in society to fulfil the character of a wife, than unite herself with "*a play actor!*"

Unfortunately for her "papa," MARIA thought otherwise; the romantic notions of "content in a cot," or rather "to please her eye, if she plagued her heart," and a thousand other old-fashioned notions learnt from the servants in her father's dwelling, or instilled upon her memory by the idle prattle of her nurse, seemed more compatible with her tender feelings than any precise systematic rules laid down to form an attachment: and what fortune, added to respectability in life, could not effect to obtain the hand and heart of the lovely Miss MILDMAY, love at a single glance accomplished for PROTEUS.

MARIA MILDMAY was not exactly what is termed a *spoiled* child; but she was the next door to it. She was the *pet* of her mama; her father's darling; the delight of her uncle; the pride of all her brothers and sisters; and Miss MILDMAY was loved by all of her acquaintances. Some persons have the good fortune not to make an enemy in the world; and MARIA was a female of that description. Her form was sylph-like; her face intelligent, yet soft and feminine: indeed, every body termed her handsome. MARIA was clever, but not overloaded with accomplishments: she had not been ITALIANIZED: all her masters were English, as OLD MILDMAY had a great antipathy to every thing *foreign*, except *wine*. MARIA was never intended for a public character; and

therefore her education was suited to her situation in life. She was not a Miss *Stephens* nor a Miss *Paton;* but whenever she touched the piano-forte in accompanying herself, her strains were sweetly musical, and so attractive that her friends frequently requested an *encore.* MARIA certainly did not possess the elegance of *Madame Vestris*, yet she never entered or quitted a drawing-room, but she left an impression upon the minds of the company that she had been well bred, and possessed the manners of a gentlewoman.

MARIA, as might naturally be expected, was surrounded by a host of admirers: all of them men of respectability in life; and several of them were her superiors in point of fortune. Her father, on his own account, felt satisfied if one out of the number was selected by MARIA for her husband; and therefore he did not press the suit of any particular person against his rival. Rank in society equal to that class in which Miss MILDMAY moved, with a corresponding property, were the principal objects her father had in view in selecting the choice of a partner for his daughter. So far Mr. MILDMAY prided himself upon his liberality of conduct towards his child: he had himself been happy in his marriage by accident, and increased also with a union of riches: happiness he viewed as a matter of course; and corresponding taste and congeniality of disposition, he looked upon more as a *chimera* than a reality required to consolidate the sacred and lasting bond of matrimony.

But the value arising from rich lands, the rents produced by large streets, and the formal *contracts* of persons binding themselves over to each other, were not to be found in the enlarged creed of MARIA. Attachment, love, regard, reciprocal habits, and something like a MIND, were the pages upon which she dwelt to compose her future history. She was artless, a little volatile; extremely gay, but without

design; polite to all her admirers, but attached to none of them; she laughed at their compliments, and ridiculed their flattery. MARIA was completely herself, until the first glance that PROTEUS cast upon her person: it was a volume in itself: the rogue immediately found favour in her eyes; and in a very short time our hero became sole proprietor of her heart. Therefore the rich Mr. A. was denied without reserve; B. shared the same fate; C. got laughed at; and D. ridiculed: E. MARIA considered a fool; and F. positively a jackanapes: G. too much in love with himself; and H. cold, and formally distant: I. a dandy; and J. a perfect brute: K. nothing better than a miser; and L. a ruinous spendthrift: M. a libertine; and N. an ill-bred vulgar man: O. was too fond of hunting; and P. a gambler: Q. a dwarf; and R. a giant: S. was an indifferent fellow; and T. a presuming impertinent coxcomb: U. a pedant, fond of showing his scholastic acquirements upon the most trivial occasions, and a greater lover of books than ladies; and V. nothing at all, a frame without a head: W. too serious, with a face full of woe; and X. too noisy, and always laughing at his own follies: Y. a nondescript; and Z. a general lover. Thus the whole ALPHABET of MARIA's suitors were nearly dismissed at a breath.

For a short period MARIA and PROTEUS felt perfectly happy in each other's company during his visits at her father's house, without any restraint upon their looks and actions; and Mr. MILDMAY, who had not the least suspicion of any attachment between them, was continually sounding the praises of PROTEUS in the ears of his family as a rising but neglected actor; and also expressing his wishes that the day might soon arrive when his talents would be acknowledged upon the boards of one of the Theatres Royal in London. But the eyes of MARIA's father were at length opened, and the

reign of delusion was at an end, by the receipt of the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—Look after your daughter: be on your guard; she is in love with the player whom you imprudently permit to visit at your house; and if you do not instantly shut your doors against him, you will have to repent, when it is too late, of your credulity. The eyes of ARGUS are not enough at any time to keep watch upon a daughter, in addition to the numerous shapes an actor can assume to cheat you. Therefore, I once more repeat, look after MARIA, or she will be lost to you for ever.—Your well wisher, and FRIEND."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed OLD MILDMAY. "It cannot be true. It is a trick upon me by some over officious meddling fellow. I hate all anonymous correspondence: and if the writer had been my friend, why not attach his signature to the letter? My daughter, I trust, could not have acted so deceitfully towards me: however I will not dismiss the contents of this epistle entirely from my mind till I make an inquiry as to the cause of it."

The confusion of MARIA was so apparently great upon being questioned by her father on the subject, as to leave no doubt in his mind of her attachment towards PROTEUS; but to have avowed it might have proved her immediate ruin. MARIA was well aware of her father's hasty disposition; and she had not to learn his stern resolution against any marriage she might contract without his previous consent: she therefore denied the accusation contained in the anonymous letter; and by way of some palliation for the intimacy which now appeared to exist between her and PROTEUS, she observed it was merely on account of the patronage which her papa had bestowed upon him; and it was his talents alone which, she insisted upon, commanded her attention. Still

her father was not satisfied with this declaration; he thought it was not ingenuous; neither did it appear like the truth to his feelings. One more step he was determined to take before he dismissed the circumstance altogether from his mind. Mr. MILDMAY privately gave orders to his servants not to admit Mr. PROTEUS to see MARIA till he had been ushered first into his presence. Our hero was not prepared for the ordeal he had to undergo: and the *exposé* of his intentions towards Miss MILDMAY operated upon his nerves worse than a clap of thunder. MARIA'S father received PROTEUS with a studied formal manner he had been totally unaccustomed to, and with a severity of manner thus addressed him—"Sir, I received you into my family in the character of a friend; but you have taken advantage of my kindness, and acted deceitfully towards me. I am given to understand you have designs upon my daughter: I must therefore, without further ceremony, beg you will discontinue your visits at my house. You may, Mr. PROTEUS, make as much love as you please to *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, and *Polly Peachum* as an actor; but you shall not erect a stage in my dwelling to make overtures to my daughter. Our acquaintance now, Sir, ceases for ever." Mr. MILDMAY immediately quitted the apartment in a violent passion; and the servant was also seen with the door in his hand, as a hint for our hero to take his departure. PROTEUS stammered—looked like a fool—endeavoured to say something—but retired in confusion, without being able to catch a glimpse at MARIA. All intercourse was thus suddenly cut off for a short time between PROTEUS and MARIA; and Mr. MILDMAY in his rage declared, that if she ever again held any communication with our hero, that moment his doors should be closed upon her for ever. MARIA promised compliance with her father's wishes: she also conducted herself with great propriety till the resentment of Mr. MILDMAY had

subsided in some measure; and PROTEUS, likewise, was extremely cautious not to cross the path of her parent till more propitious times served his purpose. Yet nevertheless our hero lost no opportunity to obtain an interview with his mistress; but in vain: MARIA's steps were all watched; and she could not leave her father's house a single yard without a trusty servant accompanying her as a guardian. Scheme after scheme was put in practice; presents succeeding presents were made, both by Miss MILDMAY and PEREGRINE, till the fidelity of the domestics were a little shaken towards their master; and an assignation was the result between the lovely MARIA and the enterprising PROTEUS.

The place of meeting was the garden of her father; and the appointed hour after her parents had retired to rest. The doors of the house were all secured by Mr. MILDMAY according to his usual custom, and MARIA had no other alternative of quitting her chamber but descending by a rope-ladder, which had been procured for her by her *confidante*, into the garden. It was a beautiful moonlight night; but unfortunately for PROTEUS, he was rather behind his time, having been called upon to perform both in the play and farce: he therefore had no time to change his dress; but, hastily throwing his cloak over him, he ran in full speed on the wings of love to the place of assignation, to meet the idol of his soul. PROTEUS would have scaled the high garden walls, had necessity demanded the attempt; but the life of PEREGRINE was too dear to his mistress; and the door, unlocked by her tender hand, offered a more safe entrance. The meeting of the lovers was delightful to both parties: and PROTEUS, who had made up his mind a thousand times to solicit MARIA to name "the happy day," still his tongue forsook its office:—

> Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
> Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.

Drawn & Engraved by Theo. L.

Madam you have bereft me of all words
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins Shaks.

PROTEUS in Love BATURE his Rempter and G. to a Nunnery Go
far from his thoughts

And our hero, who had so often and so eloquently told his love upon the stage before a large assemblage of persons, now found it one of the most difficult parts in his life, when only in company with his mistress, to explain, in reality, the ardour of his passion. However singular it may appear, it is true that he who had sworn eternal constancy in *Romeo*, and in *Orlando* recited his impassioned tale—

> Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
> And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
> With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
> Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
> O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
> And on their barks my thoughts I'll character;
> That every eye, which in this forest looks,
> Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
> Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
> The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she,

and in the impetuous *Rolando* declared—

> The sonnets I have written to your beauty
> Have kept a paper-mill in full employ:
> And then the letters I have given by dozens
> Unto your chambermaid!

and yet, in real life, PEREGRINE proved himself a *young Marlow*. At length the half-suppressed sighs, the anxious looks, and the unutterable nothings gave way to expressions more intelligible; and PROTEUS, in a favourable moment, pressed and obtained the consent of the lovely MARIA to become his wife. Our hero was now so elated with his happiness, and, forgetting the time of night and the delicate situation in which his mistress was placed, broke out into the delightful air of—

> I love thee night and day, love;
> I love thee night and——

But he was interrupted by a well-known voice asking "Who was there?" On looking up to the balcony

he discovered the father of MARIA, who could not subdue his rage when he beheld his daughter and a man walking up and down the garden: he could scarcely believe his own eyes; and in the violence of his passion he would have leaped from the balcony, to have seized the indiscreet girl, had not his more prudent wife caught hold of him by his roquelaire.—"'Tis he!" said the irritated old man; "the light of the moon enables me to discover his face. I have cherished this rascal for something—invited him to partake of my table—to drink my wines—and then, by way of showing his gratitude, to steal my daughter from my house! but I will deceive the vagabond: a strolling player indeed. I will be revenged upon him for his foul play: he shall have no daughter of mine. I will place her out of his reach." Mr. MILDMAY then disappeared from the balcony, and the bolts of the door of the house which led to the garden were violently pushed back, and the father of MARIA was close at her heels, followed by his servants. She had endeavoured to escape with PROTEUS out of the garden; but her agitation was so great that her limbs forsook their office, and, on the arrival of her parent, MARIA had only time to articulate—"Forgive me, father!" when she fainted, and fell senseless in his arms. Mr. MILDMAY, who was dotingly fond of his child, forgot his rage for the instant, and tried every means to revive her. PROTEUS, equally agitated and distressed in his mind, would have assisted to restore animation to his beloved hopes; but her father, in an indignant tone, bade him "touch her not: to be gone; or, to dread the consequences of his resentment." Our hero endeavoured to expostulate with Mr. MILDMAY on his harshness towards him; but he was compelled reluctantly, nay, forced to leave his dear MARIA, casting many a lingering look behind as he retired from the grounds of the parent of his love.

Several days elapsed before anything like tranquillity was restored to the house of Mr. MILDMAY, or MARIA had recovered from the effects of the fright and regained her strength; so great was the confusion and unhappiness which the above circumstance had created throughout the whole of the family. MARIA's father was inexorable; she implored forgiveness again and again; and her mama also begged for a hearing in her daughter's behalf, but in vain. Old MILDMAY threatened in the most solemn manner that, if she did not relinquish all thoughts of the "*Play Actor*," she never should be a farthing the better for his property, and he would also turn her out of doors to the wide world. MARIA, in rather an ambiguous manner, promised she would endeavour to comply with the demands of her father; but begged that she might have the advantages of retirement to strengthen her resolution. Mr. MILDMAY acquiesced in her proposition; and no time was lost in conveying her to the residence of her uncle, a distance of nearly one hundred miles from the house of her parents.

So much secrecy had been adopted, and every movement so well managed by her father, that not one of his servants had any *clue* to her departure, or where MARIA was gone. All the incessant inquiries and stratagems of PROTEUS were fruitless to discover the retreat of his mistress, and he became melancholy and dejected in her absence. The season was also at an end: the theatre closed: and, for the happiness of the parents of MARIA, the name of PROTEUS was removed from their eyes.

In obtaining the valuable charge of his niece the uncle for some time was on the alert to provide for her safety, and to be prepared against our hero, should any farther attempts be made to withdraw her from his care: but the uncle did not possess the feelings nor exercise the vigilance of a parent: indeed,

the conduct of MARIA was so circumspect as to lull all suspicion on his part, and the *contrition* she expressed for her recent error appeared so sincere, that PROTEUS seemed banished from her mind; in consequence of which her uncle no longer kept her as a prisoner, and MARIA was therefore restored to her liberty. Yet the liberality of her uncle was guided by caution; and although she was permitted to enjoy the fresh air, and a ramble now and then in the fields, and a promenade through the town, he never trusted her without a companion. By degrees this restraint became relaxed, and MARIA had so much obtained the confidence of her uncle, that at length she was suffered to walk out alone.

But PROTEUS, her dear PROTEUS, and nothing else but PROTEUS still occupied her mind in private: he had gained the sovereign possession of her heart: she wished him to be her companion through life: she viewed the world as but a wilderness without our hero; and MARIA was determined at all risks to unite herself with his fortunes. The town near the residence of her uncle contained a post-office; and it was through this vehicle that MARIA informed our hero her place of retirement; the plan he was to pursue, if he risked an interview; as well as the mode to avoid detection. On the receipt of this letter PROTEUS was nearly frantic with joy; and almost on the wings of love he flew once more to embrace his dear MARIA. The interview was short: and these stolen moments of happiness interested their feelings almost bordering on enthusiasm. PROTEUS swore eternal constancy; he pledged his honour; and offered her his hand and heart. MARIA, equally attached, placed her hand in the firm grasp of our hero, and, in the sight of Heaven, declared that no one but PROTEUS should call her his wife. Our hero and MARIA did not separate without settling the plan to facilitate their marriage, and to deceive both her

uncle and father. The farewell was tender on both sides: the interview had also been managed with the most perfect secrecy; and PROTEUS returned to his engagement without any remarks being excited by his absence.

The demeanour of MARIA had so much raised her in the estimation of her uncle, that he sent a letter to his brother stating the happy change which had taken place in her mind, requesting at the same time he would come and see his daughter. "I am satisfied in my opinion," continued her uncle in his letter, "that you ought to reinstate her in your good opinion." OLD MILDMAY, overjoyed at this information, immediately went to the house of her uncle; and preliminaries were soon adjusted for the return of MARIA to the mansion of her father.

Her mama received her with every expression of tenderness; and her father thought nothing was too good for her. Happiness seemed once more the order of the day throughout the family. No restraint was put on the conduct of MARIA. She freely acknowledged that she had been thoughtless, but not wicked; and likewise she had severely reflected on the impropriety of her behaviour in listening to the vows of a man whom she had since found out to have been inconstant. His profession, as a player, was also an objection, and would have rendered her life uncomfortable; and she now rejoiced as much as her parents could that she had escaped from such a match, the result of which was likely to have produced little else but fatigue, poverty, and wretchedness. Her father was astonished, nay, delighted at these remarks; it was all he wished; in fact, more than he had asked: and MARIA, his darling daughter, had now regained his entire confidence.

> She that, so young, could give out such a seeming
> To seal her father's eyes, close as oak,—
> He thought 'twas witchcraft.

The night having arrived for the *elopement* to take place, and every thing being in readiness, PROTEUS, according to a preconcerted signal, was at his post trembling with fear lest a second discovery should prevent his union with MARIA: every minute appeared an hour, till the appearance of Miss MILDMAY at her window, answering the signal, removed his apprehensions. The high situation of her apartment from the ground produced no terrors in the mind of MARIA, and she descended the ladder with a firm step, as her dear PROTEUS was at the bottom to cheer up her spirits and give her the desired assistance. She reached the ground in safety; but nevertheless MARIA did not quit the dwelling of her father without feeling a sharp twinge or two at her heart: he had been a kind doting parent—a generous father—that the tear stole involuntarily down her cheek at the reflection, and she almost wavered in her resolution. The soothing and persuasive voice of PROTEUS however rekindled all-conquering love in her bosom: a pause might be dangerous to their plan: no time was to be lost. MARIA stepped into the carriage without further hesitation; the postboy had his cue and promise of reward; when the carriage was out of sight like lightning; and in the course of a few hours the lovely daughter was changed into the affectionate wife; and the once Miss MARIA MILDMAY lost sight of in the appellation of the amiable Mrs. PROTEUS.

It would be impossible to describe the rage and implacable resentment displayed by old Mr. MILDMAY on the discovery of the elopement and marriage of his daughter. He wept, he raved, he tore his hair, and almost cursed her in the disappointment of his hopes. "Her deceit," said he, when his passion had sunk into a melancholy air, "tortures my mind more than all the rest of her conduct; but I will now throw her away from my heart, and endeavour to forget that I ever had a daughter." The mama of

[illegible]

[illegible] Love [illegible] Locksmiths the Devil to pay Proteus and the beautiful [illegible] Actors no more than other men Nature our greatest Master. Matrimony in view

MARIA was equally inconsolable: and some months elapsed before their minds obtained serenity. Old MILDMAY barred every avenue to reconciliation: his dearest friend dared not broach the subject in his presence: and the letters of Mrs. PROTEUS were returned to her unopened.

Before twelve months were at an end MARIA became a mother, and blessed our hero with a *little* PROTEUS, "sweet as her mother's beauty," by the birth of a daughter. PEREGRINE was every day gaining ground in his profession as an actor; and the circle of his friends were not only numerous, but increasing in point of respectability and weight in society. Poverty was far removed from their door, and their table was not deficient in comforts: yet still MARIA felt unhappy in being deprived of an intercourse with her parents. But what all the entreaties of the well-wishers of Mrs. PROTEUS could not effect upon the feelings of old Mr. MILDMAY, a single touch of NATURE found the way to his heart in a instant. Mr. MILDMAY had occasion to quit his house on a journey, and at a considerable distance from his home: in walking down a street unexpectedly he met MARIA, with her infant in her arms; and in his anger he would not have noticed Mrs. PROTEUS; but her plaintive notes of—"For God's sake, father, do not pass me—If you do not speak to me, it will break my heart." Mr. MILDMAY was riveted to the spot; he was agitated beyond expression; and he could not reply till a flood of tears had purged away all his resentment. "I do forgive you," said he, parentally embracing his darling MARIA once again to his longing bosom: her little offspring he almost smothered with kisses: and the mode he held out his hand to PROTEUS was so dignified, yet so *touching*, that it penetrated the very soul of our hero. "You have now a daughter of your own, PROTEUS," added Mr. MILDMAY, "and when she arrives at the

age of your wife, you will then, and not till then, know the anxiety and extent of my feelings. You will then perhaps think of my sufferings; but I hope you will never be exposed to such a trial. But it is all over; I am now happy: all differences shall be forgotten: and let me embrace you as my son." The tear of joy started from the eyes of PROTEUS; and he felt more than he could give utterance to. The words of his father-in-law were indelibly impressed on his memory; and he had not a sentence to offer in contradiction. Sorrow was soon dispelled by pleasure and happiness; and PEREGRINE, who but a few hours previous was viewed as the greatest enemy to old MILDMAY, was now his dearest friend—nay more, his son-in-law, whom he was proud to acknowledge as such in all companies, and who were likewise now inseparable.

The former scene of delight, the mansion of old Mr. MILDMAY, was now the residence of our hero and his wife for a short time. The garden was often frequented by MARIA and PROTEUS—the scene of many happy hours. Numerous parties were likewise invited in consequence of the recent reconciliation; and a succession of pleasant merry evenings made Mr. MILDMAY's house the seat of attraction in the neighbourhood. MARIA at her piano-forte, enriched by delightful songs; the anecdotes of PROTEUS, portraying the adventures of his life and the vicissitudes attached to the stage; united with the old English hospitality of the host, formed such a succession of entertainments, that repetition after repetition were solicited without end.

PROTEUS frequently related the following anecdote with much spirit and humour when over his glass:—"Mischievous Jem," said he, for so he was termed, "was the delight of our Company. He would go any lengths for a bit of fun. His extraordinary talents astonished every body. He was one of NATURE's

[illegible] CONTEMPLATED BY TH[illegible] THE PLAY [illegible] Prompt[illegible] [illegible] of — the Performers in trouble — the Audience surprised — the [illegible] appearing too late that the [illegible]

rough sketches; but Art had made him a complete picture. Jem was a fine delineation of real life, both on and off the stage; but the effects of the bottle, to which he was much attached, paralyzed his vast abilities, and brought him to the grave at a premature age. One evening, Jem being nearly intoxicated, he quitted the public-house in haste, rushed behind the scenes, and, the prompter not being at his post, before any person was aware of Jem's mischievous intentions, he pulled up the curtain and discovered the actors half undressed and preparing for the play. I shall never forget," said PROTEUS, "the roars of laughter, the shouts and plaudits this untoward circumstance occasioned amongst the audience. There was no dressing rooms in Mr. *Best-of-it's* Company; and the male performers were compelled to attire themselves upon the stage; and it was also a lucky circumstance for the *actresses* that one of the drop scenes was down, or else their charms could not have escaped the gazing eyes of the auditors. When the manager remonstrated with Jem on the impropriety of his conduct, he burst out into a loud laugh, observing, 'I have occasioned something new in my life; I have produced a scene not contemplated by the author of the Piece; and that is more than anyone else in the Company can assert.'"

In the course of another twelve months Mrs. PROTEUS was in that way in which ladies wish to be "who love their lords," and a young PEREGRINE was ushered into the world. PROTEUS by his general good conduct as an actor, and his domestic qualities towards his wife, had so far ingratiated himself in the good opinion of the Old Man, that he promised to make a manager of him, and to purchase the first country theatrical circuit that might be offered for sale. But unfortunately for our hero, old Mr. MILDMAY was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit and

died, to the great grief of his daughter MARIA, and unfeigned sorrow on the part of PROTEUS. The death of old Mr. MILDMAY was an immense loss to our hero, independent of friendship, gratitude, and family feeling: it thwarted his views, and kept him in the background a much longer time than his enterprising disposition had fondly calculated upon. He was anxious to become a manager, that he might play all the best parts in the theatre: and although he was the *Star* of the Company in which he "*strutted* and fretted his hour," yet he had not the choice of characters he wished to represent at all times.

PROTEUS was now in the possession of some property by the death of his father-in-law; and upon the promulgation of the will, the generosity of Mr. MILDMAY, in his bequests towards him, caused the tear of sensibility to start from the eye of PROTEUS, at the recollection of the loss of that honourable and worthy man.

To become a manager the first opportunity that offered itself our hero always kept in view: and on reading an advertisement for the disposal of some theatrical property in London, PROTEUS set out for the metropolis with an intent to purchase a variety of scenes, dresses, coats of mail, skeletons, devils, fiery dragons, flying horses, ships, balloons, properties for thunder, lightning, etc., connected with *management:* and also to enable him to eclipse his predecessors with dash and spirit whenever he became the proprietor of a theatre.

Our hero, during his short stay in town did not overlook "*the* RETREAT," and his friend *Horatio* felt overjoyed at the improved appearance of PROTEUS: the author also congratulated him on his marriage and accession of property. "It is Passion Week," said *Quill*, "and I flatter myself you have no objection to visit the 'old shop' before you again *rusticate;* besides you are sure to meet with several

DISPOSAL OF THEATRICAL PROPERTY *a Peep behind the Scenes*
PROTEUS *bidding for a Suit of Theatrical Armour*

of your friends and performers from the country: the HARP is still the resort of actors." "With all my heart," replied PEREGRINE: "but I hope my *rustication* will soon be at an end; and I trust, that after all my perils and pains, the desired object is in sight—LONDON, my boy. I have had a trifling hint from one or two persons of rank who witnessed my performances in the country, and who also promised me their assistance in town, that an opening, ere long, might occur for me at one of the great houses." "I rejoice at the information," observed the author, with unusual animation, "but be on your guard. If the important moment is at hand, beware of deception; do not be dazzled; yet much more, be not *duped*. Remain in the country for ever, without you make a firm engagement;[1] and think well on the subject before you decide: a false step now might prove your ruin." "I shall in all my best obey you, good *Horatio!*" was the answer of our hero; "and likewise endeavour to be prepared for the opportunity, should it offer."

PROTEUS and the author paid a visit to the *Harp*. "Ah, here's the frequent scene of mirth," said *Quill*, on entering the above rendezvous of the actors, "where we have spent many pleasant, rational evenings with the merry children of Thespis." "Yes," replied PROTEUS, "we have had many happy hours together indeed; and I have often thought of them

[1] Procuring a LONDON *engagement* in the time of *Cibber* was a different thing altogether: he tells us, as the first instance of his wildness, he broke from the care and advice of his parents at the age of nineteen, and got admission into the theatre in the year 1690; and as there was then but one united theatre in London, every new performer underwent a state of *six* or NINE months probation; at the end of which time the managers either appointed a small salary, or discharged them as entirely useless. *Cibber*, after NINE months employment there, says, he thought himself the happiest of mortals at being engaged at a salary of TEN SHILLINGS a week!

when I have not had the pleasure of your company." Our hero had scarcely seated himself before he was recognised by Mr. *Mug-Cutter*, the principal low comedian to Mr. *Screw*, who made up his face so irresistibly comic, that PROTEUS burst out into a loud laugh, when *Mug-Cutter* observed, "I have changed my line of acting, and I have been playing the first parts in *tragedy* at the Land's End with immense success. Tragedy I have lately found out to be my *forte!*" "I should rather have thought at the World's End," answered PROTEUS; and who with much gallantry inquired after Mr. Screw's *Three Graces*. "Why," replied *Mug-Cutter*, "those angels were *screwed* so tight by the manager of Scanty Corner, that they were compelled to leave him; but in any company they would be considered *delicious* creatures. Therefore Miss *Kick-her-heels* made a *jump* of it; Miss *Made-up* went all to pieces; and Miss *Scream-out* took her *notes* to a better market. You made sad work amongst them, Mr. PROTEUS: but as I understand you are married, I shall drop the subject. However I am glad to hear of your great fame in the north." The fun was kept up till a late hour by Mr. *Mug-Cutter*, *Horatio*, and PROTEUS, when they parted, with a mutual understanding that it would be the last separation for some time with *Quill*, after our hero had concluded his engagement in the country.

CHAPTER VII

Short, but pithy; and the DENOUEMENT *in sight.* PROTEUS *refuses a Trial Night: his Firmness procures our Hero an Engagement. The Strolling Player metamorphosed into the King's Servant. The Climax:* PROTEUS *a first-rate Actor in London, and Manager of one of the "Great Houses." The Advantages of Adversity:* PEREGRINE *visits an old superannuated Performer in the Workhouse. A Play read before our Hero in the Green Room.* PROTEUS *elected Treasurer of the Theatrical Fund: and performs by Command of his Majesty.* HORATIO QUILL, *an Author upon Salary under the Management of* PROTEUS. *Modern Instructions; or, Rules laid down to write a Play with Success: the* MANAGER *at the* AUTHOR'S *Elbow. Value of the Theatrical Pruning Knife; cruel only to be kind: Cutting a Manuscript at Rehearsal. The Actors must be allowed their Jokes upon the Stage: a Case in point, without the Opinion of Counsel. A great Performer's Knowledge of his own Powers: an old Story of one hundred years standing, but nevertheless good Advice. Qualifications necessary to form a universal Actor. Let Well alone: nay more; All's well that ends well: Hem!* SHAKSPEARE.

OUR hero had scarcely returned to the country to fulfil his engagement, when the death of a celebrated performer afforded PROTEUS an opening in town much sooner than otherwise might have been anticipated. The great *vacuum* left by the *demise* of so eminent an actor, gave the managers considerable uneasiness to supply his place upon the stage, and a hasty glance was taken of all the provincial theatres without loss of time, in order to select a person competent for the accomplishment of so arduous a task. In consequence of which our hero received a letter offering him a *trial night* in

HAMLET; and if the result was favourable, a handsome salary and a five years' engagement. The above offer made PEREGRINE's heart leap for joy, and he was upon the point of accepting of it without further consideration, so anxious was he of making an appearance in London: but his ardour rather cooled before the post set out with his answer to the managers; and the sensible advice of his friend *Horatio* also occurred strongly to his mind. He therefore debated with himself before he put his pen to paper: "I am not to be *caught*," said PROTEUS, "a *failure* would prove my ruin, check my ambition, and perhaps render me *neglectful* the remainder of my life. I should then return to the country worse than NO-*body:* lessened in my own eyes: treated with insolence by country managers: and become, perhaps, the laughing stock of provincial audiences, who might quarrel with themselves on account of their previous judgment and applause they had bestowed on my efforts. No, no! I must have an engagement; and I am determined, sink or swim, never to listen to any other terms." The firmness of PROTEUS ultimately triumphed over all the obstacles of the proprietors of the *Great House;* and he was called upon to sign his articles of engagement, previous to his making his bow to a London audience.

Our hero had now obtained the darling object of his life: the *strolling player*, with all its miseries of NO *salary*, an empty larder, and retiring to rest with a hungry belly, were all lost sight of in the high-sounding appellation of one of his "Majesty's servants," living on the fat of the land. The talents of PROTEUS as an actor made a great noise throughout the metropolis: his *début* had exceeded in success the most sanguine expectations of his flattering admirers: overflowing houses occurred every night PEREGRINE appeared: his articles were cancelled by the managers; his salary considerably

increased; and his leisure hours filled up by visits, and spending his time in the company of the greatest wits and authors of the day. The fame of our hero also procured him numerous friends, both *before* and BEHIND the curtain; and in less than three seasons PROTEUS was selected from his brethren of the theatre to preside over them as "the MANAGER!"

Horatio, amongst the number of his acquaintances, congratulated PEREGRINE on his vast success and elevation in his profession. The *eye* of the manager was not only moved, but he expressed much joy in beholding his sincere friend *Quill;* and the grateful reception *Horatio* met with from the "Great Man" pleasingly convinced him that prosperity had not spoiled the excellence of his disposition. The manager squeezed the hand of the author with a most ardent grasp, and exclaimed to *Quill* in an exalted tone of voice, "I am glad on your account, as well as my own, that I am elevated to the situation of manager. It is now in my power to convince you of my friendship, and also to assert that *Horatio* shall have a *chance* to show the public the abilities of his pen, which has too long been hid in obscurity. The *shelf* of 'the RETREAT' shall be ransacked for novelty; the *dust* shall be brushed off the MELODRAMA; the FARCE shall be looked at; the OPERA must be revised; the COMEDY undergo a reading; and it shall go hard with you if the TRAGEDY does not get into rehearsal before the end of the season. You corrected me when I was a mad spouter of plays; you reasoned with me when I was a country actor on my defects, and also pointed out beauties that I had no knowledge of in my part. You visited me in prison, when I had no other friend in the world who would have dedicated half an hour to my misfortunes, by way of alleviating my banishment from society; but more than all, you gave me *half* of your loaf when I had not a bit of bread to put into

my mouth. I remember all these things with a most grateful heart. (*Here both the actor and the author were overcome by their feelings.*) Then, my dear *Horatio*, still continue to act towards me the character of a sincere friend. The situation of a manager is a most arduous one to fulfil: to do his duty is truly difficult, but to give satisfaction almost impossible. It is much worse than the commander of an army; the order of the general must be obeyed without a murmur, or punishment enforces the decree; but not so with the manager of a great theatre, he is frequently insulted by the actors, and rank or superiority of talent goes for nothing: he is threatened, laughed at, blamed, cut up by 'the press,' and 'trifles light as air' in themselves sometimes change their aspect into matters of serious danger; and the *length*, or *spangles* required to decorate a lady's petticoat, have, in more than one instance, nearly created a complete rebellion in the theatre."

PROTEUS was indefatigable to promote the interests of the theatre: he did nothing by *deputy*, and attended to every sort of business himself. He was accessible upon the most trivial occasions, but his prompt answers and quick judgment prevented his time from being occupied by frivolous or lounging visitors. He was fond of his home, attentive to his wife and family, and his habits were rather *domestic;* but nevertheless, he did not want for *gallantry* and politeness to the ladies. In disposition, too, he was extremely liberal; and the vicissitudes he had experienced during his career as a stroller gave him higher notions of feeling towards his brother actors than he might otherwise have possessed, had he not been *trained* in the school of adversity. PEREGRINE was sensibly affected when he was informed of the melancholy situation of COMICAL DICK.

COMICAL DICK had for several years of his life

been a great favourite in London; equally so in Dublin; and no performer during his career had made better benefits in both of the above capitals than DICK had done. He was the life of the *bon vivants* of the metropolis in his day; his rich comic songs both *on* and *off* the stage produced the most resolute *encores*, and thunders of applause. He had stentorian lungs, and his voice was heard in the most remote part of the house with the utmost ease to himself and satisfaction to his auditors. He was also a fine glee singer; and at the "Anacreontic Society" and "Catch and Glee Club," DICK was quite at home, his talents acknowledged and caressed by the members, and a welcome visitor at all times. COMICAL DICK was a peep-o'-day companion, who never left his glass or his friend till SOMNUS closed his eyes, and BACCHUS triumphed over his exertions. He had a fine constitution: and was in reality what the world denominates a choice spirit; and his motto, to live all the days of his life. During the height of *Dick's* career he kept his curricle, and a most respectable establishment. He was the hero of the boards on which he performed, and was in the annual receipt, by his salary and benefits, of upwards of £1500 per annum:

But who can control his fate?

Poor *Dick*, like many other persons in prosperity, did not bear in mind that the *day* would pass away, and the *night* must come. He did not reflect that old age would creep upon him, and that his talents might be reduced in energy, if not become wholly impaired by the effect of time, even under the best regulated habits of life. The old adage of being "prepared for a *rainy day*," crossed his mind too late to be of service to him; and not making of hay while the sun shone upon his talents, the manager ultimately thought DICK too old for his purpose; his

voice, once fine, had lost its power; his salary was in consequence reduced; and other performers were placed over his head. This was too much for the feelings of *Comical* DICK: he left the theatre in disgust, the early and lengthened scenes of all his happiness, to commence, at the wrong end of his life, *a strolling player.* To seek reputation and a precarious livelihood upon boards where he was not known, and at a time when his abilities were too feeble to procure him friends and supporters. Vicissitude succeeded vicissitude; and after dragging through a few years of misery and wretchedness as a country actor, he became completely worn out in the service, and returned to town quite penniless, yet with a spirit that must be admired, to prevent becoming burthensome to his friends, by borrowing small sums which he could never repay, he found an asylum in the workhouse of the parish in which he was once recognised as a comic performer of great celebrity. DICK, unfortunately for him, was not a member of either of the theatrical funds.

"Alas! poor Dick," exclaimed PROTEUS, "I well remember the many pleasant jokes and songs of the 'Comical Wight' when I was with him in Mr. *Best-of-it's* Company. I will not send the old man a trifle; but I will call and see him in the workhouse, and endeavour to cheer him up under his misfortunes." Our hero, on entering the workhouse, was strongly impressed with the objects by which he was surrounded; and "the last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history," touched his feelings more acutely than he had prepared himself to undergo. "Such as I am now," said PROTEUS, soliloquising, with a sigh, "these poor persons once were—young, healthy, strong, and perhaps in prosperity; and such as they are at this moment it may be my lot, in the course of years, to experience. I hope not! but it is a fine scene for contemplation, and I am glad I have

[illegible] visiting [illegible] of great celebrity at one period of his life

witnessed it: and it shall be my endeavour to turn this visit to advantage." PROTEUS was roused from his thoughtful mood by the entrance of COMICAL DICK; and on PEREGRINE'S grasping the old man's feeble hand, the latter, with tears in his eyes, said, "Ah, Mr. PROTEUS, this is kind of you, to visit me in the workhouse! God bless you! I thought I had been entirely forgotten by all the world. Indeed, Mr. PROTEUS, the words of SHAKSPEARE strongly apply to my case, and at times I feel it severely, that the life of an actor is full of 'sound and fury—signifying nothing!' However I will not repine; it is too late now: it is my own fault that I am here, I did not make some provision for my old age. But you are young, Mr. PROTEUS, and I hope you will be wise in time." Our hero returned the old man thanks for his good advice, also promised to visit him at his convenience; and, after slipping a bit of gold into his hand on taking his leave of *Comical Dick*, PROTEUS made his exit from the workhouse, more pleased than otherwise, viewing it as a lesson which might be perused again and again with advantage.

At the conclusion of the first season after our hero's great success in London, it cannot be a matter of surprise to state that he received invitations from most of the country managers to *star* it with them for a few nights, at his own terms. In most of the theatres in which PROTEUS had previously "strutted and fretted his hour" as a *stroller*, he appeared as the "Great Creature," with his blushing honours thick upon him, but divested of any thing like ostentation or hauteur; indeed, his demeanour was far more familiar with his brother actors than when his talents had not been so highly appreciated by the public: and in Mr. *Best-of-it's* company the recollection of former privations induced him to perform a night, gratuitously, for the benefit of the performers. His country excursions proved extremely lucrative to him;

and the vast difference between a STAR and a *stroller* was *explained* to him in letters of gold. PROTEUS returned to the Theatre Royal with a considerable accession of property.

PROTEUS was extremely fond of being surrounded by men of talent, and during the season an evening once a month he set apart for the reception of authors, artists, composers, and performers to sup with him. Besides the "good things" upon the table, which was furnished with a profuse liberality, a number of other "good things" were given by the company in return. By the above pleasing means PROTEUS obtained, in some degree, a knowledge of the public taste, and also the opinions of the most clever and intelligent persons who were moving in the polite circles and the *beau monde*. These delightful meetings likewise possessed a higher interest—the introduction of talent to ability; and every man had an opportunity "in his line" of contributing towards the amusement of the evening. The *song* was not wanting, when called for, to give life to the party, the *comic* or *serious tale* ready at command, and numerous ANECDOTES were related from one end of the table to the other. IMITATIONS of popular performers, when requested, were given as a specimen of close copies of *great* ORIGINALS; and although PROTEUS was one of the most prominent on the list of imitations, yet he did not feel offended, like the celebrated *Garrick*[1]

[1] When the Bath Theatre closed, and Mr. Henderson returned to London, and in his hours of ungoverned pleasantry frequently gratified himself and friends by ludicrous imitations of the different performers, particularly Mr. Garrick; who being informed that Henderson's voice was such an echo of the Green Room, invited him to breakfast, and requested a specimen of his art. The three first examples were Barry, Woodward, and Love, and happy would it have been for Henderson had he concluded there; Mr. Garrick appeared in ecstasy at the imitations: "but, sir," said he, "you will kill poor Barry, slay Woodward, and break Love's heart! your ear must be wonderfully correct, and your voice most singularly flexible. I am

when in company with *Henderson*, but *listened* to his own powers, as it were, by another hand, with attention and pleasure. The power and advantages of the press respecting theatres frequently gave rise to some animated discussions; and new works were introduced to the notice of the visitors. The *petits soupers* of the manager were highly spoken of by those individuals who had the privilege of being admitted as guests, and persons of the first consequence in society were known to solicit the honour of an introduction. The above encouragement to talent rendered PROTEUS extremely popular, and his friends fast multiplied round him to support his management.

The merits of the old school of actors were often contrasted with the abilities of the modern performers at those *petits soupers*, which produced several criticisms interesting to the lovers of the stage; and the names of Booth, Cibber, Quin, Wilks, Betterton, Sheridan, Garrick, Macklin, Spillar, Boheme, Barry, Kemble, Cook, Lewis, and those highly distinguished female actresses Oldfield, Crawford, Woffington, Siddons, and Jordan, were never quoted but with the

told you *have me*. Do, my dear sir, let me hear what I am, for if you are equally exact with me as with Barry and Woodward, I shall know precisely what my peculiar tones are." *Henderson* excused himself, by saying Mr. Garrick's powers were superior to imitation, that he would not presume to attempt it, and begged leave to decline so hazardous an undertaking, in which he was conscious any man *must* fail; but the other two gentlemen pressing him to comply, he in an *evil hour consented*, and gave imitations from Benedict. The voice was so exact as to delight the two auditors. But for Mr. Garrick, he sat in sullen silence for half a minute, then walked across the room with an exclamation, "that, egad, if that was his voice, he had never known it himself; for, upon his soul, it was entirely dissimilar to every thing he conceived *his* to be, and totally unlike any sound that had ever struck upon his ear until that moment." So very unfair judges are we of whatever touches our own vanity, and so sore at whatever wounds our own pride.

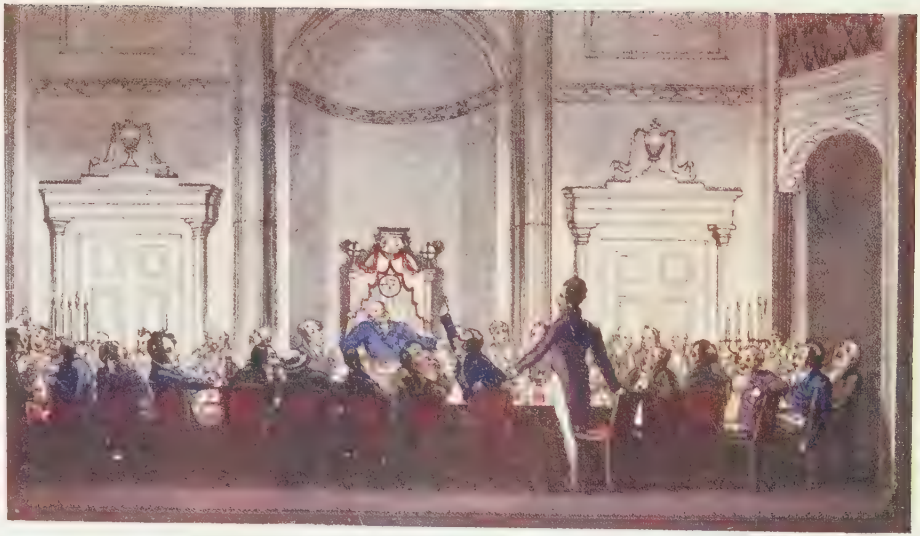
highest admiration expressed for their talents: and the effects of the following descriptive words of CIBBER's, respecting the fate of actors, repeated again and again with the most sincere regret, "Pity it is that the momentary beauties, flowing from an harmonious elocution, cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record, that the animated graces of the actor can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them;[1] or at least can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators."

The *management* of PROTEUS gave general satisfaction throughout the theatre; and his conduct upon the whole was so impartial as might almost be said to ensure success. He listened to no *whisperers;* he acknowledged no favourites; and the females were not promoted at the expense of their beauty and character. His management was also marked by decision, and for the encouragement of abilities. But PROTEUS, like most managers who are performers, had the same failing; he was too fond of acting all the first-rate parts himself. He however stood so high in the estimation of his brethren of the *Sock* and *Buskin* that, upon a vacancy occurring, he was solicited to become the Treasurer to the Theatrical Fund. In this situation he proved himself a true friend to the distressed actor; and his exertions were unceasing to forward so laudable an institution. In

[1] The following IMPROMPTU was written with a diamond (accidentally left by a glazier after repairing some broken glass) on a pane of one of the windows of the York Green Room Theatre, by the manager, the late Mr. ROBERT MANSELL: *—

> The *rich* man's name, embellish'd, stands on brass;
> The ACTOR simply scribbles *his* on glass!
> Appropriate emblem of his wayward fate;
> A brittle, shining, evanescent state—
> The rich man's glass consumed, farewell *his* fame:
> The poor man's glass consumed, farewell his NAME!

* The above eccentric manager discharged RALPH SHEWIN (now of T. R. D. L.) for drawing *caricatures!*



THEATRICAL FUND DINNER HELD AT THE MASONS TAVERN.

PROTEUS [illegible] the Royal Chancellor [illegible] the flourishing state of the Fund.

delivering his speech before the Royal Chairman, respecting the flourishing state of the funds, the eloquence and feeling displayed by PROTEUS was the general theme of admiration.

PROTEUS often found himself unpleasantly situated when compelled to return plays which were unfit for representation; but still his manners were so persuasive, and the mode of pointing out the defects to disappointed writers were so judiciously performed, that he was always regarded by authors more in the light of a friend than an enemy. PEREGRINE was upon the alert at all times to give the town NOVELTY, from whatever source it presented itself to his notice; and very shortly after his duties commenced as a manager, a new tragedy, by an elderly lady, was offered to him for representation. Independent of its strong recommendation to the theatre by persons of rank, PROTEUS thought he perceived considerable ability displayed in numerous scenes upon a slight perusal of the play in question. "It shall be produced without delay," was the reply of PEREGRINE: "and, my dear madam, you have only to name the day when it will be convenient for you to *read*[1] it in the Green Room, and all the performers shall be at your service."

It may appear, perhaps, rather singular that an author should be solicited to *read* his own piece to the performers, when there are so many better readers attached to the theatre, persons who possess a more intimate knowledge and value of *emphasis*, and who likewise can express the various passions with much greater effect. But, nevertheless, it is the opinion of

[1] When Cato was brought on the stage, about the year 1712, Mr. *Addison* was a man of too much bashfulness and diffidence to assume the author and read his play at their first meeting; and therefore required Mr. *Cibber* to supply his place, who read it so much to the satisfaction and delight of Mr. *Addison*, that he insisted on *Cibber* performing the part of *Cato*.

actors in general, that however bad as to the mode or feebleness of voice with which an author may read his piece, yet it is thought he is far more likely to convey a perfect outline of his *characters* in the way in which he might wish them to be represented on the stage, than a disinterested individual, or a mere employed reader of plays. It certainly requires considerable *nerve* to read a play in the Green Room; and to be surrounded by all the principal actors is no very agreeable undertaking for a *novice* to experience. In several instances it is considered not only a complete *bore* to the performers to attend such *readings*, but an encroachment upon their time, and that may in some measure account for the tiresome *yawn*, etc. which arises more from the ludicrous circumstances often attached to the reading of a play, than any thing like intended to convey an insult, or wound the feelings of an author. The *assumed gravity* of a low comedian, the *quizzical* look of a high tragedian, added to the variety of changes in the countenances from one end of the room to the other, with now and then a whisper, or a nod, as much as to say, "I wish you well through it," is a scene so comic in itself, that a smile or two may be pardoned whenever it occurs upon such occasions.

The circumstances of *Horatio* were considerably improved under the *management* of PROTEUS. A regular salary enabled the author to leave "the RETREAT;" to get rid of the "*needy* look;" and to descend a storey or two lower in the mansion, which tended to increase his importance in society. He was likewise enabled to quit the printing-office altogether as a journeyman compositor; and his manuscripts, which were previously a source of amusement to him, were now turned to a better account. *Quill* became an author by profession; to study at his leisure; to cultivate his genius; and to give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Next to PROTEUS, he

[illegible] & Engra[illegible] Thos Lam[illegible]

The Actors CLIMAX [illegible] *Royal in the Metropolis*

[illegible] SOME *Moments or assumed* GRAVITY

[illegible] *smiles yawns shrugs jeers* [illegible] *pers ridicule* [illegible] *of contempt and silent*

[illegible] *ism an* AUTHOR *is subject* [illegible] *reading his play to the Performers in the*

GREEN ROOM

was also a "great man" in the theatre: *Horatio* perused most of the pieces which were presented to the house for performance; and his opinion had great weight with the manager, before a decision was made upon them. His *business* likewise, or rather say his occupation, was to vamp, patch, and alter plays according to the wishes of PROTEUS, and as the circumstances of the theatre required: to get up splendid Spectacles; write openings for Pantomimes; *make* incidents, and *study* effect, in conjunction with the master carpenter, machinist, and scene painters. *Horatio* was a man of talent; but this kind of "*cutting* and *contriving*" did not tend to increase his abilities: his genius became fettered by it; and a *hop, skip*, or a *jump* was of much more consequence than a strong line of text. The author was more employed in giving directions to the "Man of Wood" than using his pen freely; and the manager was continually at his elbow, observing "I should like to have it done so and so." *Horatio* had not been long "an author by profession," before he discovered his ignorance in stage matters as an amateur writer. When in his closet, obscured in "the RETREAT," *Quill's* manuscripts were of a general description; his characters were formed in his mind: in fact, they were the creation of his brain, and he had no individuals to please; but as the *factotum* of the manager it was a different thing altogether. It frequently happened to *Horatio* that Mr. *First* SERIOUS would not play the part, it was not *enough* for him; Mr. SECOND did not like it, because it had been refused; and no person is fond of "the leavings" of another; by which means Mr. THIRD was compelled to act the part, and who, from deficiency of ability, could make *nothing* of it; or else the Piece could not be got up at all. It was exactly the same features in the Comic department: Mr. *Laughable* must have it all his own way; or else he would turn all the efforts of the author into tragedy. Miss CONSEQUENCE (of a most numer-

ous family in the theatrical world) must likewise have due attention paid to her *feelings* in every new Play or Farce, if success was attempted. In short, *Quill* found out that his situation was no bed of roses: he wished to be as free as the air; and to be an independent theatrical author: but he was stopped short at all points; all of his own ideas could not be adopted: his exertions were thus *cramped;* and *Horatio* was reluctantly compelled to yield in numerous instances against his judgment and opinions, likewise to bow and consult greater folks than himself, if he wished to continue in the theatre, or to get up any of his pieces with success. In a fit of disappointment and anger he once complained to PROTEUS on the subject. PEREGRINE, with a smile upon his countenance, thus replied to the author in a rage: "My dear boy, you are completely in error: you *must write* for the actors, and for the *actors* ALONE, if you wish to succeed with the public: you must take *measure* of them with accuracy, and *fit* them as nicely as the best tailor in the kingdom. Study their *capabilities*, and turn them to a good account.[1] For instance, you

[1] *Cibber* thus expresses himself after his extraordinary success in *Alderman Fondlewife*, in the *Old Bachelor*, in opposition to Powel, the opponent of Betterton, who observed, on Cibber's attempting to play the part of *Fondlewife*, "If the fool has a mind to blow himself up at once, let us e'en give him a free stage for it."—"But whatever value I might set upon myself from my unexpected success, I found that was no rule to other people's judgment of me. There were few or no parts of the same kind to be had; nor could they conceive from what I had done in this, what other sort of characters I could be fit for. If I solicited any thing of a different nature, I was answered, *That was not in my way;* and what was in my way was not as yet resolved on: and though I replied, *That I thought any thing naturally written ought to be in every one's way that pretended to be an actor,* this was looked upon as a vain impracticable conceit of my own; yet it is a conceit that in forty years' further experience I have not yet given up. But to show you that I will conceal no truth that is against me, I frankly own, *that had I been always left to my own choice of characters, I am doubtful whether*

recollect in Mr. *Give-up-every-thing's* piece what he did for *me* and Miss *Consequence:* two great parts which told immensely. Our reputation as actors were thus increased; and his fame as an author was also extended. —The old-fashioned mode is now entirely exploded; and *authors* leave nothing to chance: it is true formerly they might write plays without thinking of any particular actor or actresses to personify the characters created in their closets; but modern authors are, or must be, men of business: they first make themselves master of the peculiar talents of every performer; ascertain the extent of their abilities in the scale of merit, and then write accordingly. Figure is of vast importance; a fine face is also valuable; a strong voice, in some instances, very essential; the gait and manners of the actor highly necessary to be ascertained; and his *mind*[1] (if he possesses any), or to what extent, is peculiarly requisite for the information of the author, in order that the actor may not be at variance with the character he has to represent before the critical eyes of the audience. My dear *Horatio*, connect the whole of the performers of this theatre together, like the keys of a musical instrument; play upon them all, but let not a note be out of tune. One more hint, by way of example; and I shall then leave you to follow your own judgment. Revise your Comedy; or, I should rather say, rewrite it: look round the theatre, and take *measure* of those performers who are most capable of giving effect to your *dramatis personæ*. I think an *Irishman* might be introduced with considerable effect: in doing this you will be also serving the Treasury; as the performer I allude to receives his salary, and is but seldom employed. A *Yorkshire*

I might ever have deserved an equal share of that estimation which the public seemed to have held me in."

[1] It will not be considered a *libel* to assert that actors are to be met with on the stage who do not possess *mind* enough for the character they represent. *Hamlet*, for instance.

servant, or a bumpkin with that dialect, would not at all injure, but rather add strength to your Comedy: that actor likewise is seldom before the public; therefore, in taking him off the *shelf*, the Management will be indebted to your exertions. If you can introduce a dance at the end of one of the acts, it will be an improvement to the Piece; and it will give exercise to our too much neglected *corps de ballet*. The rest I shall entirely leave to your taste and discretion."

Horatio followed the advice of the manager; and the Comedy, which had lain by so long in "the RETREAT," was, by the industry of *Quill*, in a short time, almost metamorphosed into a new Piece. The hero of the tale was intended for PROTEUS, out of compliment to the manager; and also as a proof that he profited by his instructions, in taking *measure* of the most popular actor in the theatre, as one of the leading features towards success.—"Ah, this will do," said PROTEUS, on perusing of it; "this is something nearer the mark. I will have the parts written out immediately for the actors; the Comedy shall be cast strongly, *Horatio:* it shall also be in rehearsal in the course of a few days; and I hope we shall have it before the public in less than a month, and pronounced a successful *hit*."

Horatio was extemely attentive to the rehearsal of his Comedy; and he had also flattered himself that every line of character was strong and good from the beginning to the end. But the actors entertained a different opinion respecting several of the passages; and during the rehearsal the feelings of the author underwent a variety of *tortures* by the application of the pruning knife. Every *cut* and *hack* upon his "theatrical bantling" made him wince again: and although it did not elicit from him the sepulchral *oh!* or the lengthened AH! yet numerous sighs not only escaped his lips, but he remonstrated with the manager upon

his cruelty. PROTEUS could not help smiling at the situation of the author, and said, "it will be nothing to you *Quill*, when you are used to it, and have produced other pieces. Depend upon it, that the actors are too good judges than to *cut* out a single line that will *tell* for them with the audience. Therefore leave it to the performers, and you will not be wrong. Experience will teach you better."[1]

Horatio's Comedy, after undergoing a little more *cutting*, and likewise some judicious alterations suggested by PROTEUS, was produced with decided success. The fears of the author were now turned into joy: his talents were acknowledged by the public; and *Horatio* sensibly felt that he was considerably

[1] A theatrical writer of celebrity thus speaks upon the subject: "I was some years acquainted with the best conducted, and consequently the most flourishing theatre in this or the last century; and by an intimacy with the managers, who were the best actors of the age in which they lived, had the most favourable opportunities to see the true springs from whence their success flowed. The happy period I am to speak of was from the year 1720 to the year 1730, when *Booth*, *Cibber*, *Wilkes*, were in the first class. But the first instance of their judgment appeared in their regular and masterly manner of governing their rehearsals, over which one of the three managers presided weekly. If a new play was coming on, the first three readings fell to the share of the author; if a revived play, it fell to the share of that manager who was the principal performer in it. The readings over, there followed a limited number of rehearsals, with their parts in their hands; after which a distant morning was appointed for every person in the play to appear perfect, because the rehearsals only then begin to be of use to the actor: when he is quite perfect in the words and cues, he can then be instructed, and practise his proper entrances, emphasis, attitudes, and exits. Thus the rehearsals went on under the eye of a person who had ability to instruct and power to encourage and advance those of industry and merit, and to forfeit and discharge the negligent and worthless. They soon found, by experience, that *regularity* was the first step to success; and not only the merits of the great actors appeared by that in their full lustre, but even those of the lowest class acquired a decency that saved them from contempt.

indebted to the actors for the popularity which his Comedy had obtained. The Comedy had a long *run;* during which time the actors introduced a number of jokes, some of which were highly relished by the audience, and others were as much condemned. The feelings of *Horatio* were rather annoyed at the "liberty" which, he termed it, had been taken by the actors in making such additions to his piece. "It is certainly wrong," said PROTEUS, "and it is a matter of complaint, I must admit: but I remember a case in point, which will decide your determination, I have no doubt. When I was playing at Bath a similar circumstance occurred, several jokes were added by the performers; and in consequence of which the author complained to the manager. A rehearsal was called the next morning; when it was insisted upon that not a single word should be introduced upon the stage otherwise than the absolute text of the author. This mandate was most strictly complied with by the actors: and the comedy alluded to, which had nightly produced incessant roars of laughter and thunders of applause, became in consequence of the above alteration so 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' that the author acknowledged his error, and begged the performers would again use their jokes. His request was complied with; when the comedy was repeated with its usual popularity." "I am quite satisfied," replied *Horatio:* "and I thank you for the anecdote. I have acquired two lessons very serviceable to an author; and I am confident I shall profit by them on future occasions."

Only one step was now wanting to complete our hero's ambition; and which, at length, was gratified by receiving the King's command to perform the part of the Prince of Wales, in Henry the Fourth. PROTEUS felt highly pleased by having the honour of attending his Majesty and suite to the royal box, by the *announcement* of the circumstance in the bills to the

public: the delight he experienced on viewing the following lines can only be described by himself:—

BY COMMAND

OF

HIS MAJESTY.

THEATRE ROYAL.

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS WILL ACT

THE HISTORICAL PLAY OF

HENRY THE FOURTH,

THE PRINCE OF WALES BY MR. PROTEUS.

Yet, to tell the truth, PROTEUS felt a little *feverish* in appearing before his Majesty. "I am not afraid of the character," said PEREGRINE to *Horatio*, "as I have performed the *Prince* again and again with all the success and applause I could wish; but nevertheless I feel peculiarly anxious to stand well as an actor in the opinion of the King; the *taste* of his Majesty is so excellent, that I am afraid I shall not be able to personify the highly born, well bred, noble, and generous Prince up to the criticism of his Majesty's standard. I must confess the society I have mixed with has not been elevated enough, indeed very far from it, whereby I might have been enabled to form a model.[1] This is the difficulty I feel." "I am very

[1] It is the opinion of the first writers connected with the stage that the *Painter* who can draw but one sort of object, or an ACTOR that *shines* but in *one light*, can neither of them boast of that ample genius which is necessary to form a thorough master

glad," replied *Horatio*, "to hear you express such a difficulty upon the occasion: it is true, and 'pity it is, 'tis true,' to witness *such* representations of royalty upon the stage. In too many instances it is a 'perfect libel upon monarchy;' and to represent with accuracy the air, dignity, and manner of a king, is one of the most trying situations of an actor." However his Majesty expressed himself well pleased with the performance of Henry the Fourth; and PROTEUS had the heartfelt satisfaction of being informed that his *acting* had not been overlooked by the King.

We must now take leave of our hero, and we flatter ourselves that we cannot be charged with deserting him under any circumstances whatever. We have traced his steps from the *raw spouter*, the *stroller*, the *gagger* at a fair, and through all the eleemosynary scenes of an actor, up to the MANAGER of a Theatre Royal in London. We have also seen him out of all his troubles; given him an amiable wife, with a handsome property; lots of *little* PROTEUS'S to carry on the scene in succession, equally as numerous as the long famed personage of *Dunstable* notoriety, and likewise enjoying all the popularity of public favour; the

of his art. If his talent lies in such narrow bounds that he dares not step out of them to look upon the singularities of mankind, and catch them in whatever form they present themselves; if he is not master of the *quicquid agunt homines*, etc. in any shape human nature is fit to be seen in; *if he cannot change himself* into several distinct persons, so as to vary his tone of voice, his motion, his look, his gesture, whether in higher or lower life, and, at the same time, keep close to those variations without leaving the character they singly belonged to; if his best skill fall short of this capacity, what pretence have we to call him a complete master of his art? Performers should endeavour to be *judges of nature*, from whose various lights they should take their instructions, and not *mere* auricular imitators of some great actor. A person who does not profess an art is excusable if he is ignorant of its principles; but if he *professes* it, he is answerable to the public if he is not completely master of it both in *theory* and PRACTICE.

denouement, therefore, we trust, must be considered a happy one, and before the curtain is entirely down, we have only to observe, in the spirit and words of SHAKSPEARE :—

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

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